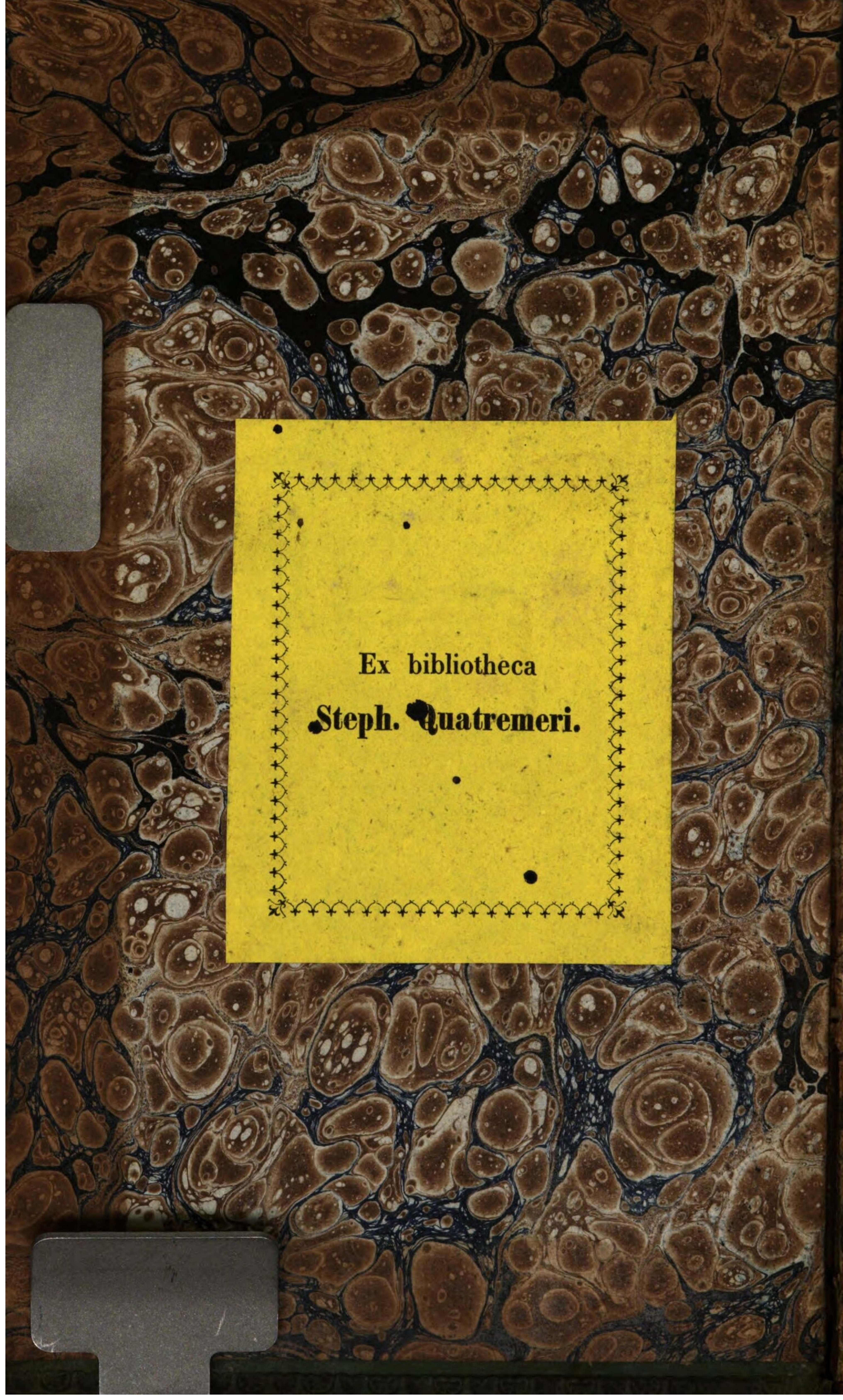
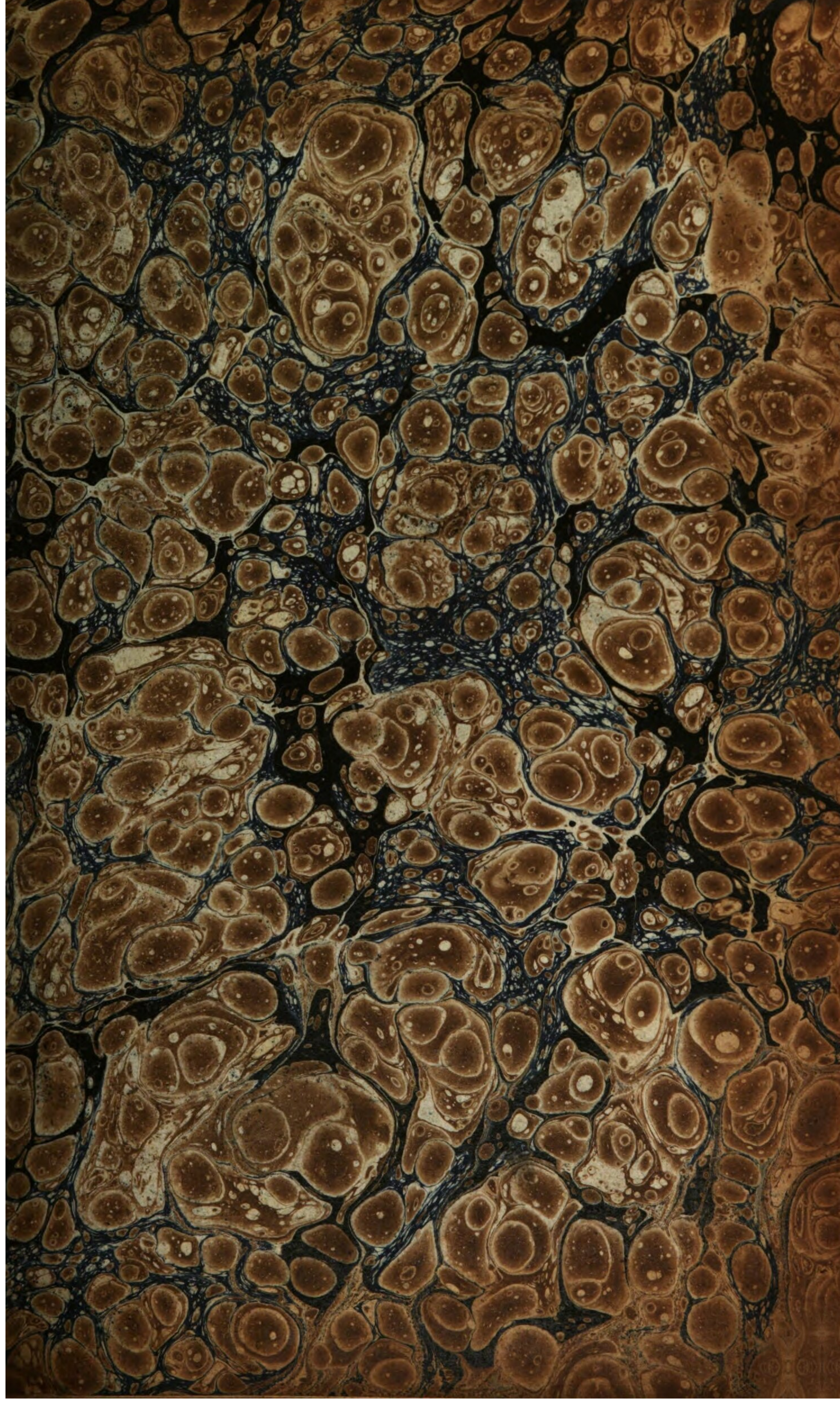




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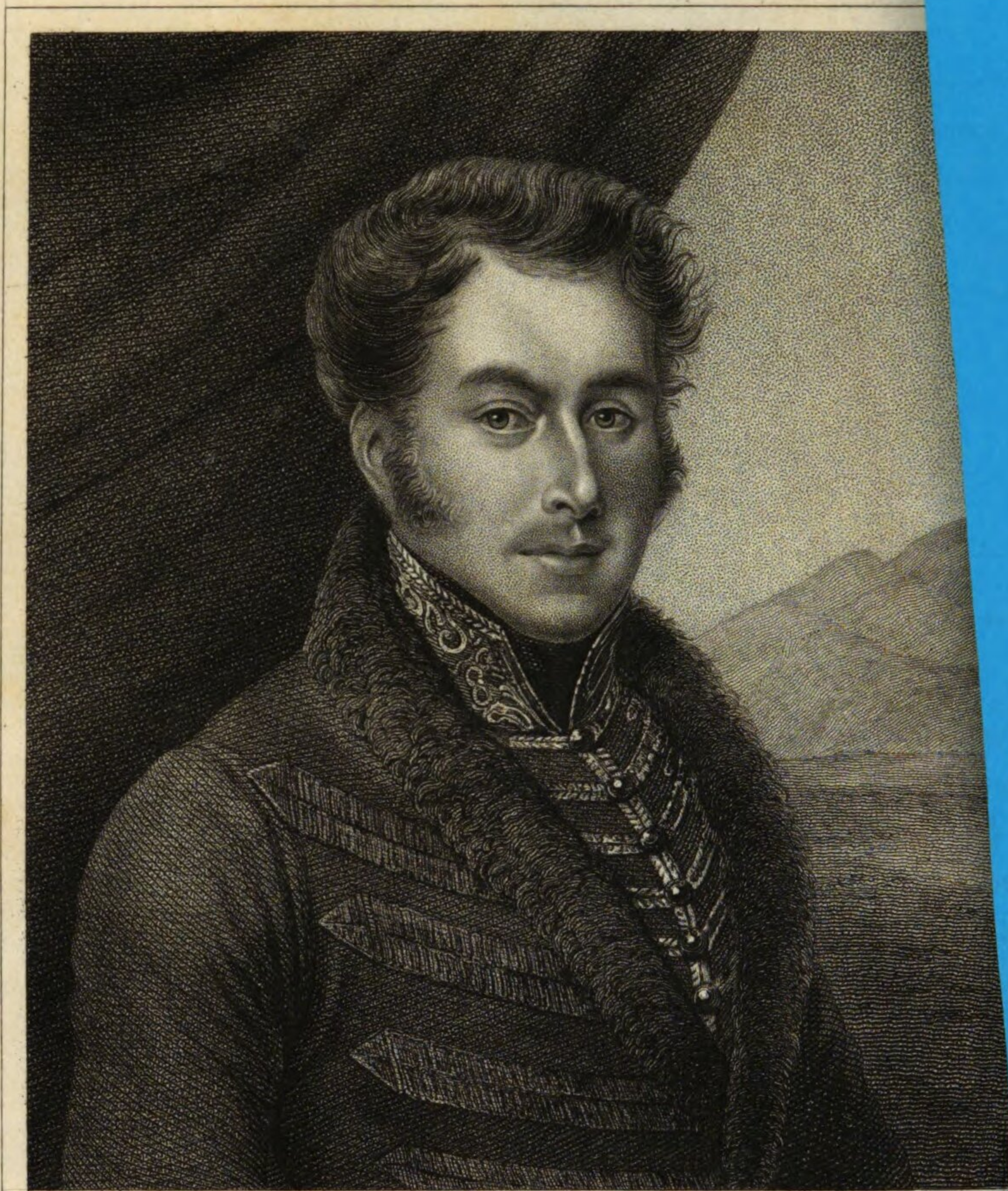
NARRATIVE
OF
DON JUAN VAN HALEN.

VOL. I.

NARRATIVE

DOCTOR J. VAN HALEN.

VOL. I.



Drawn by De La Tour.

Engraved by Sma

DON JUAN VAN HALEN.

London, Published by Henry Colburn, New Burlington Str.^t 1827.

NARRATIVE
OF
DON JUAN VAN HALEN'S
IMPRISONMENT
IN THE
DUNGEONS OF THE INQUISITION
AT MADRID,
AND HIS ESCAPE IN 1817 AND 1818;
TO WHICH ARE ADDED,
HIS JOURNEY TO RUSSIA,
HIS CAMPAIGN WITH THE ARMY OF THE CAUCASUS,
AND HIS RETURN TO SPAIN IN 1821.

EDITED FROM THE ORIGINAL SPANISH MANUSCRIPT,
BY THE AUTHOR OF
"DON ESTEBAN" AND "SANDOVAL."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.
1827.



PRINTED BY A. J. VALPY, RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET.

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

IN bringing the present work before the public, the Editor begs leave to observe, that the original manuscript from which the Narrative is drawn, has for its ground-work the copious notes taken by Don Juan Van Halen at the time of his trials; and that its details are further authenticated by letters, official documents, and other papers now in the author's possession. All of these the Editor has carefully examined, and compared with the written and oral accounts of some of those gentlemen who have acted a part in the scenes described, especially in the first part of this work, to the truth of which in every particular they cordially join in bearing testimony.

Some of the documents alluded to, the Editor has thought proper to introduce in the notes appended to the Narrative, not because he thinks they can add greater weight to statements which on their very face bear the stamp of truth and impartiality; but because he wishes to leave no weapons in the hands of a critic from whom he has experienced a treatment unwarranted either by the laws of criticism, the rules of good breeding, or the precepts of moral rectitude.

With respect to the work itself, it is composed of two parts, unconnected in subject with, though naturally following, each other. The first part is interesting, not only because it relates the adventures and sufferings of a man on whose destruction many powerful enemies were bent, and who succeeded in making his escape in a manner partaking of romance; but because it offers a true picture of the times, and of the character of modern inquisitors, whose sanguinary and revengeful spirit, when we take into account the softened manners of the age,

yields in nothing to that which roused the barbarous and remorseless Torquemada and his fanatical associates to the horrible deeds they perpetrated. The second part is also interesting on more than one account; first, as treating of a country little known, and which few have had a better opportunity of examining than the author; and secondly, as disclosing some of the resources of an empire whose influence is as baneful in Europe as it is beneficial in Asia.

Of this, however, the public are to be the judges; and the Editor willingly leaves it to the decision of those readers from whom he has himself experienced more than one favour.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

DURING the space of nine years that have elapsed since my escape from the dungeons of the Inquisition of Madrid, I have, for reasons which I shall briefly explain, endured in silence the obloquy that has been lavished upon me by those who are alike unacquainted with my character, the actions of my life, and the motives that have influenced my conduct.

The narrative of my misfortunes, therefore, though the more necessary to rectify the innocent errors of some and the wilful misrepresentations of others, and though written in the purest spirit of truth and impartiality, will not be viewed with very favourable feelings either by those who are inimical to the principles I advocate, or even by those who, though equally sin-

cere with myself in the sacred cause for which we all suffer, have questioned, without first condescending to inquire into, the sincerity of my conduct, and credited facts too absurd and improbable in themselves ever to affect my tranquillity or my honour.

It is, however, not improbable that the silence I have hitherto observed may have confirmed some in their unjust suspicions; but as it was dictated both by friendship and prudence, the sacrifice of my feelings became an imperative duty. Had I published these memoirs on my first arrival in England, the disclosures they contain would undoubtedly have led to the ruin not only of the patriots, who after my escape still remained in the dungeons of the Inquisition, but of those generous friends by whose efforts I ultimately succeeded in evading the pursuit of our merciless enemies. Nor was the period of my return to Spain better adapted to give to the world details which, by awakening resentments, would have marred those feelings of general reconciliation that con-

stitute the proudest feature of our bloodless though unsuccessful revolution.

Since that time, however, the events in which I was concerned having been more or less correctly stated in various publications, and the names of the individuals who shared in them revealed, the necessity for withholding from the public the following Narrative has therefore ceased. The same circumstance encouraging me to hope that the details of those occurrences are not unworthy the attention of the public, and feeling that I owe this tribute as much to the history of our times as to myself, I venture, now that the inactivity of an exile's life leaves considerable leisure on my hands, to offer these pages to the world; and though I do it with feelings of diffidence, it is not without a hope that the impartial reader will overlook the imperfections that may be found in the work, and grant me his indulgence.

JUAN VAN HALEN.

London, January 1st, 1827.

NAMES OF PERSONS WHOSE FAC-SIMILES ARE PREFIXED TO THE FIRST VOLUME.

1. Don Juan Romero y Alpunte.
2. Don Ignacio Lopez Pinto.
3. Don Jose Nuñez Arenas.
4. Don Jose Saumel.
5. Don Facundo Infantes.
6. Don Jose Maria de Torrijos.
7. Don Salvador Manzanares.
8. Don Francisco Belda.
9. Don Patricio Dominguez.
10. Count Montijo.
11. Don Serafin del Rio.

INQUISITORS AND FAMILIARS.

1. Dr. Luis Cubero.
2. Dr. Mariano Martinez Esperanza.
3. Dr. Vicente Alonso de Verdeja.
4. Don Mariano Thomas, Familiar of the Holy Office.
5. Dr. Don Juan Manuel de Cea Escudero.
6. Don José Viladesau.
7. Dr. Don Juan de Calva y Marti, Secretary.
8. The Marquis de Palmerola.
9. Dr. Don Juan Blaha y de Casals, Secretary.
10. Francisco Oms, Secretary.
11. The Licentiate Basarrote.

-
12. Don José Pizarro, Prime Minister, Secretary of State of His Catholic Majesty.

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NARRATIVE
OF
DON JUAN VAN HALEN.

CHAP. I.

The author's parentage—He serves in the navy—Employed in the Admiralty at Madrid—Taken prisoner at Ferrol—His father also a prisoner and reduced in circumstances—The author serves Joseph—He follows this king to Bordeaux, but returns to serve his own countrymen—Arrives at Barcelona—He obtains a copy of Marshal Suchet's signet—Plan to recover the Catalonian fortresses—The author takes an active part in it—His success—Lerida, Mequinenza, and Monzon are surrendered to the Spaniards—Their garrisons march out, and are captured in a defile—The author is reinstated in his civil rights—He obtains a captaincy in the Catalonian army—Restoration of Ferdinand VII.—His inconsistencies—Secret association of patriots—Freemasons—Apostolical faction—Despotic government.

I WAS born in the Isle of Leon, in Spain, on the 16th of February, 1790. At that time my

father, who is a native of Cadiz, and of Belgic origin, was still serving with distinction in the Spanish navy, in which he had been engaged, during several years of active service, in most of the naval combats of his time, and had received many honorable wounds. My mother, to whom he has always been most tenderly attached, is of an ancient Spanish family.

I was sent, while very young, to the naval college, where, in the short space of fourteen months, I successfully underwent all my public examinations ; in consequence of which I was immediately embarked on board a frigate, and, at the age of sixteen, had made two naval expeditions, the last of which was the memorable one that terminated at Trafalgar. Promoted at that period to the rank of lieutenant, I obtained the command of a gun-boat belonging to the flotilla of Malaga, in which service I was wounded. In the year 1807, being included in the number of those subalterns who were to be employed in the Admiralty-office, I proceeded to Madrid.

I still occupied this post in the capital at the time of Napoleon's invasion, which took place in the following year ; and, sharing in the noble indignation manifested by the people of Madrid on the memorable 2nd of May, I fought against

our invaders till a dangerous wound arrested my efforts.

Obliged to leave Madrid on the same day to avoid being shot, as was the fate of so many of my countrymen, I joined the army of Galicia, commanded by General Blake, and was employed under his immediate orders till after the battle of Corunna, when Marshal Soult, laying siege to Ferrol, which was garrisoned by a few troops who had taken refuge there after that battle, obliged them to capitulate. By virtue of the second article of the capitulation, the generals and all the garrison (among whom I was one) were to take the oath of submission to King Joseph, and be restored to the situations they held previous to the invasion. For my part, sincerely believing that the time for resistance had passed, and that no efforts, however heroic, could ever prove successful against the victorious arms of our invader, nor prevent his usurpation, I readily submitted to take the oath required of me, still hoping to be more useful to my country by remaining on its soil, than by laying down my arms, and spending my life in captivity. I therefore proceeded to Madrid, which was the place of my destination.

My father, who had followed the national government as chief of one of the offices of the

naval department, had just been taken prisoner by the French, and conducted to Madrid, where I met him in the most pitiable condition, suffering much from his former wounds, and barely possessing the means of subsistence. Some men, who by their rank, talents, and established reputation, served as models to others in these delicate conjunctures, and who were greatly distinguished by King Joseph, interesting themselves in my father's welfare, used their influence to have me placed in the military suite of Joseph, as an officer of ordinance ; a post which I accepted without the least hesitation, persuaded that I should thus be in a situation to relieve my family, and avoid being employed in a hostile manner against my countrymen.

Ever faithful to my engagements, I adhered to the cause I had espoused not only during its prosperity, but followed Joseph in his bad fortunes to France ; where, however, I saw myself abandoned by him in a manner no less unkind than unmerited.¹

Whilst I was living retiredly at Bordeaux in 1813, I received the decree just issued by the Regency, in which most of the Spaniards who had espoused the cause of Joseph, and taken refuge in France, were invited to return to the

¹ See note A.

bosom of their families, promising the oblivion of the past, and whatever recompences their future services to their country might entitle them to. This was what I most anxiously desired. The flattering hopes, which I had hitherto entertained, of seeing my country freed from the fanatical and oppressive yoke which had so long weighed on it by the only means it could be accomplished, namely, a change of dynasty,—were fast vanishing; and I now plainly perceived how impossible it was for us to possess an independent king in the person of Joseph, whose authority was disregarded even by those who were sent to support it. Moreover, as he had withdrawn to live privately at a country seat in France, (now threatened by the allies with an invasion,) and as his power in Spain had entirely ceased, nor was it likely he would ever be able to recover it, my engagements with him were at an end. I refused all the proposals made to me in Paris to enter into the service of France, in the guards of honor that were then organizing to reinforce those in Germany; and since the Spanish government, with no less wisdom than generosity, endeavoured to unite all parties by opening the gates of reconciliation, I resolved to return to my country, and devote to it my services. I therefore demanded of the French minister of

war a passport to proceed to Barcelona, where Marshal Suchet had his head-quarters, still under my former character of officer in the service of Joseph; and on my arrival at Bordeaux I wrote to the Spanish government, through the medium of some persons of note, announcing my resolution.

Four days after my arrival at Barcelona, I received a letter from the second commander-in-chief of the national army in Catalonia, in which he informed me that the government having received my letter did not oppose any obstacle to my return, at the same time strongly advising me to do some essential service that should prove the sincerity of my declarations. For a long time I vainly endeavoured to devise the means to accomplish this, till at last it struck me that some important service might be rendered to the country by procuring a copy of the French general-in-chief's seal, to obtain which I had many obstacles to surmount, especially as it was never entrusted to me. Having this seal at length in my power, I concerted with the national troops the hour of my departure from Barcelona, which took place forty-six days after my arrival there, and joined them without difficulty.

The seal having been examined and compared

with those found on the intercepted letters of Marshal Suchet, a plan was formed, at a meeting of the generals, to effect, by means of supposed orders and capitulations, the evacuation of the fortified places occupied by the French on the other side of the Llobregat, on the ramparts of which waved a standard which had never been mine. The general with whom I had communicated was appointed to superintend the execution of this plan, and a drawing-master of the college of Reus counterfeited all the signatures; whilst I dressed in the French uniform, and passing for an aide-de-camp of Marshal Suchet, though unknown to any of the French generals with whom I was to treat, presented myself before all the strong places, and especially within the glacis of the fortress of Lerida, as a negociator and the bearer of orders to the governor to evacuate it immediately with his troops.

Such an undertaking was no less arduous than perilous in its execution; but success crowned my efforts, and Lerida, Mequinenza, and Monzon, were restored to the nation. This stratagem, without endangering any other life than my own, or causing a single drop of blood to be shed, answered even beyond my most sanguine expectations, and produced results, the

importance of which was fully proved by subsequent events. The French garrisons of the above-mentioned places, expecting to join their army, having arrived after four days' march at a narrow defile, were enveloped by superior forces, and obliged to lay down their arms. I followed the national troops in their march as a private soldier in the files of the regiment of cuirassiers of Catalonia, who, like the rest of the troops and commanders, witnessed the decision with which I acted in behalf of the independence of my country.

The general-in-chief, in acknowledgement of my services, resolved that I should proceed to Madrid in the company of one of his aide-de-camps, to be presented to the government.

On my arrival at the capital, I found that the gazette of the government had already announced to the public those events, saying among other things, when speaking of me: "This is a young Spaniard, who, in the first days of our sacred struggle, acted the part of a true patriot, and has now confirmed the innate sentiments of such by exposing his life to the greatest dangers in behalf of his country, and in vindication of his opinions."¹

¹ See the extraordinary gazette of the Regency, of February 20th, 1814. No. 24.

The Cortes, on being informed of those details, unanimously reinstated me in my rights of citizen, and recommended me to the government in the most flattering terms, concluding with these words: "and that Van Halen may continue to give days of glory and satisfaction to his country."¹

The regency, in promoting me to the rank of captain, said in their brevet: "In reward of your extraordinary merit, and of the important service you have rendered to the country, in reconquering from the enemy the strong places of Lerida, Mequinenza, and Monzon."²

I have here presented the above expressions of approbation, not with the view to make a vain and ostentatious display of any merits I may have had, but because they not only offer the summary of all the details with which I might occupy the attention of the reader in giving anecdotes and disclosing secrets, (which discretion and delicacy also forbid,) but because they far exceed all that the most outrageous vanity could ever prompt me to say in favor of myself during this first period of my political existence.

¹ See the Journal of the Cortes, sitting of the 19th of March, 1814.

² Royal commission of the 22nd of March, 1814.

Sent immediately after by the government to the army of Catalonia, I served under the immediate orders of the general-in-chief till the end of the campaign.

Here commences a new epoch, which, being the precursor of the great calamities that have since distracted my unhappy country, appears to me deserving of notice.

Ferdinand had just been restored to the nation. Our division was the first that received him on the frontier. Every true Spaniard, on seeing him appear on our side of the Pyrenees, hoped that, during his long captivity, he would have learned something from experience, and that, grateful for the immense sacrifices they had made in his behalf, he would act the part of a father to his people. Vain expectations! Ferdinand suffered himself to be ruled by men who had done little or nothing for their country. Regardless of the heroism of those by whom he had just been rescued, he signalized his entry into the capital by trampling upon the sacred code which had been sanctioned by all the European monarchs, and which was certainly entitled to his oath. Perfidious as he was ungrateful, he solemnly promised what he never performed,¹ and betrayed those whom he had

¹ See the royal decree of the 4th of May, 1814.

before flattered. Thus, the faithful representatives of their country, and his most distinguished defenders, were thrown into dungeons; religious and political fanaticism was re-established in all its vigour; and the destiny of a nation, whose generosity was only equalled by its misfortunes, placed at the mercy of the Holy Office.

Such a base victory, purchased by treachery and ingratitude, and proclaimed upon the scaffold, involved in its consequences a great number of illustrious victims, and endangered the safety of every patriot. Their intimate union, therefore, was indispensable; and in these calamitous circumstances the utmost disinterestedness, secrecy, mutual intelligence, and unanimity, became necessary. The common danger consolidated their association; a sacred oath united them; and the *secret societies* were established under the masonic forms for an object purely political, namely, "To support a ministry, or any body of men, who should endeavour to persuade the King to fulfil his royal decree of the 4th of May, in which he promised to establish a representative government in conformity with the ideas of the age." Such was the basis of this association.

From that time there existed in Spain two

parties, who were not yet so inveterate against each other but that the wisdom of a prudent monarch might have succeeded in reconciling them; yet, as it was, they offered a most striking contrast.

On one hand appeared the tribunal of blood, known by the name of the Holy Office, which has always been the most atrocious instrument of tyranny,—making victims or slaves of those who acknowledge as their Father the same God of mercy, proclaiming in the name of Jesus Christ the most revolting impieties, and sanctioning by their detestable conduct the sanguinary deeds which have for ever rendered hateful the memory of the Ferdinands and the Philips. Upon this foundation arose in 1814 (as soon as they saw themselves masters of the King's mind,) the faction entitled *Apostolical, or of the Faith*. To it adhered with hypocritical zeal, and to the derision of the people, a great number of courtiers and public functionaries, all the communities of monks, and, lastly, that selfish class of men who wished to enjoy the comforts of life at the expence of the most laborious part of the nation, in default of a wise administration.

On the other hand, the close ties which united the patriotic men, who were resolved to perish

or save the country, were daily increasing. Granada, towards the latter end of 1815, was the cradle of the association, and on the following year every city in Spain could boast of having a society; such being the unanimous impulse by which they were all actuated. Many persons, civil, ecclesiastical, and military, eminent for their rank and talents, who, at first intimidated by the violent proceedings of the ruling faction, had not dared to declare their intentions, awoke from their lethargy, and, sensible of the duties they owed to their outraged country, joined the association, inspiring them with the hope of soon seeing an end put to their calamities.

The military youth, for the most part generous and intrepid, hastened to offer at the altar of their country the noblest sacrifices; and the army, so frequently the scourge of the people, began from that moment to see among their files, and at their head, the heroic chieftains who were to lead them to the temple of true glory.

The unmerited death of the deeply lamented Porlier, who, like so many others, fell a victim to the hatred of our oppressors, far from intimidating these patriots in their generous efforts, rendered them more resolute; so that, even pre-

vious to the treacherous death inflicted on the illustrious General Lacy, we every moment saw new victims sacrificed, and fresh avengers arise in their places.

Notwithstanding this, I may safely assert that the Spanish character is not the best adapted for any kind of conspiracy. If bearing patiently unmerited misfortunes be considered as a virtue, no nation in Europe can boast of possessing a greater share of it, and scarcely any can look upon the regicide with greater horror. History proves the Spaniards to be the people who have committed fewest outrages on the persons of their monarchs. The insurrections and revolutions of our country have always been provoked either by the intolerable abuses of our kings, or by the arbitrary and barbarous measures of inquisitors.

From the moment that Ferdinand's despotism began, I was among the first to experience its rigours. I shall now proceed to the narrative of my misfortunes.

CHAP. II.

Spanish corps destined for South America—The author visits his parents at Madrid—He commands a troop of dragoons at Jaen in Andalusia—General O'Donoju—The author, visiting the family Perez, is arrested by his Colonel—Generous conduct of this officer—The author is conducted to the castle of Marvella near Malaga—Sinister presages of the Commandant—Visit of two friars—Extreme danger—Removal to Malaga—Count Montijo—Don Gonzalo Arostegui—The author owes his life to them—Copy of the royal order for his military execution—Montijo is in favour with the King—The King appears to have been ignorant of the contents of the royal order—The new governor of Malaga—Promulgation of his innocence—He receives the commission of Lieutenant Colonel.

At the general peace the Spanish army was divided into two bodies, one of which, composed of those battalions that had not received their licences, quitted the frontiers of France to encamp in the environs of Cadiz, to be eventually embarked for South America; and the other, which was not so well organized, took its cantonments in the interior. Among the latter were some squadrons of light-horse, in which I commanded a company. On the way

to our place of destination, we passed through the capital, where I obtained leave to remain a short time with my family.

Madrid was then the theatre of all the disorders of the new government, and the prisons were crowded with the deputies and constitutional authorities. During the few days I remained there, I employed most of my time in visiting many of the illustrious prisoners, this being the only consolation I was able to afford them.

The city of Jaen, capital of the province of the same name, being the place of cantonment appointed for my regiment, I proceeded thither. From the first of my arrival, I visited at the house of one of the most respectable families of this city of the name of Perez, the head of which, an enlightened old man, had rendered himself an object of general esteem, by his strenuous endeavours to encourage and improve agriculture. On the 8th of December, 1815, whilst the public mind still continued in a state of alarm on account of the numerous imprisonments of persons of distinction, among whom was General O'Donoju, who had filled the post of minister of war in the time of the Cortes, and to whom I was indebted for many marks of favor, I received an invitation from Perez to

attend a family festival which they usually held on the above day. On my arrival there, I found a numerous company assembled, with whom I sat down to dinner in the best spirits, when, soon after, I was informed that my servant wished to speak with me, and learned from him that the colonel and an adjutant of my regiment, having presented themselves at my lodgings, and not finding me at home, had commanded him to seek me, desiring my immediate appearance. The guests attributed this sudden call to mere matters of duty, and they all continued enjoying the hilarity of the day.

On entering my apartment, I found the colonel and the adjutant waiting for me, when the former addressed me in these words: "I am very sorry to be the bearer of such disagreeable news as I have to impart to you. I have just received a royal order, transmitted to me by the inspector of cavalry, to place you under arrest and seize all your papers. Agreeable to these commands, you will accompany the adjutant to the place that is prepared for you."

I offered no reply to this, as any remark was useless to one who did nothing but obey orders: besides, I had no suspicion that the matter could be of any great importance. The only thing that could raise any anxiety in my mind

was the arrest of the persons above indicated, and the well-known despotism of the government. I therefore followed the adjutant to the guard-room of the barracks of my regiment, where I remained with an officer and a sentry at sight. I was then informed that I might see any of my acquaintances, provided they first obtained permission from the proper authority, with various other requisites equally restrictive and molesting.

The least timid of my friends profited by this permission to keep me company, and enliven the tedium of my confinement; but their wild conjectures only contributed to increase the confusion of my own. In this state I remained for the space of nineteen days, when on the night of the 17th the colonel, Don Agustin de Hore, came to inform me that on the following day I was to set off for a castle on the coast of Malaga. The countenance of this chief betraying some emotion as he spoke, I ventured to ask him what could be the motive of such enigmatical dispositions. He then explained to me that the commandant-at-arms had that afternoon received a direct order from the ministry, couched in very severe language, for my immediate removal to the castle of Marvella with a strong escort; adding that, under these circumstances,

the only service he could render me was permitting me to name the officer who was to command it, and placing his purse at my disposal, should I stand in need of any pecuniary assistance. I expressed my gratitude to him for this kind offer, and mentioned the name of the officer who was most agreeable to me; after which he informed me that he had destroyed some papers of mine which he thought might be sinisterly interpreted by the government, and, kindly pressing my hand, quitted the room greatly affected. This noble conduct on the part of this chief was the more commendable as we had not been on the best terms for some months.

On the afternoon of the following day I commenced my journey, surrounded by an escort of thirty horsemen, and in the presence of an inquisitive populace, as usual in similar cases. We excited as much curiosity among the villagers in the places through which we passed and sojourned, during the four days employed in reaching our destination. An old friend, whom I met on the way, offered me the most secure means of escape to Gibraltar, which was within a short distance; but neither the good faith which the officer responsible for my person reposed in me, nor the attachment I had for him, nor the nature of my compromise, as I

thought, permitted me to avail myself of such an offer. We entered Marvella on the 22nd, at ten o'clock in the morning.

The castle of Marvella, which overlooks the strand, although almost demolished in the last war with the French, and hardly offering any shelter, had nevertheless a titular governor, who was an old retired officer, a narrow-minded man, and severe in the discharge of his functions. To him the officer of my escort had orders to deliver me; but as the royal order of which the colonel spoke had already reached him, he was so well prepared to receive me, that a few minutes after our arrival at the town I found myself in one of the rooms of the town-house, with a numerous guard of infantry, two sentries at sight, and an officer strictly charged with allowing no communication to be held with me. This silence was interrupted in the afternoon by the entrance of the governor accompanied by two friars, whom, as he himself expressed it, "he had taken the liberty to bring, that they might console me in the awful situation in which I stood;" adding that, "I ought to discharge the weight of my conscience in the bosoms of those holy men, and avail myself of the few moments that perhaps remained to me."

It is impossible to express the astonishment I

felt at hearing these words. In the first impulse of my surprise, I do not remember what I said to him. All I know is, that, shortly after, the three disappeared, that the vigilance with which I was guarded was redoubled, and that the loud murmur of a populace, the more eager for novelty as the means to gratify it were fewer, contributed to render these hours some of the most unpleasant of my life.

Towards the close of this harassing day, noise of whips and trampling of horses was heard, when soon after an officer presented himself in the room, and drawing out a paper which he showed to the officer on guard, who immediately departed, seated himself by the bed on which I was reclining, and with a countenance expressive of satisfaction, though with a degree of mystery, disclosed to me the mission with which he was entrusted. "Doubtless," said he, "you are at this moment much alarmed at your situation; but make yourself easy, for though you may hitherto have been, I may say, *en capilla* (in the condemned cell), I come with an escort to conduct you to Malaga, where both the governor and the captain-general are expecting you, to serve you in this emergency."

I replied that I could not conceive how, with-

out an accusation, without declarations, without a verbal process, without a court-martial, or a sentence passed or even read to me, I could be in the condemned cell; to which he said that he was obliged to omit an explanation of it, that I myself might hear it from the mouth of the military authority of Malaga; adding that the effervescence of the people was very great, as the friars had taken all possible pains to excite them against me, and that the events of the day required that our departure should take place in the dead of night.

Although, doubtless, the people guessed what was in contemplation, and still remained, though in less numbers, at midnight in the square before the town-house where I was confined, the piquet of cavalry assembled there, and at one o'clock the above-mentioned officer came to warn me of our departure, for which he took every necessary precaution; so that we left Marvella without my seeing any thing more of the governor, accompanied by the dragoons who formed the escort, and who were obliged to fight their way through a multitude of misled fanatics, whose purpose was to assassinate me, and who might have caused me some injury had it not been for the obscurity of the night.

On the afternoon of the 25th we arrived with-

in sight of Malaga; but the officer of the escort had orders not to enter the city with me until it was dark. Accordingly it was eight o'clock before we arrived at the house of the captain-general of the province, the Count of Montijo, who by a fortunate chance was then in that city. We found him in his study with the governor, the brigade-general Don Gonzalo Arostegui.¹ They both closeted themselves with me, when Montijo asked what was the cause assigned for my being taken to Marvella. I answered that I was perfectly ignorant of it, and gave them an account of what had happened to me from the moment of my arrest until my leaving Marvella. Count Montijo, drawing a paper from his *escritoire*, then said to me: "This will explain it: read, and do not be alarmed; for both the Governor and myself know our duty."

I read the paper, which was the royal order issued against me, the substance of which was as follows:—"It is his Majesty's pleasure that the captain of cavalry of the regiment of chasseurs of Madrid, Don Juan Van Halen, arrested at Jaen by a royal order, and implicated in various subversive plans, and especially in the

¹ This gentleman is now living in the Havanah, his native country, and to him I certainly owe my life.

horrible conspiracy lately discovered against the precious life of his Majesty, be conducted to the castle of Marvella; and it is farther his royal will that the said Van Halen be shot immediately on his arrival, without allowing him more time than is absolutely necessary to make his peace with Heaven, giving a full account of the same to his Majesty, &c. &c."

On my returning this extraordinary document to Montijo, he told me that I was at liberty to select any lodging I pleased in the city, where I should remain perfectly unmolested in the company of an officer. "I shall return," he added, "in the course of a few days to Granada, where you will follow me; and there I hope I shall shortly receive an answer to the express I sent yesterday to his Majesty. Make yourself easy; take your repose, and let us meet again to-morrow."

I obeyed, and withdrew to take that rest of which I stood so much in need, but which it was impossible for me to enjoy in my present state of agitation.

Count Montijo, captain-general of the province of Granada, was still at this time one of the favorites of the monarch. Being on terms of familiarity with him, and perfectly sincere in this affair, and having, moreover, a great defe-

rence for the opinions of General Arostegui, whose liberal ideas and rectitude of conduct rendered him an object of general esteem, he had agreed to do every thing in his power to avoid the scandal which must have resulted from the atrocious deed that was intended to be perpetrated on my person. Trusting, therefore, to the influence which he still exerted over the King's mind, he wrote privately to him, making an appeal to his feelings, and painting the horrible nature of this attempt in its true colours. It appears that the authors of these orders in the ministry had not only assumed the name of the King, but also omitted registering the decree issued, as is invariably done with every official document. They had moreover sent direct orders to the governor of Marvella, who, being but a subaltern, was necessarily under the immediate command of the higher authorities of the province. Such conduct, therefore, was contrary to all the established rules of military etiquette, and likely to excite the suspicions of Count Montijo and of General Arostegui, as did actually happen. On the other hand, the private letters received by Count Montijo from Madrid, relative to the proceedings of the last got-up conspiracy, said not a word by which I

might be implicated in it. It was on this account that this nobleman did not hesitate to take upon himself the responsibility of this affair, without even placing any other guard over me than that afforded by my word of honor.

Meantime he had caused a report to be circulated respecting this affair, by which he made it appear as a thing of no importance, which had originated in an error of the ministry. On his departure for Granada, I followed him equally free from all restraint, and immediately on his arrival there, he sent an officer of dragoons to the chiefs of Jaen to request copies of the orders by which they had proceeded against me. During this interval, the express sent to Madrid by the count returned with an answer to his letter, which he showed me, and in which his Majesty said that, on learning the events imparted to him by the count, he had felt greatly surprised at orders given without his knowledge, of which not even a copy was found in the offices of the ministry; that he approved of all the proceedings of the count; and that he authorised him to set me at liberty, delivering to me a passport to rejoin my regiment.

If the denouement of this affair should appear extraordinary, it would have been still more so

had I submitted to present myself at my quarters with such an insignificant passport, when I was so sure of my innocence. Consequently, I begged the count to allow me to write to his Majesty through his medium ; and I represented to the King that my honor was so greatly compromised in consequence of the mysterious occurrences which had taken place, that it was impossible for me to present myself before my regiment without having first received an ample avowal of my innocence, concluding by entreating that his Majesty might be pleased to allow me to reside at Malaga until justice had been done me. Meantime I obtained this permission from Count Montijo.

On my arrival there, I found that the Governor Arostegui had just been deposed, and his office was now filled by a chief against whose whims I had more than once to contend, and who was as unfit for his post as his subaltern the governor of Marvella. The choice of Malaga, therefore, as my place of residence was not a very happy one, and I was compelled to remain there till Count Montijo, by repeated applications, obtained a royal order from his Majesty which was to be circulated in all the divisions of the army, by which my innocence was pro-

claimed. A few days after, the inspector of cavalry announced to me officially that his Majesty had, by special decree, been pleased to promote me to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, the brevet of which would be delivered to me on joining my regiment.

CHAP. III.

The author obtains leave of absence—He engages in the views of the *Liberales*—Repairs to Murcia—Power of the priests in that city—Vanity of the nobles—Family pedigrees—Buildings of the Holy Office—Ostolaza—His infamy—Ill-conducted institutions—Mulberry-trees of Murcia—Ignorance of the priests—Religious procession—Elio, captain-general of Valencia—Silks of Murcia—Romero Alpuente—General Torrijos—Garay, the minister—Ronda—Don Antonio Calvo—Secret negotiations—Calvo's treacherous endeavours to obtain information discovered—Medal—Don Ignacio Irriberry—The author's papers are seized—Fidelity of his servants—The author is arrested—He is carried to the Inquisition.

THE insidious means resorted to by the faction that swayed the mind of the monarch, could not succeed in seducing the enlightened and virtuous men who knew the duties they owed to their country, neither could their corrupting manœuvres triumph over *every* Spaniard ; hence, in the midst of the most frightful persecutions and disasters, a temple was raised to liberty. My late misfortunes contributed to make me feel its existence, and with the most sincere

heart did I offer in June 1816 to sacrifice to it my repose and my life. Under the pretext of re-establishing my health, which through the past events had been much shaken, I solicited and obtained from the government four months' leave of absence, to take the mineral waters in the centre of Andalusia.

After spending some time there, I visited several cities, and did all that was in my power to unite the different secret societies that were scattered over the province. Among these, that of Cadiz was remarkable for the respectable persons who composed it. At the expiration of the term granted me, I passed, in my way to Murcia, which was the place of cantonment just assigned to my regiment, through Granada, at that time the great nucleus of our rising association. My friends here, satisfied with my labors, authorised me to continue them in the district of my new residence, and I rejoined my regiment a few days after.

Murcia is assuredly one of the towns, in the interior of Spain, most backward in point of civilization. It can no more be placed on a parallel with Barcelona, Malaga, Cadiz, or Bilboa, than Morocco with St. Petersburg. I shall here present the reader with a slight sketch of the state in which I found that city on my arrival there.

Situated in the midst of a rich and fertile country, and enjoying one of the finest climates, Murcia is one of the towns where the clerical power rises in all its pride, and shares the blessings of the land with a badly educated nobility, whose ignorance can be equalled only by their vanity.

A few days after my arrival at that city, I was invited to a ball given by the latter to celebrate Easter Sunday. The etiquette that preceded the invitations, the informations taken respecting the rank and character of the guests, and the researches made into their pedigrees, as well as the arms that adorned the front of the house destined for the festival, all seemed to promise the greatest magnificence. The whole orchestra, however, consisted of two blind fiddlers, whom I had the same day met playing in the streets; and the refreshments were in perfect unison with the music; a few pitchers of water, served by two servants clothed in old liveries, being all that the munificence of the Murcian nobility could afford. In contemplating this scene, I could not but repeat to myself the old Spanish proverb, which says, *vanidad y pobreza, todo en una pieza.*

The edifice of the Inquisition had so much suffered during the war of independence that it lay almost in ruins; but such was the influence

of the monks there, that they had succeeded in laying the foundations of a new one, larger and more sumptuous than the former, in spite of the public misery, and of the nakedness of the badly-paid military, who, in bringing to mind their late toils and triumphs, looked on the erection of a monument of barbarity and oppression with the most marked indignation.

A dignitary of the cathedral of Murcia, by name Ostolaza, formerly confessor of the King and the royal family, well known in Spain for the immorality of his public and private conduct, had, under the pretext of taking under his protection the charitable institution of the orphan girls, transformed it into a harem, where he abandoned himself to all kinds of excesses. The details of the horrible conduct of that wretch are too disgusting to hold a place in these pages.

Another benevolent institution, the seminary for boys, supported from its foundation by the treasures of the chapter, was in such a neglected state, that it might be considered rather as the school of ignorance and folly than as a place of public instruction. This neglect in the clergy, however, did not extend to their own interests; for no sooner were the millions of mulberry-trees which adorn the numberless gardens of

that beautiful part of the country known by the name of *Huerta de Murcia*, in full bloom, than they laid their great white cross on the most promising for the payment of the tithe. Ever ready to impose upon the credulity of the unfortunate husbandman, and keep him subject to its influence, the church of Murcia preserved, in the teeth of the knowledge of our age, the absurd custom of making an annual solemn procession with the object of bringing down rain from the clouds, which, at all seasons, is so scarce and necessary in that country. The miraculous image of this procession was brought from a hermitage to the cathedral, where it was left for a certain time ; but the members who composed the chapter having evinced some longings to get it into their possession, the monks to whom the image belonged, suspecting their intention, would never deliver it into their hands without first obtaining a legal document, and a guarantee to prevent any attempt of the kind. Some clauses of the document were so truly absurd that, had it not been known to be the work of the priests themselves, any one might have taken it for that of some wag who wished to throw ridicule on their proceedings.

On the other hand, the subaltern priests, in order to second those impositions, took great

care to keep alive the ancient custom of making a *rosary*, or a procession known by the name of *the Dawn*, which was celebrated every Sunday, soon after midnight. As this was not the most convenient hour for the parish priests to preside over it, the procession consisted only of a crowd of vagabonds, who ran about the streets howling in the most frightful manner, and getting drunk at every public-house they met in their way, the money spent in those riots being often at the expense of our lady of the Dawn; for notwithstanding the vigilance of the parish clerks, that troop of raggamuffins, favored by the obscurity of night, robbed the cases that contained the offerings made to the Virgin.

General Elio was at that time the captain-general of the two provinces of Valencia and Murcia, and all the governors under his command were his creatures. The tyrannical conduct of that man is too notorious to render it necessary for me to say any thing respecting him. The forces of the province of Malaga consisted of the regiment of infantry Lorena, commanded by the brigade-general Torrijos, three battalions of which composed the garrisons of Alicante, Carthage, and Murcia; and there was another detachment of troops at Origuella, besides the small number of cavalry that formed

the skeleton of my regiment, who, as I have already observed, were at Murcia. Our former colonel, Hore, had quitted the regiment, disgusted at the state in which it was kept; and we had for chief a military of the old régime, as eccentric as he was ignorant, and whose presence invariably excited the laughter of the soldiers.

Such was, at the time of my arrival, the state of a province which under a wise and protecting government might, by the abundance and quality of its silks, have been rendered one of the richest in Europe.

Amidst so many impediments as Murcia presented, the society we were able to form consisted only of the venerable magistrate and illustrious patriot, Romero Alpuente, the brigade-general Torrijos, and a few officers of his regiment and of my own. Our union, however, became the closer as our circle was the more contracted. With the view to second the intended rising of Catalonia, at the head of which was General Lacy, I made some journies to Alicante and Carthagená to establish there some new societies; but when the forces of our province were ready to act in unison with those of Catalonia, the melancholy news of the imprisonment of General Lacy reached us.

The army, who well knew the virtues of that distinguished general, far from being intimidated at these reverses, encreased their efforts; and in 1817 the secret authority of Granada was transferred to Madrid, precisely at the time when the system of the celebrated minister Garay seemed to need a powerful support, to obtain by what the advocates of legitimacy call *the legitimate means*, (that is to say, by the King's own intimate persuasion,) that which the cry of the people caused him at last to grant.

Shortly after General Lacy's assassination, the brigade-general Torrijos received an anonymous letter, dated from Gibraltar, the handwriting of which, however, was known to him, and in which the writer requested to be informed what part Torrijos would take, in the event of some well-intentioned men declaring themselves for the good cause; adding, that his friends expected, from the frankness of his character, a sincere answer to the above question; but that whatever might be his final resolution, they fully relied on his discretion. The letter concluded by appointing a place of meeting.

At the time of receiving this letter, Torrijos was residing at Carthagená, from which place, owing to the duties of his station, it was impossible for him to absent himself in order to

attend the appointed interview; consequently he entrusted this affair to me, desiring that I would visit the place of meeting. This was near Gibraltar, and as the greatest secrecy was necessary to avoid compromising any one, I left Murcia, after obtaining from the colonel leave of absence for fifteen days, without taking with me a servant or a witness of any kind, except a Danish dog who followed me every where.

On my way to the place of conference, I stopped at the village of Velez Rubio to take some repose, and refresh my horse. I had received from one of my friends at Murcia letters of recommendation for two gentlemen who resided in this place: the one was Don Antonio Calvo, chief of the customs; and the other, Don Francisco Benavente, mayor of that district, and a rich proprietor of that country, at whose house I alighted. As I had been given to understand that I might freely express my sentiments in their company, and as I seldom lost an opportunity of encreasing the number of our friends, I did not hesitate in touching upon the wretched situation of the nation, and holding out a hope, founded upon good grounds, that our evils would soon be at an end. Finding that they entered into my feelings, I partly initiated them into the secret, concealing, however, in con-

formity to our regulations, the formal existence of any society.

At dawn of the following day I parted from them, and passing through Granada, where I stopped but a few hours, I reached on the fourth day Ronda, the place where the conference was to be held. Having presented myself at the appointed spot, I waited in vain for the mysterious individual, so that I was obliged to retrace my steps back to Malaga without seeing him. Here I found that my absence had caused some disagreement among my friends, which might have led to serious results, had I not succeeded in quelling them. A good understanding being thus established, the frequent meetings we were obliged to hold induced me to take a house near the barracks of my regiment, which being detached was well suited for our meetings, and in which I resided, the better to conceal our object. The officers of the regiment assembled there every day to hold their usual academical conferences on military tactics; thus by making it appear that it was destined only for objects of duty, I destroyed any suspicions that might rise in the minds of my neighbours of any clandestine meetings, and accustomed them to see it well frequented.

In the summer of that year, 1817, I received

a visit from Don Antonio Calvo, who informed me of the misfortune which he had just experienced, of losing the employment he held from the government in consequence of a reform in the plan of customs, made by the minister Garay, by which he and his family were left without resources of any kind, and in the greatest distress. I was moved by the account he gave me, and as my house was sufficiently large to accommodate him during his stay at Murcia, I offered him an apartment, and my table, which he accepted. From this moment I lost no opportunity of being useful to him, and rendering his situation as agreeable as was in my power. His object, however, being to proceed to Madrid, by way of Granada, where his family was then residing, he requested me to give him letters of recommendation for my friends of the capital, that they might assist him in obtaining an employment from the ministry, and the means to transport himself there.

During the fifteen days he remained with me, he saw at my house only two individuals; an honest jeweller called Raphael Esbri, by whom he had been introduced to me, and another countryman of his, an unfortunate young man, by name Don Serafin del Rio, of respectable parents, who, having a large family, had no

means of supporting it; and whose melancholy situation I could not alleviate in any other way than by offering him my table. With respect to our nocturnal meetings, he saw nothing of them, as it so happened that a few days before his arrival we had suspended them for a time; neither did he know of their existence, as I had been careful never to disclose it to him.

A short time previous to his departure, I received a letter from Valencia, warning me of an approaching danger, though the nature of it was not explained. To avoid a surprise, however, I collected all those articles and papers which might criminate me; but not thinking it prudent to trust the latter to any friend of mine residing at Murcia, I put them into a case, which I carefully nailed and delivered to Calvo, that he might place it in the hands of our common friend the mayor of Velez Rubio, requesting him to conceal it in some secure place. As for the rest, being articles of some bulk, I deposited them where they were never discovered.

Calvo now took his departure, carrying two letters of recommendation from me; one for a captain of the militia called Rosique, and the other for a clergyman, a professor of the college of Santiago, who were then residing at Granada, and who had it in their power to serve him.

His warm expressions of gratitude, on taking leave of me, confirmed me in the belief that my benefits had not been bestowed on a worthless man. We shall presently see how correct I was in my good opinion of him.

A few days after his departure, I received a letter from him dated from Granada, the contents of which were sufficiently alarming, saying among other things, "that having remarked a change in the conduct of Benavente, the mayor of Velez Rubio, who refused to take charge of my papers, and wishing to show his gratitude by something more than empty words, he had concealed them in a place where they would be perfectly secure;" adding, "that he had visited the gentlemen for whom he had carried letters; but that their offers of service being too vague to give him any hopes of efficient aid, he had resolved to proceed to Madrid, where I might forward my letters of recommendation for him."

Two or three nights after my receiving this letter, being alone in my apartment, I heard my man-servant disputing in the kitchen with the cook. The former was an honest Asturian of about thirty, faithful, like all his countrymen; and the latter was, in my opinion, too old to excite in him feelings of jealousy that might have given rise to their present wrangling. Curious,

therefore, to know the motive of their disagreement, I listened attentively, and more than once caught the name of Calvo. On a nearer approach, I heard my man-servant say:—"You have failed in your duty towards our master: had he known it, or had I seen the scoundrel there, he should have rued his villainy."

The cook retorted that "her age and knowledge of the world was more than enough to enable her to get rid of such a man."

I had now heard enough to wish to know the whole, consequently I called the servant, and desired him to inform me of every thing, when I learned that while Calvo was residing at my house, profiting of an evening he remained at home alone with the cook, he had, under the pretext of making love to her, endeavoured to discover all that had passed in my house since she had first entered my service; but finding that he could learn nothing from her, he had ended by entreating her not to disclose to me any thing of what had happened between him and her. When I reproached her with having failed in her duty towards me by concealing those circumstances, she farther owned that, whenever I was absent from home, Calvo went all over the house, looking into every corner of it, and once she had found him reading and rummaging my

papers; but that, seeing the kindness with which I treated him, she would not inform me of it, lest I should not have given credit to her words.

From all appearances, Calvo had visited a place in the house where I had concealed an engraved medal, bearing the allegorical figures and names of our association, which it was the intention of my friends to place secretly between the foundation stones of the Inquisition then erecting at Murcia, and which was to serve as a memorial to posterity that there existed another institution at the time when this horrible monument was raised, which strove for other objects than the extinction of knowledge and civilization.

My alarm at hearing those facts may be easily conceived; but Don Raphael Esbri who had introduced Calvo to me, and to whom I communicated them, endeavoured to quiet my apprehensions by attributing that conduct to mere curiosity.

Calvo, on his arrival at Madrid, immediately informed me of it, again requesting letters of recommendation to all my friends, a favour which I had now a double motive for not granting; but what principally astonished me was the rapidity of his journey, as by the dates of his letters

he must have travelled post. This circumstance was sufficiently suspicious in itself, the contributions which we raised to relieve him in his distress being not so great as to permit this mode of travelling.

The 21st of September was the day appointed for my new misfortunes. Orders had been issued by the government to General Elio to have me arrested with the most severe precautions; a dungeon in the Inquisition was preparing to receive me; and Don Ignacio Irriberry, governor of Oriuela, was the person to whom the execution of those orders was entrusted. Having no confidence in the troops belonging to the regiment of Torrijos, he took a detachment of another corps, and, entering Murcia clandestinely, concerted with the inquisitors the necessary measures for my arrest.

I was in the habit of returning home early in the evening; but it happened by chance that, on the night appointed for my arrest, I had gone out at about eleven o'clock on some youthful frolic. An hour after my leaving home, the house was surrounded by soldiers, and two men enveloped in their cloaks advanced towards the door. My servant, who heard the loud and repeated knocks, appeared at the window, and was ordered by them to open the

door. On his refusing to do so, they gave their names, one being the Governor Irriberry, and the other the senior inquisitor. The servant represented to them that, whatever might be their office or authority, they raised unfavourable suspicions by coming at that hour, and that, if they did not withdraw, he would compel them, at the same time showing his carabine at the window. At this sight the senior inquisitor, fearing the consequences, abandoned the field to Irriberry, who, more bold, caused some soldiers to advance, and force the door open, when he entered with his soldiers, to whom he gave orders to secure the servant and search the house. Whilst they were executing these orders, they discovered the cook in the act of leaping from a window, endeavouring to make her escape with the intention of seeking me, and warning me of the danger.

Meantime Irriberry directed his steps towards the place where I was in the habit of concealing my papers, as if he himself had been a witness to my most secret actions. Here he found a small leather box, in which I had secreted some of the papers that I did not think proper to include among those I had delivered to Calvo; after which he began to examine my drawers and trunks, putting aside whatever was not essential to his first searches; but those once

open, my uniforms and every other article of dress became the prey of the soldiery.

At this time the voice of some one being heard in the street, Irriberry, thinking it was I, ordered the soldiers to secure the person, whom they discovered to be a young officer who was returning home singing. Finding that he belonged to my regiment, the governor ordered him to be confined in my chamber, to prevent my being informed of what was passing.

Impatient of my absence, which he suspected was premeditated, Irriberry incessantly questioned the servants, from whom he could learn nothing; the former answering with the same firmness he had always shown, but, without failing in his subordination to Irriberry, that it was very rarely I went out at night, and that he did not know the place where I might be found, since I was not in the habit of making confidantes of my domestics.

Meantime an unexpected accident happened in the garden where I had gone to, which would have saved me from all my subsequent misfortunes, had I but known what was passing at home, and been able to reconcile it with other feelings. The door through which I had entered the garden being shut after me, and the key mislaid by one of the servants of the house, I

could not leave it otherwise than by climbing the high walls which surrounded it. In this conjuncture a place of concealment was offered me, where I might have safely remained till the following evening; but the fear of compromising the honor of a family I so much esteemed, and that of failing to attend the daily academical meetings that were held at my house, which could not but draw upon me the attention of the officers, obliged me to decline it.

It was about four o'clock in the morning when I reached my house, in which the greatest silence apparently reigned. Irriberry, who had just returned from a little excursion of which we shall speak hereafter, had learned enough to be convinced that my absence was wholly accidental, and that I should return at day-break. On my entering the house, I found both doors in the same state in which I had left them, and no sooner did I knock at the interior one, than my servant, compelled to show himself at the small window just above it, put the usual question and opened it. Scarcely had I mounted a few steps, before I found myself surrounded by soldiers whose naked bayonets were pointed at my breast, a sufficiently ridiculous assault against an unarmed man, whose whole equipment consisted of a foraging cap, and a cloak which concealed

the light dress I had assumed for that night. Whilst I cast my eyes around with surprise at this multitude of soldiers, who seemed to have sprung up from the ground, Irriberry suddenly presented himself on the stairs, saying in a haughty tone, and as if he had obtained a great triumph, "I arrest you in the name of the King," adding several offensive epithets, and desiring me to follow him. He conducted me through several rooms, which offered evident signs of the pillage that had taken place, to my chamber, where I met the arrested officer, whose name was Cardon, who put unobservedly into my hand the watch which I had left hanging at the bed-head, and which he had saved from the rapacity of the soldiery.

The rude conduct of Irriberry was the more surprising to me, as this general had served in the brigade of royal carabineers, whose officers were at all times distinguished for their circumspection and politeness. Sure of his prey, he filled the house with his vociferations, expecting to find in it considerable sums of money, destined for the great conspiracy which he boasted to have stifled. Having, at his first arrival, seized all my papers and arms, and tolerated a pillage by which I was deprived even of my uniforms, he obstinately demanded my signa-

ture to the bundle of papers which his assessor had filed for him. I very naturally refused to comply with this absurd request, as it was impossible I could acknowledge as my own the confused mass of papers which he presented to me, and which he had rummaged and read in my absence.

It was now that I learned for the first time the fatal destiny that awaited me. The day was dawning, and Irriberry ordered in my presence the bishop's carriage to be fetched, that I might be conveyed to the Inquisition. I requested to be allowed to go on foot, to which he replied that the prisoners of the Inquisition were never accompanied there by an armed force; adding ironically, "they have always the honor to be taken there in a convenient carriage." This being now ready, I entered it accompanied by Irriberry, his assessor, and his aide-de-camp, who gave orders to some soldiers to follow the carriage on foot at a distance. Thus I lost sight of my home, my servants, my young comrades, and even of the hope of seeing again the light of day.

CHAP. IV.

Description of the dungeon into which the author is cast—First civilities of the inquisitor—Don Serafin del Rio is also seized by Irriberry—Esbry, a jeweller, is arrested at the fair of Lorca—Castañeda the inquisitor—Conversation of the prisoners—The author petitions Ferdinand—Character of Esbry—Character of Romero Alpuente—The inquisitor anxious to have him in his custody—Castañeda unlike the severer inquisitors.

It was five o'clock when we arrived before the gates of the Inquisition. The prisons of the new tribunal, although in a forward state, and carried on with greater activity than the rest of the building, were not yet completed; consequently I was to be confined in the dungeons of the old one. Scarcely had we entered its gates, when the inquisitors and their subalterns made their appearance, and Irriberry delivered me into their hands, hinting to me that his mission was not yet terminated. The senior inquisitor then gave his orders to the jailer, who, leading the way down a flight of stairs,

guided me through several subterraneous passages to my dungeon, which with four others had unfortunately survived the destruction of the principal part of the building.

These dungeons, constructed in the primitive times of the Inquisition, were on a level with the river Segura, that traversed the town; so that the humidity, the cloud of gnats that entered through the narrow loop-holes with which the dungeon was partially lighted, the bench constructed of brick which served for a bed to the unhappy inmate, the chains and iron rings that hung from the walls, all contributed to render this abode the most frightful that ever met human sight. On being left alone in this place, my mind naturally recurred to the scenes of misery that these walls must have witnessed, and to the number of victims that must have sunk within this grave.

Doubtless the inquisitors had done every thing in their power to render this place as comfortable as possible, since the mattress that was spread on the bench, the sheets and counterpane of the bed, with a little table beside it, offered a singular contrast with the rest of the dungeon.

The scenes of the morning had so much agitated me, that my blood rushed to my head, and I became insensible. This was immediately

perceived by the inquisitors, who directed their familiars to apply leeches to my temples.

At one in the afternoon the doors were again opened, and the senior inquisitor entered, followed by an attendant bringing a chair. On the latter withdrawing, he sat down near my bed, and spoke in the following words: "All your papers are in my hands; we must examine them together, that you may sign an inventory. This, however, may be done to-morrow, when you will have recovered from your indisposition. A little rest, good assistance, and cleanliness, will contribute towards removing it. The apartments of the new building will be soon finished, and you will then quit this place to occupy one of the best. I am an advocate for cleanliness, and I would not have allowed in my time such places as this to be constructed. They are horrible holes.—I take a bath every day, and dine between twelve and one, after which I will come and see that you are properly attended. All my subalterns are kind people. You must not judge of our prisons by what you see. My own feelings, my education, my religion, and my experience, every thing imposes upon me the duty of acting with humanity towards those who are in your unfortunate situation. Besides, you are not altogether under my dependance;

you are here only temporarily.—This morning, as I came along the streets, I met some individuals whose countenances betrayed much anxiety. You ought to know Romero Alpuente,” added he, fixing his eyes steadily on mine.

“I have seen him,” said I, “but I have had little acquaintance with him.” He smiled incredulously, called the alcaide, and wished me a good afternoon. The doors were then shut, and I remained reflecting on the last words of the inquisitor, which gave me room to fear that they sought for fresh victims.

The inconsiderate conduct of Irriberry had enabled me to discover the origin of this persecution, who my *delator* was, and who were the unfortunate individuals involved in it.

Whilst Irriberry's soldiers were committing in my house the disorders above related, this general, confident that I could not escape him, left the house to the care of his aide-de-camp, and taking with him a party of infantry who were stationed on the bridge, proceeded with them to the house of the unfortunate Serafin del Rio, who lived in the suburbs on the other side of the river. As, long before his arrival there, Serafin and his whole family had retired to bed, it was only after repeated knocks that Irriberry succeeded in making himself heard. Madame

del Rio, far from suspecting the new misfortune that awaited her, was the first to leap from her bed, and answer the disturbers of their sleep. On discovering who they were, she hastened to impart it to her husband, who went to the window to speak to Irriberry. Irritated by this delay, the latter peremptorily ordered Serafin to open the door, threatening to burst it open if he refused to comply. Serafin, without showing any alarm, descended, followed by his afflicted wife and by some of his children, before whom he heard, with perfect resignation, the order for his arrest. Irriberry, though himself a father, saw without emotion, and even hastened, the tender separation of this unfortunate couple; whilst Serafin, pressing with one arm his wife to his bosom, held out the other to his children who bathed it with their tears, recommending them to bear this misfortune with religious firmness, and put their trust in providence, which would not abandon them in their desolate situation. Knowing, as I do at present, the intensity of paternal feelings, I feel my heart beat at the remembrance of this afflicting scene.

Serafin's house underwent the same scrutiny as mine; but Irriberry found in it nothing that he sought.

The jeweller Esbry, the friend of Calvo, was

also to share our imprisonment; but he was then absent from town, having gone to the fair of Lorca, which is within a few leagues of Murcia. No sooner had Irriberry seen me safely lodged than he set off for that place to arrest Esbry, who, much to his surprise, saw himself seized in the midst of a crowd of merchants who had gone to the fair, and who were not a little alarmed at these proceedings. On the following day, Esbry was already immured in one of the dungeons of the Inquisition; but so great was the privacy of these abodes, that, notwithstanding my watchfulness, the profound silence that reigned in them, and the accustomed clamour that preceded Irriberry's steps, who accompanied him to his prison, I did not notice his arrival.

At ten o'clock this general, who seemed to delight in visiting these places, entered my dungeon, accompanied by the jailer, and rudely bade me follow him, adding, "You will now do what you refused to do last night."

"What?" exclaimed I, "the inventory?"

"Ay, the inventory, the inventory of your—" the expressions he added were so offensive, that I was at last under the necessity of reminding him that he was speaking to a gentleman and a soldier, who had a right to be treated with

civility ; and that though at that moment I was not in a situation to exact a suitable satisfaction, he should give me an ample one on my liberation. From this moment he restrained his ungentlemanly behaviour, and became more guarded in his expressions ; whilst at the same time he stepped back to allow me a passage through those subterraneous windings, and having ascended the stairs, we arrived at the great hall. Here we found, seated round a large table, the senior inquisitor, the commandant-at-arms of the city, his secretary, and Irriberry's assessor. The general took his seat among the rest, and desired me to sit beside him ; after which they commenced an examination of my papers, which were the same I had concealed in my house, and which had been seized on the night of my arrest. Irriberry put my commissions aside after I had acknowledged them as mine, saying that he was charged to send them to the minister of war, as well as the rest of the documents relative to the service. Whilst the gentlemen present were engaged in looking over some papers and parchments, the allegorical signs of which appeared to them singular, I profited by this opportunity to thrust into my sleeve a letter which was certainly one of the most important of the whole collection, and which, as the exa-

mination of all the papers had not yet taken place, no one missed. Thus was I enabled to save from certain ruin several persons, among whom was one of high rank, who, far from being suspected by government, received some months after particular marks of favor from the King.

More than two hours were spent in the examination of my papers. Irriberry then made a formal delivery of them to the senior inquisitor, requesting him to draw up the inventory and have it signed by me. As it would have been useless, and even prejudicial to me, to refuse complying with this formality, I put my signature to the inventory.

I was on the point of being sent back to my dungeon, when a familiar entered the hall, and informed the Inquisitor that an officer of my regiment was in the antechamber, and demanded to see me that I might sign some papers relative to the administration of the regiment, which I did in presence of them all. The officer, on withdrawing, shook me by the hand, and offered me in the name of his comrades any pecuniary assistance of which I might stand in need. I was on the point of expressing to him my thanks, when the senior inquisitor undertook to answer for me, saying to the officer in a haughty tone, "that those who were in the Inquisition

never stood in want of any thing." The officer withdrew, and I was reconducted to my dungeon, where I had long wished to be in order to destroy the paper I had secreted, and which I was obliged to swallow as the safest means I could devise.

Soon after one o'clock, the senior Inquisitor entered as on the preceding day. "General Irriberry," said he, "is a man of somewhat hot temper. I have learned that you have had some words with him, and perhaps you do not know the extent of the mischief to which that might lead. I know you tolerably well by the various informations I have had respecting you, as well as by your intimacy with my brother.¹ You have done right in signing the inventory of your papers: any refusal on your part would have been highly prejudicial to you, the more so as every thing is now discovered. There is only one individual residing at Granada who has hitherto succeeded in eluding the vigilance of government, but who cannot much longer escape their strict searches."

¹ This gentleman was an officer in the army, then residing in Murcia with leave of absence, and with whom I was on very good terms. His family name was Castañeda, and he was a relation of the celebrated minister Ceballos.

I easily perceived that he spoke in this manner only to alarm me by endeavouring to make me believe that all was lost; but he only confirmed me in the opinion that Calvo was the author of my present misfortunes. From what I could collect, Castañeda had not yet received any orders from the supreme council of the Inquisition respecting me, so that he considered me only as a prisoner under his care, but dependent upon the immediate authority of Irriberry, from whom he had received a confused account, in consequence of which he did not attach much importance to my arrest. He therefore contented himself with only observing the ordinary formalities required with those who were under the safeguard of the Holy Office. On the other hand, as he had no personal resentment against me, and had probably been predisposed in my favour by his brother; and as he was in the flower of his age, and did not seem to consider severity a duty paramount to those claimed by humanity, I did not recognize in him a fellow-labourer of the monster Torquemada, who, as the historian Llorente says, was born to render Christianity execrated.

Among the various things that Castañeda asked me, was, if I desired that the chains hanging on the walls should be removed. I

replied that what principally troubled me were the gnats, of which he might see swarms covering the black walls of the dungeon; but that, as for the irons, I never imagined they were intended for me; and that, above all, the want of exercise was the cause of the violent head-aches to which I was subject. He then promised to arrange matters so that I should be allowed to walk in the passages for an hour in the afternoon, a promise which he faithfully performed.

As he had not even alluded to any persons of Murcia when he mentioned the individual of Granada, I was very anxious to ascertain if I had any companions of misfortune in the neighbouring dungeons, and I waited with impatience for the moment of my promised walk. At last the hour having arrived, the jailer, who was a young priest, a novice in his office, and who had little knowledge of the world, came and opened the doors of my prison, saying to me on withdrawing: "You can walk in this passage till my return; but mind not to make any noise." Having shut the doors which communicated with the interior, I began to examine the passage, convinced, from what he had said, that there were others under his safeguard. This place was four feet wide by fifty long, having loop-holes near the ceiling that looked into a ditch

close by the river, and admitted just light enough to see one's way. On one side there was a small staircase leading to the door which the jailer had just shut; and on the other were the entrances to the five dungeons that were in the passage, all the doors of which were shut except mine.

Having ascertained that I was not watched, I began singing in a tone which might be audible in the other prisons, when very soon after I heard some one calling me by my name. It was Serafin del Rio, who, overjoyed at hearing my voice, desired me to attend to what he had to say. It related to the manner of his arrest by Irriberry, from whom he had collected enough to presume that myself and Esbry were his only companions of misfortune, and that he, as well as myself, could guess from whence the blow came. Having heard his account, I began to inform him of the occurrences which had taken place since our last meeting; but my narrative was cut short by the noise of bolts at the top of the stairs, proceeding from the jailer, who made no remark on my singing, which fortunately had not been heard by him, so deep was the passage in which we were buried.

At eight o'clock in the evening, he brought my chocolate as usual; but such were the

clouds of gnats which the light of his lamp attracted, that I dispensed with it, that he and his light might disappear the sooner. I was so greatly annoyed during the night by those insects, that I could not close my eyes; I therefore spent the time in recapitulating the various events that had occurred. If, as appeared beyond all doubt, the treacherous Calvo was my betrayer, I might be certain that all the papers without exception, which I had delivered to him in the box, were now in the hands of government. This circumstance rendered my situation extremely critical, since that box contained all the correspondence addressed to me from persons, many of whom were of high rank and of great importance to our society, but whose signatures I had fortunately taken the precaution to erase, as also the names of well known persons alluded to in them. Besides those letters, there were other papers in my own hand-writing, that proved me to be the author of a plan which I had presented to the society of Granada, and the object of which was to spread new ramifications throughout the peninsula.

I considered my situation in Murcia (where I was almost isolated, at the mercy of the creatures of Elio, and far from the source of events) as extremely embarrassing. It was therefore ne-

cessary, in order to avert the blow which threatened me if my trial took place in that province, to cause it to be instituted in the capital. I thought this plan the more feasible, as I was pretty certain that Irriberry would not have failed to inform the government of the prompt and secret manner in which he had conducted my arrest, and which rendered it almost impossible for me to suspect by what accident I had been discovered. I was still engaged in these reflections, when the senior inquisitor came to pay me his usual visit.

On being left by ourselves, I asked him without hesitation what had become of Irriberry, to which he candidly answered, that he had gone post to Valencia to consult General Elio. I again enquired if he knew when my trial would commence, and he replied that he did not, as it was not within the cognizance of the holy tribunal; adding earnestly, "The incomprehensible tenor of your papers renders your situation extremely critical." This was precisely the answer I wished for, to bring about the plan I had just conceived, and I told him, in a confidential manner, that the esteem he had inspired me with did not permit my concealing from him that, could I but obtain an audience of the King, all the enigmas of which he complained would be soon ex-

plained. "How?" he exclaimed, "do you say so? Then lose not an instant. I have at my disposal the means to forward your petition. Write to his Majesty, and I will send a courier immediately to inform General Irriberry of your resolution."

He then called the keeper, and ordered him to bring the materials for writing, at the same time whispering something into his ear. Not many minutes elapsed before the jailer returned, and I wrote the following petition to the King:—

"Sire,

"Lieutenant-Colonel Don Juan Van Halen, confined in the dungeons of the Inquisition of this city by your Majesty's orders, convinced that this rigorous measure is caused by some sinister interpretation, apparently corroborated by the papers which have been found in his possession, and desiring to give a satisfactory explanation of their contents, humbly entreats your Majesty to order his removal to Madrid, and to grant him an audience, a grace which he hopes your Majesty will not refuse him. May God preserve your Majesty's life, &c.—In the dungeon of this tribunal, September 24th, 1817."

Whilst I was writing these lines, Castañeda

observed me very attentively. He then read them, folded the petition, and causing the writing materials to be removed, wished me a good afternoon.

When the hour for my walk arrived, the jailer came to open the door of my dungeon; and on his disappearing, I imparted to Serafin what I had just resolved upon, as well as the motives which had induced me to do it. He approved of my plan, and I left him to try if I could converse with our other fellow prisoner.

Though Esbry was in the dungeon contiguous to mine, unfortunately he was deaf, and I feared that the inquisitors would hear the loud tones of my voice sooner than himself. Owing to his good humour, of which he had an inexhaustible fund, and to a habit he had contracted of speaking aloud when he was alone, I discovered the place of his confinement. As I listened at the door of his dungeon, I heard him frequently repeat the name of St. Thomas, and soon collected enough to know that it was the life of that saint he was reading. Far, however, from being edified by its perusal, the number of absurdities which the book contained excited his mirth to a degree that was highly ludicrous. He made the most droll comments, and now and then burst into loud laughter. I did all I could

to be heard by him, but it was useless; consequently I returned to Serafin, and communicated to him my bad success, which I was afraid might lead to some unpleasant results; but he was of opinion that we had nothing to fear from him, as the firmness of his character was proof against all the rigour of the inquisitors. Besides, as he never preserved any papers, no accusation could be established against him, and it was very probable that, if he suspected Calvo to be the betrayer, he would deny all.

Esbry was the sole support of a respectable and numerous family. A good son, good husband, and good father, he enjoyed, by his upright conduct, the esteem and consideration even of those aristocrats who found nothing respectable out of their own circle. I was ignorant of the circumstances attending his arrest, but I knew that nothing could be found in his house that might be prejudicial to him or to us. His name figured in my papers only in an allegorical manner, so that it was known but to a few of the initiated. He had, however, the misfortune of being acquainted with the author of our calamities, and might, perhaps, be accused of having engraved the medal, which it was our intention to place between the foundation-stones of the Inquisition. As it was important he should

know that we had been betrayed by Calvo, I again made an effort to call his attention, but it was all in vain ; and I re-entered my dungeon with this new care on my mind.

On that night the jailer brought with the chocolate a perfume, which, he said, was an antidote against the gnats ; but the smoke escaping through the loop-hole, it proved ineffectual. Serafin, whose dungeon was separated from mine by a double stone wall, gave me to understand by his repeated knocks during the night, that he was as much tormented by the gnats as myself ; but fearing he might be heard above, I warned him of it on the following day.

The senior inquisitor, Castañeda, paid me his visit at the usual hour. “ I sent yesterday at three o’clock,” said he, “ an express to his Majesty with your petition, and wrote at the same time to several personages of the court, friends of mine. I have also informed General Irriberry, whom I suppose to be at Valencia, of your resolution, and I have no doubt that we shall obtain a favorable result. I am really grieved to see you thus suffering, whilst such truly dangerous and perverted men as Romero Alpuente should be freely walking about, and mocking the vigilance of the laws. Is it not so ? Be frank with me : give me this proof of your confidence.”

“ Sir,” I answered, “ I assure you I never heard him speak but of the love adventures of his youth. I have spent at his house some pleasant hours listening to the droll account he gave of his Dulcineas. I always remarked that he avoided speaking of politics, adducing strong reasons for not meddling with them. You may be sure, Sir, that the historical romance of his incipient gallantries was the more amusing as one would be tempted to say, in looking at him, that he was the original from which Cervantes drew the portrait of the hero of La Mancha.”

“ No, no, Mr. Van Halen,” retorted Castañeda. “ Romero Alpuente is the hero of other exploits than those you mention. The anxiety he at present evinces is observed by all ; and,” added he, in a tone foreign to the sentiments of moderation he had hitherto shown, “ were he to fall into my hands, I would find a good place for him in this house, where, trust me, he should pass the rest of his days.”

Castañeda’s resentment against Romero Alpuente was well-founded ; for there never lived a more decided enemy of religious and civil despotism, or one more zealous for its overthrow, than this venerable old man, whom I loved as a father from the moment I became acquainted with him. From him I had im-

bibed the purest ideas on the subject of liberty and disinterested patriotism; and as I feared that Castañeda's wishes might be fulfilled, I suffered not a little in feigning indifference at what he uttered. Fortunately the subject of gallantry gave a new turn to the conversation, in the course of which Castañeda hinted that a young lady, living at Malaga, had excited the sympathy of many by the extreme grief she had evinced at my misfortune; adding, that it was whispered by those who pretended to be well-informed on the subject, that she had been the cause of the delay experienced by Irriberry on the night of my arrest. As I had good reasons for feigning ignorance of the lady, I took the whole as a joke; and Castañeda continued the subject in a manner not altogether consistent with his profession, though he can by no means be said to be the only clergyman in Spain who ventures on this topic.

In the evening I enjoyed my ordinary walk, and profited of the opportunity to inform Serafin of our conversation. I also struggled, though in vain, with Esbry's deafness, and returned to my dungeon at the usual hour.

On the following day Castañeda came to see me, but remained only a short time; during which he proposed to me the perusal of some

religious works. I chose the *Gospel in Triumph*, written by the unfortunate Olavide, which I read with pleasure. On withdrawing, he said that his occupations would prevent him from seeing me next day, but that on the following he would not fail to come, in order to conduct me to a more comfortable and wholesome apartment, which had not yet been inhabited by any one.

I have perhaps entered into details which may appear trifling to the reader; but as Castañeda was the first inquisitor I came in contact with, and as his conduct towards me offers such a striking contrast with that of his colleagues with whom I had afterwards the misfortune to deal, I thought it right, in justice to him, to mention those particulars.

CHAP. V.

Removal to the new prison of the Holy Office—Description—
The author is sent for to Madrid—Letters from his cousin—
Civilities of Castañeda—Conversation with the jailer—Cere-
mony of exorcism—The author's devotions in the hall of the
Inquisition—His departure from Murcia—He travels to Ma-
drid under a strong escort—Affection evinced towards him
by the dragoons of his regiment—Anecdote of Serafin del Rio
—Inn at Corral de Almaguez—Papers of the author laid be-
fore the King—Plain of Ocaña—Arrival at Aranjuez—Eguia,
minister of war—History of an aide-de-camp—Arrival at
Madrid—Description—Reception by the senior inquisitor—
Parting with Irriberry—Dungeon.

ON the first opportunity that offered, I in-
formed Serafin of the change of residence that
was in contemplation; but he already knew it,
and wished it more ardently than myself, as he
had been indulged in walking about the pas-
sage only during the short time required to
clean what he humorously called his *sewer*.
Fearing, however, that this change would be
for the worse with respect to our daily commu-
nications, we concerted the plan we should
adopt in case we were not near enough to con-

verse together, or at least to know of our common existence. I then proceeded towards the door of Esbry's dungeon with the intention of making a last effort to conquer his deafness, but all to no purpose. I perceived that he was not so gay as usual: he coughed frequently; and now and then apostrophised in no measured terms the gnats, whom he called devils of priests transformed into gnats, by whom, he said, he was incessantly tormented, as if they were in the pay of the inquisitors. His physical defect, which at all times heightened the natural vivacity of his character, rendered him extremely impatient of his situation; while on the other hand we suffered equally from it, as we could not reasonably hope that, without a previous understanding, our answers would agree with his.

On the following day, September 28th, soon after breakfast, I heard some noise in the passage, which I rightly attributed to the removal of my companions to their new habitation; and some time after, I had the pleasure of seeing Castañeda arrive, accompanied by the jailer, to effect mine. We met with nothing worth notice on our way, except that, as we removed farther from these subterraneous passages, the air became purer, and I breathed more freely.

On arriving at my new prison, which was on the second floor of the building, and which certainly could not be called a dungeon, Castañeda said to me, with an air of satisfaction, "You, Mr. Van Halen, are the first who ever inhabited this apartment. You see that we know how to unite, in its construction, security with salubrity and comfort. To-morrow the place you have just left will disappear, and with it all the disgusting objects you have seen." He then withdrew, followed by the jailer, who locked the double doors of my new prison.

Situated as I have above hinted in the principal part of that extensive edifice, it was the first room on that floor, as appeared from the large No. 1. painted on the outer door. Its size was five times larger than the one I had just left, and formed a perfect square of four-and-twenty feet: the floor was brick, and the ceiling, which was eighteen feet high, had at the top two large windows, cross-barred and looking into a gallery. The bed was placed on a large board, fastened to the wall by iron hinges, as were also the bench and the table. On the wall opposite the bed was a large cross, painted green, representing that of the Inquisition.

I waited impatiently for the evening, to see whether I should now be allowed my accus-

tomed walk ; but the day passed away without my experiencing this indulgence. In the afternoon, in the midst of the profound silence that reigned there, I heard very distinctly Serafin begin a hymn, by which he made me understand that he was not far off, nor discontented with his new abode ; but fearing that the jailer's suspicions might be excited, particularly as the prisoner mixed in his devout verses the number of his new prison, I did not think it prudent to answer him. At night the jailer left me a light, a novelty at which I studiously made no remark ; and I also observed in him (as I had indeed observed several times before,) a desire to speak with me ; but his shyness seemed insurmountable, and as I was convinced that in the Inquisition it was wiser to listen than to speak, I feigned not to perceive his embarrassment. This maxim, so difficult to be followed by those who breathe the atmosphere of a dungeon deprived of all human communication, was, I believe, of great service to me, as I had afterwards many opportunities of remarking. In the course of that day I amused myself in tracing with my tooth-pick, on the pedestal of the green cross, some verses, bearing an allusion to the change of abode which I had experienced for the better.

On the following day, the senior inquisitor, Castañeda, entered, dressed in his inquisitorial robes, and said to me, rubbing his hands with an air of gravity, "I am at present very much occupied. I suppose you are pleased with your new apartment, and that there is no longer any occasion for your walking out; I have, however, desired the jailer to allow you now and then to take a turn or two in the gallery of the prison." At these words he observed the verses I had traced on the pedestal of the cross, which he read with a smile, and then withdrew apparently well pleased. On the evening of that day I was allowed to go out into the gallery, though accompanied by the jailer, who did not leave me an instant. I passed several times before Serafin's prison; but as, under these circumstances, it was impossible to say a word to him, I contented myself with conversing as loud as possible with my companion, that he might understand I was not alone. The walk lasted but a short time, and we returned to my prison, where the jailer, after much hesitation said, presenting a receipt for me to sign, that might enable him to receive in my name a month's pay from the funds of my regiment, "that the senior inquisitor had desired him to keep the whole to

meet the expenses I might occasion ; but that I might rely on his employing the money in a manner most agreeable to my wishes."

I told him that he was welcome to the whole of the money, and that I only desired to be furnished with candles to burn in my prison during the night. He assured me that he would immediately procure a sufficient number of wax candles for that purpose, and the more gladly as it would give me an opportunity of spending part of the night in reading the religious works with which they had furnished me.

On the following day, I saw nothing of Castañeda, neither was I allowed to walk in the gallery, so that I found no other means of conversing with Serafin than by singing. In this manner the time passed away, without any thing new occurring, till the evening of the 2nd of October, when Castañeda entered my prison, followed by the jailer bringing a chair, which he placed near my table. On the latter withdrawing, the inquisitor sat down, and drawing from his pocket a letter, said : " Well, Sir, I have at last received the answer which I expected to your petition. General Irriberry will shortly be here, and you will set off to-morrow for Madrid. Meantime I will make every preparation neces-

sary for the journey. The secretary of the Council of the Supreme¹ was the person who presented your petition to his Majesty. Here is what he writes to me on the subject."

He then read to me some passages of the letter, the contents of which corroborated his former assertion, but from which I discovered that the said secretary was his brother, with more worldly-minded views than himself, as may appear from the following paragraph. "The affair which you have taken upon yourself, my dear brother, is more delicate than you seem aware of. Do not, therefore, neglect to use every precaution to obtain from him some important communication; and recollect that the result of the favor now granted him (meaning me), if unfortunate, may weigh heavily on yourself."

On the following day the jailer presented to me, by order of Castañeda, the inventory of all the effects found in my house, none of which, he said, had been confiscated. In putting my signature to the document, I added, that I placed every thing contained therein at the disposal of Don Serafin del Rio for the relief of

¹ The tribunal at which the inquisitor-general presides is so called.

his family, thus feigning ignorance of his arrest. While I was writing this, the jailer, who kept his eyes fixed on my paper, was taken by surprise, and uttered a few words respecting Serafin's absence from his family, which he quickly retracted, withdrawing immediately after, greatly confused. I then began singing to inform Serafin of my approaching departure.

Early in the evening I received the unexpected visit of Castañeda, Irriberry, and the director of the posts, who came to treat of an affair sufficiently ridiculous. Since my arrest, some letters addressed to me had arrived at the post-office of Murcia, which they pretended they were not authorised to open until I had myself received them. I could scarcely refrain from smiling at hearing this declaration, as it was a notorious fact that the government of Spain made it a practice to open even the most reserved correspondence of the ambassadors themselves. It was very evident, therefore, that such formality was unnecessary to examine that of an individual, imprisoned, according to Irriberry's account, for high treason; but I soon found that the author of this farce was that general, who, wishing to conciliate me, had adopted the most extravagant means that could be devised. Having desired the jailer to pay

the postage of my letters, they all withdrew except Irriberry.

On breaking their seals, I immediately recognized the hand-writing, and delivered them to the general, who eagerly read them. They were all from home with the exception of one, which was from a cousin of mine, formerly an officer in the navy, and at that time holding a public office at Madrid, to whom I was greatly attached, and who will hereafter figure in my narrative. As he was still ignorant of my situation, and had similar political notions with myself, he used in his letter some expressions which might have committed him with government. Irriberry read to me some of the objectionable passages it contained, saying earnestly as he returned it me, "burn that letter, and know by this that I am a gentleman, and can prove it at a pinch."

I was so greatly surprised at his conduct, that I scarcely knew what to answer, particularly as I entertained doubts of his sincerity. I however took the letter without making any remark, though I was not sorry to see that he should begin to act like a gentleman. The senior inquisitor now returned, followed by the jailer bringing a bundle of clothes for my journey.

After a silence of some minutes, caused doubtless by Castañeda's curiosity to know the contents of the letters, and Irriberry's disinclination to gratify it, the inquisitor broke the pause by observing that all the preparations for the journey were made, the carriage was ready, and a change of horses ordered at several places on the road ; then, addressing himself to me, politely said, that he had placed in General Irriberry's hands his service of plate (which was really a very handsome one) for my use during the journey ; adding, that I might give my final orders concerning my servants. I replied, that with respect to my man-servant, the colonel of the regiment could dispose of him from the moment of my arrest, since he belonged to those destined to the service of the officers, and that as to the cook, I wished her to be sent to Madrid to my family, if such an arrangement was agreeable to herself, requesting at the same time that my Danish dog might be delivered to me ; but I was informed that he had died eight days before.

Castañeda, accustomed as he was to a quiet and methodical life, withdrew to take some repose, that he might be able to be with us at the hour of parting ; and Irriberry followed him soon

after to make the final arrangements for the journey.

When the jailer came at ten o'clock to serve me a cup of chocolate, I was dressed, and ready to depart. He had under his arm a small parcel containing some wax candles, which he placed on the bed; and sitting down before the table, fixed his eyes on me with an expression of interest, saying after considerable hesitation, "Pray, Sir, is it true what I have heard respecting you?"

"What is it you have heard?" I inquired.

"They say, Sir, that you are *a bishop of freemasons*; that you teach the heresies and diabolical doctrines of that sect; that you burn the images of our Saviour, and conspire against our holy religion and our catholic monarch."

I had the greatest difficulty in restraining my inclination to laugh at hearing such a ridiculous speech; but not wishing to discourage him from continuing his conversation, I replied, that it was impossible for me to answer such a string of absurd accusations; that I was sorry to hear him talk in that way; but that I was not so much offended at his repeating such foolish stories, as at his believing them. "Sir," he continued, "from the first moment I saw you, I have observed your actions and your manners

very closely, and in truth I can say that I have found nothing blameable in them. I am also told that your father and mother are most respectable and religious people, whose conduct is a model of devotion to the whole congregation of the Eucharisty at Madrid, and I am really grieved to think that every religious person who knows you should be under the necessity of considering you in the light of a heretic, excommunicated by our holy mother-church."

This discourse appearing to me more important than I at first thought it, I begged him openly to declare upon what foundations he believed me to be a heretic. "Sir," said he, "every one in the town is persuaded of it. Three days after your arrest, the landlord of the house you inhabited, consulting his confessor, went with his whole family to hear a solemn mass celebrated at his parish. Immediately after the priest, dressed in his sacerdotal robes, and accompanied by the various attendants of the church, went in procession, followed by the landlord's family, friends and other of the faithful, to your house, where after the most edifying ceremony he exorcised it in order to expel the devil, who, every one believes, was in the house; the whole terminating by having a cross placed on the roof. It is the opinion of

most people of Murcia, that, without this religious ceremony, the place would not have been habitable."

To form an exact idea of this singular dialogue, it would be necessary to have seen all the grimaces with which this deluded man accompanied it. At another moment the recital of it would only have excited my mirth; but when I considered the religious character of my father, and the grief such news would occasion him, as well as the unhappy lot of the unfortunate family of Serafin del Rio, begging their bread among such a fanatical people, I could not help sighing at hearing an account so much calculated to encrease my own sorrows.

The jailer, perceiving that I was affected by it, turned the conversation upon money matters, saying, as he showed me the wax candles that remained, that he had brought them to me thinking they might be useful on the road. I told him that I destined them for a different purpose, requesting he would preserve them to light the altar in the great hall of the tribunal, after which I begged he would permit me to visit it in order to say my prayers. He was greatly astonished at this request, and joyfully acceded to it. As I passed by Serafin's prison, I heard him singing a hymn, in which he had

been engaged most part of the evening. He intended it as his farewell, which, indeed, was the last I ever heard him utter. On arriving at the hall, I knelt before the altar, at which the jailer evinced the utmost surprise. He stood motionless, as if he actually could not believe his eyes; but when I asked him to pray with me for the good result of my journey, he shed tears of joy, and from that time till the moment of my departure he continued in my company.

It was one o'clock when Castañeda and Irriberry appeared. They desired me to follow them, and on entering the gallery I observed three men enveloped in their cloaks, who escorted us through several streets, which we found deserted even by the watchmen, whilst the darkness of the night was interrupted only by the light of a lantern carried by one of the attendants. I walked between Irriberry and Castañeda, with the three muffled men behind us; the silence of those solitary streets being broken only by the sounds of our foot-steps, till having traversed the greatest part of the town, we arrived at the gate on the road to Madrid. We proceeded about a mile farther, when we reached a convent of Benedictine monks, in front of which stood a carriage in readiness for us. Before my stepping into it, Castañeda took

leave of me in a very friendly manner, requesting I would write to him the moment a favorable change had taken place in my situation. On entering the carriage, a detachment of infantry, who were in the convent, made their appearance, headed by Irriberry's adjutant, who took his seat in the carriage with his chief and myself, after which we began our journey at the slow pace indispensable to our escort.

Before day-light, we had proceeded on our road four leagues from Murcia without meeting a single person ; and at eight o'clock a detachment of cavalry, belonging to my regiment, and commanded by a serjeant, came to join us and relieve our escort. The secrecy observed at our departure rendered these troops ignorant of the object of their march ; but on arriving at a small village where we halted for a short time, and where I alighted from the carriage, I was very soon recognized both by the soldiers and the serjeant, who, seeing that I wished to light my cigar, approached to offer me his own for that purpose, at the same time whispering, " Sir, we are all at your service if you wish to profit by the opportunity." I was too closely watched to be able to concert with him my escape, or scarcely to answer him. " Do no-

thing, I request," was all I could say to him at this or at any other time.

We changed horses at this place, our escort being also relieved by an equal number of horsemen from the same regiment, and at seven in the evening we arrived at a solitary inn, where we passed the night. Irriberry had been very attentive to me the whole of that day, and had exerted all his powers of conversation to amuse me.

Early in the morning of the following day, we were already far from the wretched inn in which we had passed a most uncomfortable night, and at noon arrived at Albacete, where we found waiting for us a numerous escort sent by Elio from Valencia. After taking some refreshments, we continued our journey till we arrived at Corral de Almaguez, where we were to spend the night.

In the course of that day, Irriberry told me some anecdotes respecting various persons of Murcia, of a different kind from those related to me by the jailer. He also informed me, without making any mystery of it, that Serafin and Esbry remained in the prison I had just quitted, that the family of the latter had been more alarmed at his arrest than that of Serafin, who,

on being asked in the interrogatory he had undergone three days previous to my departure whether he knew me, had answered in the affirmative, saying jocosely, on the subject of our dining so frequently together, that I deprived him of the company of his wife to make him the jester of my table, and that consequently our dining together did not signify a straw. As a proof of the ready wit and good humour of this unfortunate friend of mine, Irriberry read to me some verses, which he had copied from those traced by Serafin on the wall of his dungeon, against the gnats by which he was so much tormented. I do not at present recollect them, but I know that I laughed heartily at hearing them. From what Irriberry said respecting Esbry and Serafin, he appeared to be much interested in their favor, particularly when he owned to me that their affair was not worthy of occupying the attention of the tribunal.

The great inn of Corral de Almaguez, where we had just alighted, had more comfortable apartments than the one at which we had slept on the previous night. Irriberry, however, showed some displeasure at seeing in the yard several equipages which seemed to indicate a great assemblage of travellers. He gave orders

to the commanding officer to place sentries at the door of our apartment; but as the curiosity of the travellers had been considerably excited by learning from the detachment in waiting for us, that they expected a mysterious personage on his way to Madrid, the staircase was crowded with them in hopes of ascertaining who I was; but they were disappointed in their expectations, as I walked from the carriage to the apartment so muffled up in my cloak, that it was impossible for any one to recognize me.

By one of those chances that sometimes occur in travelling, even in Spain, where the intercourse is not so great, I observed among the travellers an old officer of the navy, an intimate friend of my father, who, as I was afterwards informed, was removing with all his family from Madrid to Carthagen. Being of a frank and cheerful character, and equally unceremonious, no sooner did Irriberry make his appearance in the kitchen (which in the inns of Spain is the usual rendezvous of travellers of all ranks, particularly in winter) than he addressed himself to him to gain some information respecting me. As it may be easily believed, his curiosity remained ungratified; but had he even suspected that it was the son of his friend, whom he had known from his earliest infancy, he would cer-

tainly have made an effort to speak to me, and give me news of my family, who were then residing at Madrid, and of whom I ardently wished to hear.

Glad as I should have been of a visit from such a traveller, whose merry voice I could hear from my apartment, my resentment against Irriberry was not yet sufficiently appeased to allow of my asking him the smallest favor. Though his conduct towards me was certainly changed, the inconsequence of his character prevented a complete reconciliation; so that, when he entered the apartment to sup with me, I said not a word on the subject; while he, on his side, far from imagining I had any acquaintances in the inn, conversed on indifferent topics. During this time his aide-de-camp, who, probably fatigued by the watch of the preceding night, stood in need of repose, was lying full length on the sofa, regaling us with his sonorous snoring.

Two hours before day-break, every thing being ready for our departure, we left the inn long before any other traveller had thought of moving. The weather was fine, but the road so bad that it prevented our travelling at a quick pace. Irriberry then proposed my walking with him a short distance; I agreed to it;

and leaving the aide-de-camp asleep in the carriage, I took Irriberry's arm, which he politely offered me. Had any one seen us at that moment, he would have supposed that the greatest intimacy existed between us. During this walk he related to me several circumstances which had happened at the time of my arrest at Valencia, Murcia, and Granada; but I observed that he avoided mentioning the names of certain persons, among others that of brigade-general Torrijos. He informed me that all the papers found in my house at Murcia were already in the hands of the King, as he had sent them to Madrid by an officer in his confidence, who, on presenting himself to General Eguia, minister of war, was asked by him whether my arrest had been carried into effect without opposition, and whether no signs of fermentation existed on his leaving that city. This proved to me how Calvo's denunciation must have been exaggerated, in order to obtain from the government a higher price for his perfidy. Irriberry added, that the officer had been introduced by Eguia to his Majesty, who received him most graciously; at the same time taking the case that contained my papers, which he put into his escritoire.

It was Irriberry's opinion that the denouement

of this affair would be as favorable as I could wish ; and so firmly did he believe this, that, with his accustomed superficiality, he amused himself with describing the part which each of us should act on our arrival at court.

Towards noon we reached the great plain of Ocaña, where we saw a strong detachment of cuirassiers advancing towards us, the commanding officer of which, approaching the carriage, enquired for General Irriberry, who received from him a despatch which he perused, and then alighted to speak with the new comer. On re-entering the carriage, he ordered the coachman to quicken the pace of his mules, and informed me that the despatch was from the minister of war, but left me to guess its import. A few hours after, we arrived at the principal inn of Aranjuez.

As it is only during the finest months of the year that the court resides here, the town was wholly deserted. In the inn the same formalities were observed with me as on the former night, with the exception that there were more sentries employed for my safeguard. Irriberry asked for his portmanteau, and ordering a post-chaise, set off soon after our arrival, having first recommended me to the care of his aide-de-camp, and assuring me that his absence would

be but short. My new guardian, trusting chiefly to the sentries, seemed to care very little about the recommendations of his chief, his whole soul being bent upon his supper. Once the repast served, and his gormandizing appetite gratified, he became more sociable, and treated me with several anecdotes, differing little from those related to me by the jailer, respecting the exorcisms of the priests of Malaga in my house. Perfectly satisfied with himself, he ended by supporting his narrative with his own authority, saying: "Probably you will return soon to your post; but that event has totally ruined you in the opinion of most. The soldiers themselves will always preserve the fatal prejudice of being commanded by an heretical chief."

He said this in such a *naïve* manner, that he rather excited my pity than my resentment, though, indeed, officers of his stamp were at that time so rare in the Spanish army, that he would have been laughed at and ridiculed, even by the most ignorant private. His absurd manner of talking excited in me a wish to learn the history of his life, and on the following day at breakfast he gratified my curiosity. Born in Arragon, he was a sexton at the beginning of the war of independence, when he enlisted as a private in one of the guerillas, and, as he knew

how to write, was shortly made a serjeant. Being afterwards employed in the major's office, he ascended to the rank of ensign, and at the close of the war was promoted to a lieutenancy, in which rank he served in the detachment of infantry under the orders of Irriberry, at whose house he conducted himself in a manner so basely officious towards the general's wife and family, that he was made his aide-de-camp. It seems, however, that the only hostile expedition in which he had figured to some purpose in the course of his military career, was in the affair of my arrest.

Having given me this sketch of his history, and swallowed his breakfast, he informed me that we were to set off in the afternoon. He then went out to give his orders, and returned shortly after to make his toilet. When he re-appeared *en grande tenue*, I recognized, among the articles of his dress, some which convinced me that, however religious in his expressions, and fanatical in his practices, his conscience was not so scrupulously nice as to prevent him from wearing articles which he had secured at the pillage of my house. Such were the officers on whom the Spanish government chiefly depended to carry on their oppressive measures.

We left Aranjuez at two o'clock in the after-

noon, escorted by a large body of cuirassiers, and continued our journey to Madrid, which is seven leagues distant from this royal seat. It was sunset when we reached our Lady of the Angels,¹ when the aide-de-camp, doubtless in conformity with the instructions he had received from Irriberry, desired the coachman to drive slowly, so that it was quite dark when we arrived at the turnpike on this side of the river Manzanares, where we halted, and he immediately alighted. Soon after, Irriberry came alone to the carriage door, and having informed me that another carriage was waiting for us, seized my hand, and, pressing it affectionately, asked me if I had forgotten the vexations he had caused me. I was moved by this conduct, and answered him, with sincerity, that I had. "Let us then go to the other carriage," he added, "where the aide-de-camp of the minister of war is waiting for us."

I followed him, imagining for a moment that the hopes he had inspired me with were on the eve of being realized. Before setting off, he gave orders to the escort to remain behind, and named the hotel where his aide-de-camp was to proceed

¹ A hermitage so called, situated near the road about a league from Madrid.

with the other equipage. There was not a word said in our carriage by any of the party. On arriving before the gates of Madrid, we entered without being at all detained, and rode through the streets of San Geronimo and Preciados when the retreat was sounding. Soon after I perceived that our direction was not that of the palace, and my hopes entirely vanished when the carriage stopped at the door of the Inquisition of the Court, in the street of the same name.

We went in, and ascended a handsome staircase that led to the principal apartments of the building in which the senior inquisitor resided, and having passed through several rooms, entered a study where we found that inquisitor seated in an arm-chair. Irriberry mentioned my name to him, but this appeared unnecessary, as he seemed to know it well. He desired us to be seated, and addressed me two or three times (whilst we waited the arrival of the jailer, whom he ordered to be called,) with all the imperiousness of his class, and the impertinence of a man arrived at his dotage.

On the jailer presenting himself, he asked him if the dungeon was ready, to which the other answered: "Which? Does your honor mean Olavide's?"

“ Yes,” replied the inquisitor ; “ conduct this gentleman thither ;” and then informed my two companions that their mission was at an end. Irriberry, seeing that I was on the point of withdrawing with the jailer, and being accustomed to go over all the prisons of Murcia without any obstacle, rose to follow me ; but the inquisitor detained him, saying with a restless and imperative air : “ No, Mr. Irriberry, that cannot be,” adding, as he observed his surprise, “ in our secret prisons no person, whatever be his rank, is permitted to enter. It is only the judge and the attendants of the tribunal who have that liberty, unless by special order from his Majesty.”

Irriberry then shook me by the hand with as much interest as he had shown insolence on former occasions, and I followed the jailer to the prison which occupied the interior part of the building, and which we entered through a long narrow passage. We descended several flights of stairs until we arrived at the dungeon prepared for me, at the doors of which we met another jailer, who was waiting for us. I entered, and the doors were closed upon me.

CHAP. VI.

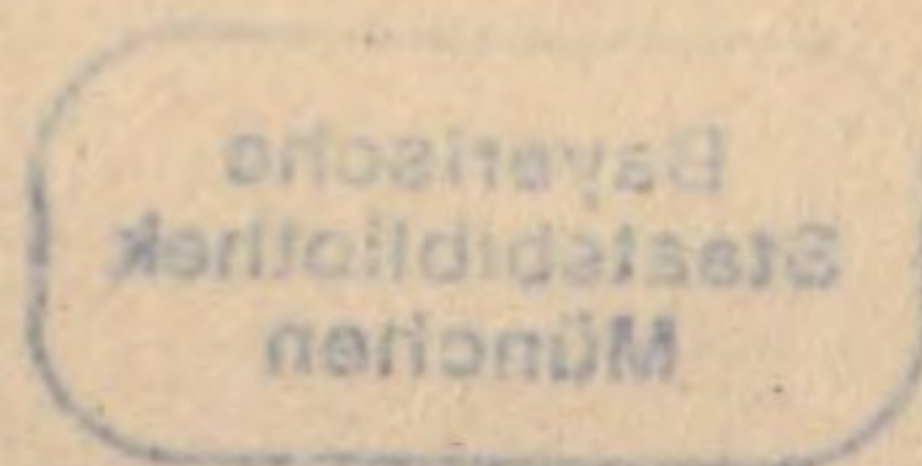
Olavide, the first tenant of the author's new dungeon—Members composing the Holy Office—Sketch of the keepers—Messenger from the King's palace—Anecdotes—Ramirez de Arellano, a sycophant of Ferdinand—The treachery of Calvo—The author's reflections on his expected audience of the King—Scene in the dungeon with Ramirez de Arellano—The King's dress, and his reception of the author—Dialogue between the King and the author—Intemperate behaviour of Arellano—The King's kind expression at parting—The author required to write to King Ferdinand from his dungeon—Nature of the document which he addresses to the monarch—Obsequies of the kings of Spain at the Escorial—Enquiries made by the author's brother—His father is deceived by the inquisitors.

My new dungeon had been the abode of the unfortunate Olavide, for whom it was purposely constructed in the most retired part of that vast prison. It was built on the same plan as the first in which I had been confined in the Inquisition of Murcia, with the exception only that the double doors had each a small aperture in the middle, strongly barred, the space that intervened between them being equal to the

thickness of the wall. At about six paces from the dungeon, and on turning the short passage leading to it, was another door that separated this place from the rest of the prison, which was intersected by other passages and staircases, also enclosed by doors, and which communicated with the apartments of the jailers. The members composing the Holy Office of the Court were the senior inquisitor, whose name I do not recollect, the *fiscal*¹ Zorrilla, the two judges Esperanza and Riesco, (all of them belonging to the higher class of the clergy,) besides several familiars, and two keepers, whose names were Don Marcelino Velez Villa, and Don Juan Sanchez. The secret prison was surrounded by the various apartments which the above members occupied, forming an extensive building, called the Inquisition of the Court.

The first of the two keepers was a man of about thirty-two years of age, and had rather a prepossessing appearance. He had married, while very young, the daughter of his predecessor, who lived in the times of the unfortunate Olavide. Having no children of his own, he adopted an orphan girl, who performed the

¹ A kind of attorney general who prosecutes criminals in the King's name.



menial services of the place. The other keeper, who, though already in his twenty-eighth year, was usually called by the diminutive of his name, that is to say Don *Juanito*, had been brought up from his earliest infancy in the bosom of that tribunal. They were both laical, and of mean birth; but their office, so degrading in the eyes of the majority, entitled them to the appellation of Don, which is the distinctive mark of nobility, though previous to entering in the exercise of their functions, they were obliged to give all those guarantees required by the Inquisition for the better security of its victims, and for the prevention of all corruption.

I found the treatment, which I received in the Inquisition of the Court, more severe than that of Murcia. A greater cleanliness was, perhaps, observable; but it was necessary to eat in the Asiatic manner, the use of all steel or sharp instruments being forbidden, and the food served to me ready cut, with a wooden spoon to eat it with.

On the day after my arrival, (the 11th of October,) I received the visit of two inquisitors, who, as I afterwards learned from the jailer, were the fiscal Zorrilla, and the judge Esperanza. They appeared to be between thirty and forty years of age, and affected a sympathy

for my situation, which their satisfied looks strongly contradicted. From the few insignificant questions they put to me, it was very evident that curiosity was the sole object of their visit.

During eight successive days I remained in a state of incertitude, seeing no other persons than the two jailers, who came alternately to attend on me, and clean my dungeon. In Murcia I was allowed to walk in the passage while this took place, but here I was removed to another close by, and carefully locked in, whilst the jailers, assisted by a third person, employed themselves, notwithstanding their ridiculous pretensions to nobility, and the badge hanging at their breasts,¹ in the most disgusting menial offices, after which I was reconducted to my dungeon. This usually took place every second or third day.

At length on the 18th of the same month, soon after sun-set, Don Marcelino entered my dungeon followed by Zorrilla and another person wrapped up in his cloak, who, without saluting me, made a sign to the jailer to put down the chair he brought with him, and desiring him

¹ All the agents of the Inquisition are decorated with the order of the Holy Office, which they always wear hanging at their breasts by a red ribband.

and Zorrilla to withdraw, immediately sat down. On throwing open his cloak, I quickly recognized in him, notwithstanding the shabby dress he wore, a messenger from the palace. He appeared to be above fifty years of age, and had a mean and wrinkled face, rendered still more unprepossessing by the malicious look of his quick eye, which seemed to characterize him as having long been familiarized with the vilest intrigues of the palace, a fact which he afterwards proved by the many indecent anecdotes he related to me. “ You have demanded an audience of his Majesty,” he said in an arrogant manner: “ this unparalleled favor is now granted you. Be open in your communications, and show yourself sensible of the honor done you. Remember that it is with the King, your master, you are going to speak. Take care how you behave.”

I replied, that I expected the audience with anxiety, that he might be certain of my fulfilling the duties I owed to myself and others, and that, if I succeeded in undeceiving his Majesty, my happiness would be complete.

“ To-morrow night about this time,” he said, “ you will have the felicity of seeing our beloved monarch ; but if you do not acquit your-

self to his Majesty's complete satisfaction, tremble; for there is no punishment, however rigorous, that you will not experience." He then began to relate to me a multitude of disgusting incidents of the palace, which he offered as virtuous instances of loyalty and devotion to the King, and which proved to me that this wretch was one of those who governed his Majesty's mind, and from whose undue influence I had every thing to apprehend. At length wearied of wearying me, he rose and called the jailer, who immediately entered with Zorrilla. "To-morrow," he said, addressing me as a school-master would a boy, "we shall see how you behave," and turning to the jailer, made him take the chair, saying, "and you mind that the gentleman be ready by to-morrow evening at this time. Farewell," he added as he withdrew; "we shall meet again, and do not forget my advice."

On being left alone, I began to reflect on all the villainies he had disclosed to me, and to make conjectures as to who a man of such mean appearance and high pretensions could be. Among the numberless anecdotes with which he thought to intimidate me, there was one I could not easily forget. "I am a true and faithful friend of the King, our lord," he said.

“ I saw Richard,¹ that ruffian who formed a conspiracy to assassinate his Majesty. I saw him when he might have saved his life by discovering the plot to me, but his obstinacy in keeping it secret carried him to the scaffold. Such is the fruit of a criminal tenacity.” This my visitor dignified with the name of advice.

When Don Marcelino came to my dungeon, I asked him the name of the man who gave himself such airs. “ He is a great friend of the King,” he replied : “ he followed him to France and every where.”

“ His dress and manners, however,” I observed, “ are those of a runaway galley-slave.”

“ Oh, no !” exclaimed Don Marcelino, “ he is a gentleman. What ! don’t you know the family of the Ramirez de Arellano ? Well, that is his name. I suppose he came in that dress that he might not be recognized.”

I could not close my eyes during the whole night, my mind being too much engaged in devising the best means of presenting my fatal compromise to a king who was surrounded by men who delighted in visiting dungeons, and rendering more wretched the fate of their vic-

¹ He was executed in Madrid in the year 1815 for high treason.

tims. My conversations with Castañeda, and Irriberry's communications, placed it beyond doubt that Calvo was my betrayer, and that all my papers were in the hands of the government. Fortunately when I delivered them to him, they were in a very confused state, many of the letters being written under feigned names, and the rest without signatures. Thus, though Calvo's treachery disclosed to the King the existence of an extensive secret society in Spain, the names of the hundreds of persons who composed it still remained a secret. It was evident, however, that I should now be called upon to explain every thing, or to bear alone the whole weight of the vengeance of our enemies. It was important I should avoid a complicated trial, as I well knew that the secret manœuvres of the Inquisition were not so easily evaded. When we are young, our inexperience renders all things easy in our eyes; we live in a world of our own, where all is illusion, and are often led by sanguine hope to meet the bitterest disappointment. I trusted to my natural enthusiasm, and to the eloquence that the intimate persuasion of the upright sentiments which actuated all my friends, could not fail to give me. At such a critical moment, I thought it rather advisable that the King should learn from

my own lips the existence of a secret society in Spain, particularly if I could also persuade him that it was so skillfully combined that the members who composed it did not know each other, and that, therefore, he would never succeed in discovering their names by entrusting my cause to a tribunal, where I alone would be made the victim ; but that if, on the other hand, his Majesty, to save the monarchy from the ruin that threatened it, would secretly place himself at the head of the society, and grant me my liberty that I might act as his agent in this affair, I would give the most effectual guarantees for the security of my person.

When the keepers came to bring my breakfast in the morning, they were accompanied by a familiar of the Inquisition, whom I soon discovered to be the barber, who performed on me his office in their presence. Previous to their withdrawing, they left me clean linen to wear in the evening, and the only uniform that had been saved from the pillage at Murcia.

To judge by the extreme civility shown me by these men, I might have been induced to believe that this was the last day of my imprisonment. At four o'clock in the afternoon they brought me a light, an indulgence which I had never before experienced, and at seven in the

evening I heard a noise of doors, caused by the arrival of Arellano, whose appearance was now as gaudy as it was before mean. He wore a dress covered with embroideries and decorations, which the King had lavished on those who at various epochs followed him. His hat, ornamented with a profusion of feathers, seemed nailed to his head, whilst both his hands were thrust into his coat pockets. On seeing me in my uniform, he said fiercely to Don Marcelino: "What is the meaning of this? Away with that uniform. I will have nothing that may attract attention."

He then withdrew with the jailer for a short time, bringing, on their return, a hussar's frock-coat, which I sometimes wore, and the foraging cap I had on at the time of my arrest. On seeing myself thus attired, I could not help observing that my new dress did not appear to me the most becoming for the august presence of a monarch.

On arriving at the exterior door of the dungeon, Ramirez de Arellano, whom I followed, suddenly turning round, drew his hands from his pockets, and presenting two pistols at my breast, which I might easily have snatched from him, exclaimed, "Beware, for the least indiscretion will cost you your life."

“Take away those arms,” I said to him, “and do not dishonor me by treating me as a ruffian.” The keeper, no less surprised than myself at this untimely and absurd threat, was even bold enough to hint, that in that place such acts of violence were forbidden, and that the prisoners entrusted to his custody were always made to undergo a search which insured them against all apprehensions. This was but too true; for I had repeatedly been, before this day, subject to these humiliating searches, and deprived of every thing by which I might have effected my destruction; and if I preserved my watch, it was owing to the condescension of the jailers, who, however, had adopted the precaution of taking out the glass, lest it might be used in a moment of desperation.

After this scene, we proceeded through that labyrinth of passages to the apartments of the jailer, where we were joined by a stranger, wrapped up in his cloak. On arriving at the street door, we all four entered the carriage which was waiting for us, my seat being between the jailer and Arellano, who alone interrupted from time to time the silence of the party with the numberless absurdities that came into his head, imagining that this would be the first time in my life I had spoken with a

king. Having shortly after arrived at the palace, we ascended to the principal gallery by an unfrequented staircase, and then entered through a secret door, having the appearance of a window, to a small apartment, which communicated with that of the King, and which bears the name of the *Camarilla*. Ramirez de Arellano left us three there, and went in, probably to announce our arrival.

On the stranger throwing aside his cloak, I observed that he wore the uniform of private secretary to the King; and, as I afterwards learned, his name was Villar Frontin. We had been waiting half-an-hour when an elegant young woman passed quickly through the room where we sat, followed by Ramirez de Arellano, who, motioning to the jailer to remain there, desired me and Villar Frontin to follow him, his tremulous hands still thrust in the pockets of his livery coat. On reaching the saloon he cried, "Sire!"

"What is the matter?" enquired a thick voice from within.

"Here is Van Halen," replied Arellano. We were desired to enter, Villar Frontin remaining outside the door of the cabinet. The King was alone, sitting in the only chair that was in the room. As we entered, he rose and advanced a

few steps towards us. We found him in a complete *négligé*, being without a cravat, and his waistcoat wholly unbuttoned. Before the arm-chair stood a large table, on which there were various papers, a portfolio, a writing-desk, and heaps of Havannah cigars spread about. Beside the table stood an *escritoire*, which probably was the same mentioned by Irriberry in which the King had locked my papers. As I approached him, I bent a knee to kiss his hand, according to the usual etiquette; but he raised me, and said, "What do you want? Why do you wish to see me?"

"Sire," I replied, "because I am quite confident that your Majesty, if you would deign to hear me leisurely, will dismiss those prejudices against me, which you doubtless must have been inspired with, to have ordered the rigorous treatment I have experienced."

"Well, but you belong to a conspiracy, and you ought to reveal it to me. I know it all. Are you not horror-stricken? Who are your accomplices?"

"To desire the good of one's country, Sire, is not conspiring.¹ I feel no hesitation in revealing to your Majesty those good wishes; on

¹ See note B.

the contrary, I rejoice at having found an opportunity of disclosing them to you. But if your Majesty know all, and know it correctly, there will be nothing more for me to add. Any farther explanation your Majesty may require will only contribute to soften your anger towards me, and to convince you that, if we have hitherto concealed our object from your Majesty, it was to avoid the vengeance of those who are striving to render hateful your illustrious name."

"Who are those who have so wilfully misled you? Tell me who they are—do not hesitate."

"Sire, if your Majesty know all, you must be aware that I have not been misled by any one; but that I have always acted from self-conviction, and that the events of the times and the general mistrust have arrived at such a pitch, that I do not personally know any one of those who labour in the same cause."

"But you must know the means by which they are to be discovered. Your duty is to obey me. Choose my favor, or your disgrace."

"Sire, place yourself at our head, and you will then know every one of us."

At these words Ramirez de Arellano came forward foaming with rage, and, raising his hands, exclaimed, in a most insolent and im-

proper tone for the presence of a monarch, "To the seed, Sir! to the seed. We want no preambles or sophisms here. There is paper; take this pen, here, here (pushing a pen and a sheet of paper towards me) here, you must write the names of all the conspirators—no roundabouts, no subterfuges. His Majesty is the King of these realms, and there ought to be nothing hidden from him under the sun. I have read the Burroel (he meant the Barruel); I have been in France, and I know what all those factions are. Where are the sacred oaths for your King and your religion?"

During the whole time of this furious ranting, I kept my eyes fixed on the King, who seemed converted into a statue from the moment Ramirez commenced speaking; but when I saw him insist on my taking the pen, I said, without even looking at that despicable wretch, "Sire, I know no one."

"Sire, to the Inquisition with him," cried Ramirez. "The tribunal will easily extort them from him."

The king, showing some displeasure at Ramirez's behaviour, said to me, "But it is impossible you should not know them."

"Sire, if I meant to say what I could not

prove, or if I wished to conceal a crime, I would rather avoid than seek the presence of my sovereign ; but if, being guilty, I sought it, once before your majesty I would profit of the opportunity to ask a pardon which my innocence does not need."

The king remained a few minutes thoughtful, his eyes fixed on me, and then said ; " Tell me by writing whatever you have to say." Another short pause now ensued, after which he took a cigar from the table, lighted it, and asked me if I smoked. On my answering in the affirmative, he said to Arellano, who heard him with displeasure, " Carry him some cigars ;" and then motioned me to withdraw. When I took his hand to kiss it, he pressed mine with an air of interest, and as I turned round at the door to make my obeisance, I heard him say, while conversing with Arellano, " What a pity, such a youth ! . . ." A thousand times did I afterwards remember this expression. I continued my way alone to the ante-room, where Villar Frontin and the jailer were waiting, and being soon after joined by Ramirez, we proceeded to the carriage, and thence to my fatal dwelling. During our short ride, Arellano was as unmeaningly loquacious as before ; but neither my head nor my humour allowed me to give him any reply.

I could see in him only one of the many perverse men by whom the King was ruled, and against whom all my efforts must prove ineffectual. I wished to lose sight of a creature so arrogant and depraved ; but he only left me when he saw me safely lodged in my dungeon.

On the following morning, when the jailer entered with my breakfast, he brought a small packet containing about two hundred cigars, which, he said, had been delivered to him by a servant from the palace, with a note, saying they were intended for me. At about noon, the fiscal Zorrilla entered, bringing writing materials and several sheets of paper, ready numbered, and bearing his signature. He informed me he had been ordered to bring them that I might write to his Majesty, and that he would return when I desired, to seal them in my presence, and send them privately to the King. I replied that he might return in a few hours.

On being left alone, I began at once to write without making a rough copy, lest by keeping any of the sheets I might excite suspicion. I commenced my exposition to the King, in a manner in which my good intention compensated for my want of accuracy, by declaring that, convinced of the necessity of delivering his Majesty from the thralldom in which he was

kept by those who surrounded him, and having received anonymous letters from persons animated by the same wish, I had entered into a correspondence with them without making any inquiry as to who they were, this being an indispensable condition to become a member of the association. In continuation, I said that many of the papers found among those in his Majesty's possession admitted of no explanation, as I had written them with no other object than mere amusement, and that if I had preserved the rest, it was because I did not see in them any thing that could be construed into treason, or even offend the dignity of the throne: that I was firmly convinced that, if his Majesty would deign to place himself at the head of the association, and suspend all persecution, assigning a period of time sufficient for all the members who composed it to discover themselves privately to him, they would all declare with loyal sincerity their intentions, of whatever nature they might be; and, that I might be instrumental in bringing this about, I hoped his Majesty would be pleased to order my release, having previously received from me such guarantees as should be deemed sufficient: adding, that, were his Majesty to adopt this magnanimous resolution, he would not only calm the general alarm,

but effect a complete reconciliation, and at the same time prevent the calamitous results by which the acts of men driven to desperation are usually attended; but that, if his Majesty, acceding to other counsels, disregarded my prayer, he would never succeed in obtaining the principal object of his wishes, as I was entirely ignorant of the name, rank, or even residence of the persons to whom the letters found in my possession belonged.

This was the only means I found to disappoint, not the curiosity or personal inquietude of the King, but the malignant intentions of his unworthy favorites against so many illustrious persons who might be involved in my misfortunes through the letters, lists, and other papers, sold by the perfidious Calvo to the archbishop of Granada, or to the Inquisition.

Lastly, I concluded my exposition by declaring that, far from considering myself criminal, I would ask no other favor from his Majesty, should my anxious wishes not meet his approbation, than to be removed to another prison, where I might be treated as became a soldier, whose trial did in no way fall under the cognizance of the Inquisition, my detention here being an additional motive for affliction,

not only to myself, but to my whole family, and especially to my devout and religious father.

If the King would consult other persons of a different character from that of the ridiculous lacquey who introduced me to his presence, there were some near his person who, assuredly, might make a deeper impression on his mind than the weak prayer issuing from the depths of a dungeon. Of this I was certain, and it was the last hope that remained to me.

At about three, when it was already dark in my dungeon, Zorrilla returned to see if I had finished my letter, which, being ready, he sealed before me, and then withdrew.

The exposition was to be sent by this inquisitor to the Escorial, which is seven leagues from Madrid, for which place the court had set off to celebrate in that monastery, during the first days of November, the solemn obsequies performed there for the catholic kings, whose remains are deposited in the magnificent pantheon of the convent. This absence of the King, and the numerous consultations which my exposition would occasion, accounted for my remaining for several days ignorant of its results.

Meantime my father, who, as I have already observed, resided with the rest of my family at

Madrid, having heard something respecting my arrest at Murcia, became naturally anxious on my account, and commissioned my two brothers to make inquiries. One of them, an aide-de-camp of General Morillo, who had just arrived on a mission at the capital, learned from Irriberry (whom he was in the habit of meeting at the house of one of the first families in Madrid) enough to be convinced that I was no longer at Murcia. Indeed, this general now manifested so great an interest for me, that he had even revealed to my brother the object that had brought him to the capital, where he began to be neglected by the ministry. Anxious to ascertain the fact, my brother hastened to the Inquisition to inquire of the jailers if I was there, and if he could speak to me. Surprised at the singularity of his question, they answered that they did not know such a person; but on his persisting to see me, alleging that he was my brother, they requested him in a surly manner to withdraw, and not to importune them with any more questions, as they had said enough. Seeing that he could gain no information from them, he desisted from any farther entreaties, saying as he departed, that if, notwithstanding their denial, I was confined there, it would be a consolation for

my family to be allowed to supply any thing I might stand in need of, for which purpose he left with them my father's address.

Half doubting the truth of what Irriberry had related about me, from the manner in which the jailers had answered his inquiries, being little aware that it is the business of their lives to act the hypocrite, he went another day to the office of the inspection of cavalry, thinking he might be more fortunate in his endeavours. On his arriving at the secretary's office, he observed an individual looking over some papers, who, wishing to dissemble the fact of his having been intimate with me, was endeavouring to spell my name, feigning a total ignorance of it. My brother, who knew he had been a comrade of mine, interrupted him by saying, "Van Halen you mean, your former comrade and friend, whose name you seem to have forgotten since he has met with misfortunes," and then left the office without gaining any farther information.

Ten days after my arrival at Madrid, my female servant reached my father's house, and gave my family an account of my imprisonment at Murcia, which, indeed, was the first correct one they had hitherto received; but as she herself was ignorant of my departure from that city, it added little to what they already knew. My

father, who very deservedly enjoyed the reputation of a religious man, was intimate with most of the principal ecclesiastics, and even with some of the inquisitors, among whom was the judge Riesco, who was much esteemed by him, and who had an apartment in the Inquisition just above my dungeon. But notwithstanding his frequent visits to these men, the little distance that separated us, and the friendship existing between them, he never obtained from them the secret of my being at Madrid, nor could he ever learn the origin of my misfortunes. In the midst of his affliction, he sought at the foot of the altar the consolation which a deceitful friendship could not afford him; but such was his unsuspecting character, and charitable manner of thinking, that he never for a moment imagined he was deceived by those who boasted of being the teachers of true morality and religion.

No period of the Inquisition had been more favourable than the present to maintain the good opinion in which it was held by some, and the indifference with which it was looked upon by others. The former no longer saw those dreadful human sacrifices, known by the name of *auto-de-fé*, which moved even the hearts of fanatics; and the latter, who had known no other Inquisition than that existing at the time of

Godoy, regarded as fictitious all that was reported of its rigours. Meantime the tribunal of the faith sought to maintain these illusions by exercising its horrors with impunity in the silence of its dungeons; and though it is true that it could be considered only as an instrument of tyranny in the hands of the detestable men who obstructed every avenue to the throne, with no other view than self-aggrandizement, it would not become less formidable on that account than it was in the times of the sanguinary Philip II.

CHAP. VII.

Description of the camarilla—Chamorro, a waterman, becomes the companion of the King—Cabal of the camarilla—Preponderating influence of the Russian ambassador Tachichef at Madrid—Rise of Agustin Ugarte—Character of Don Francisco Benavente—Conduct of the Archbishop of Granada—Mode in which Antonio Calvo betrayed the author—Berdeja, an inquisitor—Eguia appoints a military fiscal for the trial of the author—The examination and *procès verbal*—Diaz Moral escapes to Gibraltar.

HAVING mentioned the camarilla, a slight sketch of it becomes here indispensable.

The camarilla takes its name from a small room in the King's apartments, formerly destined as a sitting-room for the attendants of the second class, whose office was to answer the King's bell. The pleasure which Ferdinand, even from his infancy, always found in the company of the lowest and most vulgar servants of the royal household, made him so often frequent this place, that at last it became the general rendezvous of his friends, at the head of which was Chamorro, a fellow who had been

a waterman the greater part of his life, and who accompanied the King to France in a very inferior situation. There also figured Ramirez de Arellano, who, from a shoe-black of the royal household, had ascended to the office of spy on both sexes, and was afterwards invested with the public character of chamberlain to his Majesty, as well as with that of honorary familiar of the Holy Office. As it was in the camarilla where most favors and offices were dispensed, all the swarm of ambitious intriguers flocked there to obtain admittance; so that the ante-rooms of the ministers were deserted, their porters lost their scandalous perquisites, and the ancient monopoly of the clerks in the offices of the secretary of state was annulled. Soon a numerous *tertulia* (an evening society), composed of monks, inquisitors, counsellors, servile and mercenary poets, military sycophants, and a few Americans on the look-out for places, and enemies to the independence of their country, was formed in the camarilla. These were the elements with which the secret society, called by some *The Anchor of the Faith and of the King*, began their labours.

It was not long before they established a regular plan of communication with all the captains-general of the provinces, the subaltern tri-

bunals of the Inquisition, and especially with General Elio at Valencia, and with the Archbishop of Granada, the personal enemy of Count Montijo, who at the time of my arrest had been already deprived of his government.

Such were the men who held the reins of government, when the most distant cabinet of Europe, which one would have thought the least interested in the destiny of Spain, began to assume an ascendancy in that ocean of disorders. The ridiculous brokerage of a few rotten ships of war, negociated by the Russian government, was the first step by which the Russian ambassador Tachichef obtained an insight into the interior affairs of the government. The influence which he afterwards exerted was such, that even the camarilla—the great dispenser of favors and places, at whose mercy was the life and fate of every Spaniard—became as submissive to his will as a faction of Cossacks might have been. It was in vain that the higher nobility of Spain openly manifested their contempt for an ambassador who associated himself with the most depraved and low-born men of the capital. Those who have any knowledge of Agustin Ugarte, once a porter in the embassy of the much-esteemed Strogonoff, and who have seen him afterwards, dressed

more like a harlequin than a courtier, introduced by Tachichef into the palace, and going arm in arm with him through those royal galleries, will easily believe that in a court like that of Spain, where so much etiquette is observed, such conduct on the part of the ambassador would not fail to draw upon him the scorn of every well-educated man. I never knew Ugarte personally; but the public voice, which stigmatizes only when there exists a cause, represents him as the most despicable being who could ever have been chosen by any man to advance his own views; but who, having succeeded in moulding the camarilla, as well as the King's mind, according to his pleasure, proved thereby that the united intellect of the whole party did not amount to the very contracted one of Ugarte's.

The council of the supreme, its chief the inquisitor-general, the subaltern tribunals, the familiars, all were at the disposal of the camarilla, who hoped to derive from them even more wealth than formerly flowed from the Americas; because the arbitrary decrees, fulminated in secret by the Holy Office, sufficed to give an appearance of legality to the proceedings which they would gradually have instituted against the richest proprietors and nobility of the country to get possession of their fortunes, as had

been done at the time when the Inquisition was first established.

Such was the state of public affairs when I fell into the hands of this tribunal. I have already mentioned that Don Antonio Calvo was chief of the customs at Velez Rubio, and an intimate friend of the mayor Don Francisco Benavente, with whom he spent most of his time; but they were very differently situated in point of fortune. Benavente was a wealthy proprietor, and of one of the best families of the province. He was an enlightened and liberal man, an agreeable and entertaining companion. Calvo had no other resources than his office; this once lost, he had neither sufficient solidity of character to support a reverse of this nature, nor industry to supply honorably the want of fortune. He possessed the art of dissembling to the highest degree, as I learned to my sorrow; and a certain cleverness, which he had acquired at Madrid, in the house of a grandee of Spain where he had been brought up, and which goes a great way with men who are not in the habit of looking beyond the surface. I have never been able to learn positively what motives induced him to commit the treachery which he had already premeditated, when he came to my house at Murcia, lamenting the loss of his office,

and asking my assistance. I have heard there was a certain priest of Velez Rubio who had a share in this affair, and who succeeded in influencing his mind at the time he lost his situation; and that Benavente, rather through timidity than from a wish to become an accomplice, gave such explanations of his limited acquaintance with me as screened him from danger; his fears preventing him from communicating to me, as in honour he was bound to do, the suspicions he entertained against Calvo. The truth is, that this traitor, wishing to get possession of all the papers and documents which might serve to accomplish his treachery, and having, as if by fatality, obtained from me the case which contained them, went triumphantly to Granada, accompanied by the priest of Velez Rubio, where he presented himself to the archbishop, and delivered to him the case entrusted to his care.

The archbishop, who was anxious to offer victims to the rapacity of the camarilla, and who thought this a good opportunity to involve Count Montijo and other wealthy persons in my misfortunes, joyfully received the case, and instructed Calvo as to the conduct he was to pursue in delivering the two letters of recommendation I had given him, and in obtaining as

much information from the two gentlemen to whom they were addressed, as might impeach them, as well as several other persons of my acquaintance. On the following day, Calvo called upon them, and faithfully following the instructions of the archbishop, learned, not indeed all that he wished, but sufficient to know that their opinions agreed with mine. The archbishop, having examined all the papers contained in the box, and added his own observations on the similarity of the hand-writing of some of the letters, &c., resolved that Calvo, accompanied by an inquisitor of Granada, called Berdeja, a man very well adapted for this mission, should go post to Madrid, and present to the coryphæus of the camarilla the document obtained by the blackest perfidy of that vile Judas.

On their arrival at the capital, the mission with which they were entrusted was soon accomplished. Berdeja, who had good reasons to expect that his journey would be productive of personal advantage, was desired to remain at Madrid, and Calvo was detained, I know not whether in a private house, or in a prison, under the appearance of criminality. On the King learning from the camarilla the importance attached by the Archbishop of Granada to this affair, and on hearing the glossary of the

emissary Berdeja, he instructed Eguia immediately to issue his orders to the captain-general Elio to proceed to my arrest in the manner which has already been detailed.

Whatever might be the charges which our oppressors chose to bring against me, it was very evident that not one proof could be gathered from the papers in their possession, by which I might be attainted of high treason, much less could I be accused of any crime against the religion which I professed. Notwithstanding these facts, instead of being detained in a military prison, as I had a right to expect, supposing that I were really guilty, I was immured in dungeons which for so many ages had caused the ruin and dishonour of the most virtuous families of the kingdom, and where I could expect no justice.

The King, who, as I have already mentioned, had left Madrid for the Escorial, received my exposition on the evening of the same day on which it was written; but surrounded as he was by Arellano and his camarilla friends, he formed no other opinion of its contents than that which was suggested by them. Anxious to discover new victims, they sought in it the names of those who in their imaginations were my accomplices; but being disappointed in their ex-

pectations, they gave the greatest possible importance to the observations written on the margin of my papers by the Archbishop of Granada, and worked on the King's mind till he sanctioned the violent measures which they had projected against me, and which they termed energetical conduct. Some doubts, however, being raised respecting certain passages of my papers, they ordered Berdeja to present himself at the Escorial that he might explain them, which being done to their satisfaction, it was finally resolved that I should be given up to the tribunal. Orders being issued to this effect, the minister of war Eguia, to whom some of them had been addressed, wishing to be more thoroughly informed on the subject, succeeded, notwithstanding the strong opposition offered by the Camarilla, in causing the King to annul his first decree, and appointed a military fiscal in whom he reposed his whole confidence, and who was the same man who filled that office in the trial of the commissary Richard.

Displeased with this measure, the Camarilla, who were of the same opinion with the Archbishop of Granada, that no time should be lost in instituting proceedings against me lest any delay gave their intended victims time to place themselves out of their reach, represented to

the King that three days were sufficient for the Inquisition to discover the whole plot. But Eguia, who was no less impatient to fill the dungeons with officers of the army, and who knew that the Inquisition would not give him a daily account of their operations, though it might to the Camarilla, among the members of which were some in whom this cunning old man placed no confidence, urged that every thing tended to a military insurrection, and that, as an armed force would be required to check it, it was indispensable he should hold the key of this important affair, that none might elude his prompt resolutions, hoping that by having a fiscal entirely devoted to him, and whose iniquities recommended him to Arellano and his friends, every thing would be conducted according to his pleasure. Meanwhile, the King was the one who figured least; to him all appeared to be actuated by zeal and fidelity to his person, consequently my representations had no chance of success in this contention. I was rather the prey which those cannibals disputed among themselves.

On the 25th of October, at ten in the morning, the jailer Don Marcelino entered my dungeon, followed by two military men, and bringing chairs and materials for writing. When I

first saw them, I thought that my explanation had been favourably received by the King, and that I was to be delivered to a military tribunal. Both officers belonged to the regiment of infantry of Valençey, one of them being a lieutenant-colonel, of about forty years of age, having nothing martial either in his countenance or manners, though he assumed an air of importance, which but ill suited the ignoble appearance of his person. The other was a young subaltern, better looking, and with the true mien of a soldier. When the former had prepared the paper on which my declarations were to be written, he broke the silence which he had observed on entering. "I am," said he, "the fiscal appointed by his excellency the minister of war, to draw up the verbal process which is to be instituted against you. That gentleman," pointing to his companion, "is the secretary whom I have chosen."

Having thus explained the object of his visit, he proceeded to put to me the usual questions, such as my name, age, rank, &c. concluding by asking me if I knew the cause of my imprisonment. I answered them all, remarking on the last, that I was ignorant of it. In continuation, he desired me to state all the circumstances that had happened at the time of my arrest, showing

a great curiosity to know where I was when the brigade-general Irriberry presented himself at my house, to execute his Majesty's orders. I gave him a detailed account, observing, with respect to his last question, that my regard for a person who had nothing to do with my present misfortunes forbade my answering it. He then asked what suspicions I entertained, which induced me to absent myself that night from my home. I replied that I had none, and that my return home, and the dishabille in which I was found, were sufficient proofs of it. He now enquired if I had no other papers than those which had been seized, and whether I should know these again on seeing them. I replied that I should recognize them; but that it was impossible for me to say whether there were others. Of this I was certain, that none of them were of importance.

He then cautiously drew from his pocket a paper, which he perused for some time, and afterwards continued his interrogatory, asking me successively if I knew Don José Esbry, where I had first seen him, and what acquaintance I had with him; making similar enquiries respecting Don Serafin del Rio, Don Francisco Benavente, Don Antonio Calvo, Don José Diaz Moral (whom I supposed to be the fugitive), and

Don Nicolas Rosique, who was one of the two gentlemen for whom I had given Calvo letters of recommendation. I answered him that I knew them all, but that my acquaintance with them was but slight. He then enquired if I had had any correspondence with them, and for what object, with many other questions which, being trifling, have now escaped my memory.

I remembered very well that, when I wrote to Calvo relative to the box containing my papers, I said to him in that letter, (which could not have reached him at Granada, but which I supposed was in the hands of government) that since Benavente would not take charge of my papers, I begged him to deliver them to Diaz Moral, who was the other gentleman for whom I had given him a letter of recommendation. As, however, my original plan was always to appear ignorant of the person who had betrayed me, I confined myself, when questioned about Calvo, to an account of the manner in which I had treated him when he came to Murcia. The secretary, who wrote down all I said, involuntarily started, as if struck with horror at the ungrateful conduct of that abhorred traitor. This was not perceived by the fiscal; but I was too attentive to the motions of both for that impulse to escape me.

At this stage of the interrogatory, the fiscal called Don Marcelino, (who did not appear much pleased with his situation of planton at the exterior door) and asked him if there was not a more convenient table or place where to continue the examination; to which he answered, that the inquisitors would be better able to inform him.

He took the hint, and they all withdrew, leaving me in my dungeon, where I employed myself in combining the most trifling details of this with the other interrogatories which I knew would succeed.

At about 10 on the following morning, the jailer came to my dungeon, and desired me to follow him. We went through two passages, and ascended a flight of stairs that led to a third, at the end of which was a spacious saloon. Here I found the fiscal and his secretary seated at a large table, round which were several arm-chairs. On my entering, Don Marcelino withdrew, and the examination commenced. The fiscal began by silently perusing his private instructions, and, after various impertinent questions, came to the subject of the papers, untying a bundle of them, which was lying on the table, and among which I observed my exposition to the King. He took the in-

ventory which had been made in the Inquisition of Murcia, and asked me in the same order, whether I acknowledged those papers as mine. Having answered them all in the affirmative, he desired me to sign them again, and then assuming an air of importance, said that he recommended me to answer frankly whatever questions he chose to ask me, as otherwise I might be certain of rendering my situation still worse, and that any subterfuge would only degrade me in his eyes, and in those of his Majesty.

I begged him to confine himself to his duties, for that, from the beginning, I had shown his Majesty that I knew mine. "The papers which you entrusted to Don Antonio Calvo," said he, "have all been seized, and he has been arrested." This he uttered as if a secret had escaped him, but after a pause added, "It is useless for you to endeavour to shield this individual, for every thing concerning him is now discovered. Would you then acknowledge the papers if they were shown you?"

On my answering in the affirmative, he put his hand under the table, which had on it a velvet covering, and drawing out the same box which I had delivered to Calvo, asked, "Do you know this box? Is it not yours?"

On my admitting the fact, he began succes-

sively to draw out of the case the papers, and to present them to me, that I might declare whether they were mine. I told him that in order to do this properly, it was indispensable for me to look carefully over them, to which he subscribed, and I profited, by this circumstance, of the only advantage that was left me in my isolated situation, namely, of reading over the multitude of papers in their possession, that I might be better able to meet the charges which would be brought against me. This lengthened our examination so much, that its conclusion was postponed to the following day, a delay which I anxiously desired, as it was impossible for me, notwithstanding all my care, to retain in my mind the numberless minute circumstances which each of the papers embraced; the more so, as I found them in the most disordered state, which I suspected had been done with the view of defeating what I now attempted. It was quite dark when the fiscal suspended his interrogatory, which had lasted for seven hours without intermission, during which they took no other refreshment than a glass of wine and a biscuit.

I was then reconducted to my dungeon, where dinner was served me; but of which I did not taste, wishing to profit by the light usually left

to me till the last visit, in order to make a few notes on the wall, with my watch-key, on the most remarkable points of the papers which I had just looked over. The jailer came at the usual hour to take away the light, and I spent the whole night struggling with the agitation of my mind.

The multitude of papers contained in the box prolonged the examination for several successive days, during which I endured more mental suffering than I can well describe, the coarse and abusive language of the fiscal adding fresh bitterness to my wretched situation. In vain, to check the insolence with which he every moment outraged my feelings, I had insisted, from the commencement of the interrogatory, on having all he said written down, in the hope that he would not like my judges to read all he uttered. A stranger to every honorable sentiment, and disregarding the moderation with which I replied to his taunts, he persisted in his system of abuse from first to last, rendering his presence more odious to me than was even the darkness of my dungeon.

At length, the examination being concluded, I signed the various interrogatories which had been written by the secretary, whom I desired to add the following clause as indicative of my

firm intentions :—" I have nothing to alter in, or add to, what I have already expressed, both in the exposition addressed by me to his Majesty, in consequence of the audience he was pleased to grant me, and in the interrogatories which I have since undergone ; and, moreover, I protest against the nature of my present confinement, which I consider as degrading to, and improper for, the military class to which I belong."

Although, whilst dictating the above, the fiscal attempted several times to interrupt me, I would not desist from my purpose, and the secretary wrote it in my own words, when I again put my signature to this declaration. Every thing being now concluded, the fiscal closed the scene by delivering me to Don Marcelino, with whom I returned to my dungeon, in the silence of which I was to experience again the incertitude of the former week.

At Granada the searches after Diaz Moral had been fruitless, as, fortunately, being warned of the danger by an officer who commanded one of the parties employed in his pursuit, he had succeeded in escaping to Gibraltar ; so that up to this time (the 30th of Oct.), Serafin del Rio, and Esbry, who had remained in the prisons of Murcia, were the only two who had been arrested. Copies of the verbal process instituted

against them were sent to the inquisitors of Madrid, that they might see if there existed any coincidence between their declarations and mine. As I have already mentioned, Serafin had agreed with me upon what he was to declare; but with respect to Esbry, I had only the hope that he would persist in denying every thing, although I feared that his intimacy with Calvo offered a serious obstacle. I have never learned what his declarations were; but if they ever gave the inquisitors a greater insight into the contents of my papers, and enabled them to increase the number of the prisoners, as well as the charges brought against me, we ought to reflect on the isolated situation in which he remained from the first instant of his arrest, to acquit him of the charge of pusillanimity.

CHAP. VIII.

Villar Frontin urges the author to disclose the names of his partisans—Pablo Mier, bishop of Almeria and inquisitor-general, obtains the charge of the prisoner, and the dismissal of the military fiscal—Tribunal of inquisitors before whom the author appears—Arms of the Inquisition—Proceedings—An anecdote of the Inquisition, related by the jailer—Renewed interrogatory by Esperanza—Attempt to force the author to implicate several respectable and noble individuals—He screens the Count Montijo and others.

SEVEN days had now elapsed since my last interview with the fiscal; during which I was lost in conjectures, being unable to gain any information from Don Marcelino respecting the state of my trial, when, on the night of the sixth of November, I received an unexpected visit. Villar Frontin, the King's secretary, who with Arellano had accompanied me to the palace, entered my dungeon, and desiring Don Marcelino to return in two hours' time, remained alone with me. He explained in few words the nature of his mission; which was, to induce me to make the disclosures desired by his Ma-

jesty, respecting the individuals who composed the secret societies, delivering to me, in a clear and concise manner, the opinion he had formed of my case from the examination of all the documents on which my trial was grounded; adding, that the King, on his return from the Escorial, had put into his hands other papers relating to me, by which it was evident that I was placed in a most critical situation, and that he knew of no other means of my extricating myself from it than by complying with his Majesty's wish, as he saw that otherwise the King was resolved to deliver me up to the rigour of the tribunal.

Villar Frontin was a man in the prime of life, and of pleasing appearance; and though the nature of his visit was so truly distressing to me, yet as I thought I discovered in him certain indications of sensibility, which, indeed, were the first I had seen in that cave of despair, I did not hesitate in making an appeal to his heart, with all the energy that my wounded honour, and the sacred duties which I had voluntarily entered into, dictated to me. I explained to him the painful dilemma in which his Majesty's wish placed me, and how preferable I thought the most cruel death to the bitter alternative of causing a number of innocent victims to be

thrown into dungeons ; since by being thus rigorously compelled to make disclosures, the foundation of which could rest only on the most superficial conjectures, it was converting myself into an instrument of persecution, and rendering my memory hateful among my countrymen. I repeated to him again and again, that rather than act the part of a denunciator, I would resignedly undergo the most excruciating tortures of the Inquisition ; and that I should consider an immediate death as an act of mercy. Indeed, so great was my agony at this moment, that language seemed inadequate to express my feelings. Villar Frontin, moved at my distress, remained silent and motionless for some minutes, his eyes fixed on mine with a degree of interest which I certainly did not expect from one in his situation. “ Do not be distressed, Van Halen,” he said ; “ I understand you, and do not share the opinion of those by whom you are oppressed. I do you the justice to believe you innocent. We are alone : no one can hear us, and you are worthy of receiving from me a proof of confidence. I am incapable,” he added with emotion, placing his hand on his heart, “ of persisting in the unpleasant commission with which I have been charged by his Majesty, and which must appear to you in de-

triment of my honour. But it is really a pity to see you sacrifice yourself to an erroneous system, the theory of which is certainly seductive, but which is totally impracticable. He who, like myself, has in other times professed liberal ideas, and who has experienced their futility, knows too well the enormous distance there is between moral and political notions, to act in all cases according to both. If we were all enlightened, Satan himself would not be able to govern us. Our countrymen, however, are too ignorant to be ruled otherwise than by an iron sceptre; and a long time will elapse before they may be brought to understand their own interests. Till that epoch arrives, which can only take place when the King himself decides in its favour, we must all sail with the current of circumstances. You are younger than myself, and are a military man; but I have been a judge, and have seen much of human nature, consequently I know something of its ruling passions and characteristic points. I am convinced that, if you die, your friends will be consoled by knowing that they are delivered from the fears which night and day disturb their repose. Believe me, this is a truth proceeding from a man of experience; but you shall find me more a friend than a seducer. —Let us smoke

a cigar, and converse of other matters." He then spoke of some love-letters of mine, which had been found amongst my papers, two of which had been preserved by the King, who was amused by their contents; and afterwards related to me various anecdotes of the court, and of some persons who interested themselves in my destiny.

Don Marcelino having made his appearance, Villar Frontin took leave of me, and I never saw him again.

I ought to observe here, that many of the occurrences which took place in the Camarilla respecting me, and are now found inserted in this narrative according to the course of events, were communicated to me on my return to Spain by some friends of mine, who were connected with the men in power. Villar Frontin's visit to my dungeon, however, was for some time a secret between him and the King, Arel-lano himself being ignorant of it till the inquisitors mentioned it to him. This man, actuated by the basest envy against the King's secretary,¹

¹ Although Villar Frontin himself belonged to the Camarilla, his humanity being incompatible with the feelings that actuated the rest of its members, he was in the following year banished from Madrid by the King, through the intrigues of his own companions.

put every spring into action to prevent him from having any part in this affair; in which he thought none but he and his friends had a right to interfere.

The bishop of Almeria, Don Pablo Mier, then the inquisitor-general, remonstrated with the King, declaring, that the conduct observed on that occasion was an insult to the Holy Office, whose judges were justly offended at the preference given to a military fiscal by allowing him to examine a prisoner confined in the Inquisition. This remonstrance had the desired effect, and on the 12th of November the King gave his consent that the cause should be resigned into their hands, from which time my existence remained exclusively at their mercy.

Ever since the King sent me the packet of cigars, Don Marcelino had every evening spent half an hour in my company; and to amuse ourselves usefully, I proposed his learning the French language, which he seemed anxious to attain. On the night of the 13th, however, I saw nothing of him; and on the following day his reserve on one hand, and the cheerful countenance of his vile colleague, Don Juanito, on the other, led me to suspect that some important change was about to take place.

Indeed, the tribunal was preparing for that

night. From the re-establishment of the modern Inquisition, no instance had ever occurred of a nocturnal sitting. At seven o'clock the two jailers came into my dungeon in full dress, and with swords girded at their waists, preceded by Zorrilla, who commanded them to search me. This they did with their usual rudeness; after which the inquisitor ordered me, in a haughty manner, to follow him. I obeyed in silence, proceeding through the same passages and stairs that conducted to the saloon where I had attended the military fiscal. Having left this to the right, we entered a larger one, which was the hall of the tribunal, at the farther extremity of which stood a long table on a platform, with the seats of the inquisitors near it, that of the president being under a canopy. On each side of the platform was a door, communicating with a closet; and opposite to it the entrance to the chapel. A large cross with a palm and a sword transversely placed, bearing this motto, *Exsurge, Domine, et judica causam tuam*, which constitute the arms of the Inquisition, stood in the middle of the table, on which were burning a number of wax lights, a heap of papers lying on a corner of it, where the fiscal took his seat. I did not see any black tapers, neither was the saloon hung with cloth of that

colour, as I had heard was the case: all the blackness was concentrated in the hearts of my judges.

Immediately after entering the hall I was led to the platform to take the oath, which I did by placing my hand on the cross, which was laid down on the table for that purpose, and repeating after the senior inquisitor (who was the same old man I had seen on the night of my arrival at Madrid) an immensely long creed on all the mysteries of the Catholic religion, and on the duties it imposes towards the inferior deities of the earth, &c. The ceremony being concluded, the fiscal ordered me to fall back to the centre of the saloon, where a stool was placed for me, the jailers standing on each side of it.

On my sitting down, Zorrilla delivered, in the midst of a profound silence, a discourse, which was chiefly distinguished by its immoderate length, artful arrangement, and pomposity of language, and in which all my papers, replies to the interrogatories, and exposition to the King underwent the most minute and severe comments, every sentence of which seemed dictated by rancour and malevolence. These were still more violently manifested when he touched upon the protest with which I had closed the interrogatories. In their eyes it was a crime

that a soldier should complain of being detained prisoner among priests and friars. On Zorrilla ending his discourse, he commenced his examination, which was so skilfully prepared, that my answers were limited to a simple *yes* or *no*; as, “Is not such a person the writer of this letter? Was it not you who cut out the signature of this other? Will you deny that these belong to the brigade-general Torrijos?” &c. Such was uniformly the style of his interrogatory. All my answers, however, coincided with those I had given to the military fiscal; and although I felt greatly embarrassed at some of these direct questions, particularly when the letters of General Torrijos were presented to me, (the signatures of which I had preserved, as they treated merely on matters of amusement; but through which circumstance the inquisitors were enabled to discover the one bearing no signature which he had written to me previous to my clandestine departure from Murcia to Ronda, and in which he expressed sentiments of the purest patriotism)—I succeeded in defeating the hopes of my judges, who proudly imagined they would be able to extort from me dishonorable denunciations.

During the whole of that long sitting, Zorrilla was the only one who spoke and questioned

me : now and then Esperanza leaned his head, and whispered something into his ear ; but neither the senior inquisitor, nor Riesco, uttered a word. It was past ten when the fiscal addressed his discourse to the judges, the words of which, however, I did not very distinctly hear ; after which he begged leave of the senior inquisitor to have my signature subjoined to what the secretary of the Inquisition had taken down, and which, without being read over to me, I was desired to sign. The senior inquisitor then ordered the jailers to reconduct me to my dungeon ; but before leaving the hall, I addressed the tribunal for the purpose of being informed whether it was now time for me to name my advocate, as was the invariable practice in every trial. “ Whom would you name ? ” interrupted Zorrilla with the utmost eagerness.

“ An advocate of Madrid,” I replied, “ who has known me for several years.”

“ What is his name ? Where does he live ? ” again inquired Zorrilla, almost breathless.

“ Don Pedro Maria Cano ; he lives in the street of Preciados.”

I had no hesitation in mentioning his name, notwithstanding the danger there was in hinting even remotely the name of any individual in the presence of these men ; because Cano was not involved in my political compromise, nor were

his connexions in Madrid such as to render him a suspicious character in the eyes of government.

On Zorrilla hearing that gentleman's name, he said, in a disappointed tone, "No, it cannot be. When the time for your appointing an advocate arrives, a list will be presented to you, in which you will find the names of three belonging to the Holy Office, out of which you may select one;—no one else is permitted to advocate in this tribunal."

As he uttered the last words, he cast on me a haughty and contemptuous look, and motioned to the jailers to take me away, which they did by nearly dragging me out, without allowing me to speak another word.

The excessive agitation of my mind, and the thirst which tormented me during the whole of that night, and which I was unable to quench, owing to the seemingly intentional neglect of the jailers in leaving the jug empty which was usually filled with water, prevented my taking a moment's repose.

My humour, soured by the treatment I received, showed itself to those by whom I was guarded, and did not fail to bring back upon me their displeasure, which they had the power to make me feel in a thousand different ways. Don Marcelino, who, as I have already observed, was

less fit to exercise the violences belonging to his office than his companion, did not come so frequently on the following day as he had been in the habit of doing; so that I was obliged to endure the presence of Don Juanito, even during my dinner, which he contrived to render as unpleasant to me as had been the sitting of the preceding night. Wearied of hearing so many insolent remarks, I desired him to hold his peace; but this had a contrary effect to what I expected. Assuming more than ever an air of humility, he said with his usual feminine voice, which, coming from a tall and corpulent man, made him appear very ridiculous,—“He will gain nothing here who behaves ill to us: we have a remedy for every disease. I recollect that when I was still a boy, and the father-in-law of Don Marcelino the chief jailer, there was a French jeweller confined in these prisons, who was a most pertinacious heretic. He took it into his head to deny every thing to the Holy Tribunal, and to behave uncivilly to the jailers; and finally refused to take any food or see any one. One day, when his dungeon was to be cleaned, and himself removed to another, the jailer, on opening the gates, found him armed with a log of wood which he had torn from the side of the bed, and with which he

threatened to knock him down, if he attempted to enter. Perhaps, you imagine," he added, with a satisfied air, "that that *gabacho*¹ had his own way, and was left there to die, cursing like a renegade, and without confessing his crime? Not so indeed; the jailer locked the doors without attempting to disarm him, and informed the fiscal of it, who immediately caused six soldiers to come from the square of Santo Doningo, close by, where a *corps de garde* was stationed; and first administering to them the oath of secrecy, ordered them to the dungeon of the heretic to secure him. The first of the soldiers who went in was knocked down by the Frenchman; but Don Marcelino's father-in-law, who was a man of uncommon resolution and resources, suddenly armed the soldiers with lighted torches, which proved more useful than their bayonets or any other weapon. No sooner these men commenced dabbing his face with the lights than that son of Lucifer remained a moment stupified, and the next was rolling on the ground. No resistance after that; he was as quiet as a lamb, whilst a strong pair of fetters and another pair of manacles prevented his showing his tricks again, though at last he died of despair, without

¹ Nick-name given in Spain to Frenchmen.

manifesting the least contrition; so great was the influence which the devil exerted over his soul."

It is not very surprising if, with such stories as the above to season my repast, I felt more disgust than appetite for what was placed before me. On that night no light was allowed me, though it was customary to leave me one during the early part of the evening. On the following day I was again attended at dinner by the same jailer, who did every thing in his power to render it as disagreeable as possible, when, towards the end of it, he was relieved by Don Marcelino. My feelings had been wrought up to such a pitch, that when his companion remained alone with me, I could not refrain from exclaiming, "Would to God I could one day see this place reduced to ashes!" At these words he fixed his eyes on me, but remained silent, and his silence was that of an honest man; for never did the inquisitors express a knowledge of my imprudent anathema, though, as Don Juanito had informed me, even on that day, the jailers of the Holy Office were obliged to report to the tribunal all that the prisoners uttered.

It is impossible for me not to feel indignant at relating the occurrences that took place in those days of agony and despair, and at the

premeditated cruelty displayed by every individual belonging to that unchristian and horrible tribunal.

At six o'clock in the evening of this day, the 16th of November, Zorrilla again entered my dungeon, accompanied by the two jailers, who were armed as on the preceding night, and conducted me to the hall of the tribunal. I was desired to sit down on the stool placed for me in the middle of the hall, my two guards standing on each side of me. Zorrilla was so hoarse, that his colleague Esperanza was obliged to perform the duties of his office, while the former employed himself in writing: with respect to the other members of the tribunal, they appeared more like statues than judges. During a short interval of silence, I heard a noise proceeding from one of the closets beside the platform, the door of which I observed was not shut quite close,—a circumstance which proved to me that somebody was concealed there witnessing the proceedings.¹

When Esperanza had exhausted all his questions, the tenor of which was similar to those his colleague had addressed to me on the previous

¹ Some persons are of opinion that the individual concealed there was the King; but I have always thought it was Calvo, with whom every moment I expected to be confronted.

night, and he had sought by different arguments to extort from me the denunciations for which they manifested so much eagerness, he asked me in a direct manner if I had answered the letters which I said I had received anonymously, and with their signatures erased or cut out. Unconscious that they had any proofs of the contrary, I replied in the same terms as I had done on previous occasions. Esperanza then took some papers and a light from the table, and approaching me, desired one of the jailers to hold the candle, while he showed me several pages composed of little bits of written paper, which were sewn together on very thin tissue paper, sufficiently transparent to allow what was written on the back to be read with ease.—“That hand-writing,” said he, “is yours;—is it not?”

I immediately recognized it; but there was no other resource left me than to deny it; accordingly I replied in the negative.—“What?—Look well—read it,” he returned,—leaving the papers in my hands, and resuming his seat.

The treacherous Calvo had had the villany to collect all those pieces of papers which formed the rough copies of various letters, and which with several others had been thrown aside by me to be burnt, and with incredible labour he

put them together in order to be better able to accomplish his perfidious designs. They amounted in all to eight pages, and contained, among others, some copies of letters I had written to Torrijos, and to other persons of importance, whose names, however, were suppressed, but who nevertheless were therein represented as well known.

Though I thought it probable I might be confronted with Calvo, I returned the papers to Esperanza, openly denying they were mine. At hearing this declaration, he could hardly contain his rage: he burst into abusive language and threats, affirming they were in my handwriting.—“Mark me, Sir,” he added, “you are mistaken if you think that any of us will ever fail to do his duty; nor are we in want of the means to compel you to declare what you infamously, but vainly, attempt to conceal.”

Vain were, indeed, all my endeavours to confine their charges to myself. The object of their questions was not so much to obtain an explanation of the isolated accusations that might be proved against myself, as to extort from me the names of persons who might become the more wealthy objects of their eager pursuit after riches, and of their thirst for blood.

Esperanza now gave me to read another paper

on which were written the names of more than five hundred persons, many of whom were generals, men of title, and even courtiers, with the generality of whom I had never had the remotest connexion: indeed, there were several (among others, the Prince of Anglona) whom I had never seen. In reading this list, it was impossible for me not to show a degree of surprise, and feel a secret alarm at seeing the names of so many respectable persons (some of whom really were members of our association) in the hands of those detestable and cruel men. This was remarked by them, when Esperanza, receiving from me the list, asked if I was acquainted with all the individuals mentioned in it. I replied that I knew only a few of them, but that even with those few I had scarcely had any acquaintance.

“This Holy Tribunal requires straight-forward answers,” cried Esperanza: “we do not here understand such doubtful words as *scarcely*.—With whom among these persons had you any connexion?”

“It is not possible for me,” I replied, “to repeat the names of those with whom I became acquainted at different periods without reading the list a second time.”

Esperanza then read it, and I named those persons with whom it was publicly known I was

acquainted, inadvertently omitting, however, the Count Montijo. On this being perceived by the inquisitor, he again read the list through; and I, immediately guessing the intention with which it was done, mentioned that nobleman's name, as well as others which I had accidentally passed over; my connexion with the Count being too well-known, and sufficiently justified by the humane conduct he had pursued towards me at the time of my first arrest, when, without his timely interference, I should have fallen a victim to my enemies.

When the list had been read through, Esperanza questioned me so closely respecting Montijo, that it was easy to see how eager he and his friends were to implicate the Count in the present charge; but as none of the papers in their possession alluded even remotely to the secret intimacy which at that time existed between us, the efforts of the inquisitor proved ineffectual. Similar questions were then put to me respecting other individuals, which I also succeeded in eluding.

It was half-past nine when the interrogatory terminated, and I was desired to sign as on the preceding night. While engaged in this ceremony, I had an opportunity of observing the countenances of these *holy* judges. In those of

the two members of the Camarilla, namely Zorrilla and Esperanza, rage and malevolence were strongly depicted; in that of the senior inquisitor the weight of years, joined to the exhaustion produced by that long sitting, which could not but be highly irksome for a decrepit old man, who was shortly to be called away from that *hell* over which he presided; whilst in that of Riesco a certain air of interest and compassion was observable. At that time I was not at all aware of the friendship existing between this inquisitor and my afflicted father: hence, though I remarked the contrast his countenance offered to those of his colleagues, and respected the man, I did not feel for him the same regard which I should otherwise have entertained.

Having signed as I was desired, I was reconducted to my dungeon.

CHAP. IX.

Tests administered by the inquisitors—Their disappointment—Feeling exhibited by the jailer Marcelino—Extreme dejection of the sufferer—His anxious thoughts—Fever—Insolence of Zorrilla—Indifference of the judges to his physical sufferings from disease—Pizarro, secretary of state—The author's mother appeals to Garay in favor of her son—She next intercedes with the King himself—His cruel answers—Palafox—Riesco, the inquisitor, displaced—Berdeja succeeds to the vacant post—Anecdotes of Ferdinand VII, and of Garay.

ON the night of the 18th, the tribunal sat somewhat later than usual.

The first thing I observed on entering the hall was Riesco's seat (of whom I saw nothing more) occupied by a new inquisitor, whose name, as I afterwards learned, was Berdeja, and whose countenance that of a furious fanatic. Being desired to approach the table, Zorrilla administered to me the same oath I had taken on a former occasion, obliging me to go through a multitude of extravagant ceremonies, and to repeat after him a long set of prayers, when he

added—"Do you swear to having strictly adhered to the truth in all the answers and declarations you have given to this holy tribunal?"

"I swear."

"Do you swear," he continued, "being aware of the religious duties of which you have been just reminded, and as an apostolic Roman Catholic, to have either intentionally or unintentionally omitted nothing, however trifling, that might tend to conceal or shield any person, fact, or crime against the majesty of God and of the King?"

"I swear."

"Do you swear it with a truly catholic conscience? Are you quite sure you have forgotten nothing? Do you wish to be allowed time to reconsider it?"

"I swear as a catholic, as a Spaniard, and as an honest man, that I believe to have forgotten nothing important in all the answers and declarations I have given before this tribunal."

"Then sign your name."

I took the pen that was handed to me, and signed. The countenance of every one of my judges reddened with passion; I could see a ferocious sternness spreading over their features, and by the restlessness of their looks and motions, that they panted for the hour of my de-

struction. No sooner had I done signing than Zorrilla motioned with an air of impatience to the jailers, who, immediately advancing towards me, seized my arms, and with very wide leather straps bound them tightly together from the elbows to the wrists. The extreme indignation I felt at such treatment, and the circulation of the blood being partially stopped by the pressure of the straps, caused it to mount to my head, and I lost much of my usual serenity.

Zorrilla then rose from his seat, and read to me a long admonition, in which the name of the Divine Redeemer, and that of the Inquisition, were profanely mentioned together, and in which the only thing essential I remarked was the following phrase : “ We are here assembled by an especial order from his Majesty, our catholic sovereign, to try this cause.”

The painful position in which I was forced to remain on account of this alligation being observed by Zorrilla, who thought I could not hear him distinctly, he ordered me to approach the table, and to listen attentively to his discourse, in which he exaggerated what he called the evident proofs of my guilt, resulting from the enquiries, examinations, and declarations, taken from the moment of my arrest, concluding with the following threat :—“ that if in four and

twenty hours from that time I did not disclose in an unreserved manner all which with impious disloyalty I had attempted to conceal from the holy tribunal, I should be declared a perjurer, and in a state of pertinacity, and accordingly subject to the severest punishments reserved for similar cases."

Momentarily seized with one of those impulses so natural to him who finds himself in such a painful conjuncture, I begged earnestly to know what they finally intended to exact from me. "The truth, the truth only," hastily interrupted Zorrilla: "on it depends either your salvation or your ruin. Be certain that all the crimes of those whom you endeavour to shield will weigh on yourself."

To this I observed that I could not conscientiously gratify the wishes of the tribunal, because I should, in the very act of doing what was required of me, fail in the truth, as I did not possess the proofs which would be indispensable to declare the contrary of what I had always avowed. In conclusion, I attempted an appeal to their feelings; but the hearts of my judges were too much above human emotions to be moved by my address. Interrupted by Zorrilla, who commenced his speech by pouring on me a torrent of abuse, I was forced to listen to

all that his malignant rage dictated. "None of those whom this holy tribunal has hitherto judged," he exclaimed with as much hypocrisy as fanaticism, "ever dared to show an equal insolence. How do you, detestable infidel, presume to constitute yourself a judge of what you ought or ought not to declare, and pretend that you stand in need of proofs indispensable to fulfil your duties? We shall to-morrow night see whether you entertain the same opinion. Hitherto the subterfuges of depraved individuals, like yourself, have never eluded the sagacity of the tribunal of the faith. True to our holy religion, and to the King, our catholic sovereign; firm and incorruptible in our high and most virtuous duties, we are not to be deluded with pompous expressions and unmeaning excuses, too criminal in our eyes. Twenty-four hours the charity and circumspection of this holy tribunal still grants you to choose either your salvation or your ruin. Take him away!" he added, addressing the jailers.

Don Juanito, ever anxious to obey the orders of his superiors, immediately approaching, took the end of the leather strap that hung from my wrists, and obliged me to fall back. He then bowed to the judges, and taking the lead, conducted me to my dungeon, Don Marcelino fol-

lowing behind. Seeing that they intended to leave my arms bound, I begged them to give me some water to drink before they closed the doors on me. The latter, less insensible to my sufferings than his colleague, listened to my entreaty, and poured some water in my mouth, at the same time saying, with some emotion, that they had been forbidden to speak to me, and uttering some exclamations of pity. Don Juanito, who observed it, told him abruptly to make haste, and even dared to reproach him with acting contrary to his duties. On their closing the doors, it seemed as if their whole weight fell on my heart.

Were I to trace here the crowd of bitter thoughts which harassed me from that moment, my task would be interminable, nor could I then present a true picture of the mental agony I endured; I shall therefore leave it to the imagination of my readers.

As early as one in the morning, I heard the distant sounds of bolts becoming louder and louder, till the doors of my dungeon turning upon their hinges, I saw, by the feeble glimmerings of a lamp, the odious countenance of Zorrilla, who came in, followed by Don Juanito. I was lying on my bed when they entered, but the former, with his usual arrogance, ordered

me to rise, murmuring all the while at the slow manner in which I was obliged to obey his commands. Among my other sufferings, I had been incessantly tormented by an excessive thirst, caused by a burning fever, which, as I was deprived of the use of my arms, I had repeatedly, but vainly, endeavoured to quench; nay, in one of my attempts I had been unfortunate enough to spill the water that remained in the jug. Unable to resist the intolerable thirst by which I was consumed, and overcoming my repugnance to ask any favours from my keepers, I begged them earnestly to give me a little water to drink. Disregarding my prayer, they proceeded to search my person in a manner the most offensive to my feelings, and then looked under the mattress, and even examined the seams of the pillow, as well as my watch, which hung at the bed-head.

The search being concluded, I again entreated them to give me some water in the name of that religion so often blazoned by the members of the holy tribunal. Zorrilla, who heard me with a countenance in which the secret pleasure he felt at my distress was strongly depicted, ordered the jailer to bring a jug of water which was usually kept in the passage, and to pour some out into the washing basin, and then

turning himself towards me, said in a heartless and disdainful tone, "Drink there, like the savages of Africa, since you would fain have as much religion as they."

Afraid that this despicable man should, on some future occasion, again search the dungeon, and discover the notes I had traced on the wall behind the bed-head, no sooner did he withdraw than I hastened to rub them out with my feet, as they were no longer of any service to me, and might, if observed, be highly prejudicial.

I spent the remainder of the night meditating on the dreadful fate that awaited me, the reality of which was becoming more apparent by every fresh circumstance that occurred. Zorrilla, who had now taken possession of the keys of my dungeon, hitherto under the principal controul of Don Marcelino, was my constant visitor. In the morning he again came, followed by his worthy satellite Don Juanito, bringing a loaf of bread, which he insultingly threw at my feet. I stood in no need of it: water alone I craved, and water was left me in abundance in the same basin in which the inhuman judge had resolved I should drink.

On his return in the evening, he was accom-

panied by Esperanza, who felt my temples, observing, with a feigned air of compassion, that I was in high fever, but that their humanity would soon find a remedy for it. The meaning of this was explained by my being shortly after conducted before the tribunal in that state of suffering. Here Zorrilla thrice asked me, in a very different sense from what the words imported, whether I was prepared to do my duty; adding, that he hoped I had thought about the consequences which otherwise would inevitably follow, if I refused to answer, without any equivocation, all the questions that had been put to me. The old senior inquisitor interrupting him said, "Read them over to him."

"What for?" returned Zorrilla, displeased at his interference. "Let him say that he is prepared to do his duty, and then the tribunal will read them over: allow him time to examine them at his leisure, and treat him as a son of our holy church."

"Gentlemen," I replied, "the fever under which I am suffering prevents me from paying a due attention to the words which are addressed to me. I am not in a state to answer any interrogatories."

"How is this?" exclaimed Berdeja, striking

the table with his clenched hand. "Are you ignorant of the manner in which the inquisitors ought to be addressed?"

"It does not matter if you suffer even as much as you say," continued Zorrilla, without noticing the indignation evinced by his colleague. "You were not born deaf, nor are you now so. Twenty-four hours have already elapsed—do you confess, or do you not?"

"I assure you, Sir, with all the sincerity of my heart, that I do not call to mind having any thing to confess. Let this tribunal do with me what they please. God, who from on high reads the hearts of all his creatures, sees what passes in mine."

Zorrilla again urged the necessity of my making the disclosures demanded of me; but seeing my firm determination of not complying with their wishes, he rose from his seat, and desiring Don Juanito and another man, who filled the place of Don Marcelino, to follow us, led the way to my dungeon, where I was again confined.

The excess of my physical and mental sufferings produced a kind of lethargy, during which I scarcely noticed the nocturnal visit which my oppressors did not fail to pay me, in order to

disturb my repose as much as lay in their power.

Whilst these scenes were acting in the Inquisition, others no less affecting for me were occurring without its walls. My respectable father, whose extreme anxiety to discover the place of my confinement urged him to question whoever was likely to know any thing of the secret affairs of the court, to watch all countenances, and weigh even the most insignificant expressions, at length succeeded in obtaining from Riesco the fatal secret of my imprisonment in the Inquisition of Madrid. This clergyman, in whose bosom struggled the virtuous duties of friendship and religion with the cruel and severe ones of his office, also warned my father, when the critical moment arrived, of the dreadful trial reserved for me, advising him not to lose an instant in averting its execution.

Prevented by his wounds and infirmities from taking an active part, my father was obliged to confide this bitter news to my mother, who, though filled with consternation, hastened to the palace, and demanded of the captain of the guards an audience from his Majesty. Unable to obtain it so soon as her anxiety required, she proceeded to visit the ministers, from whose in-

solent porters, (among whom were some who stood under many obligations to my father,) she met a thousand slights, and scarcely less rudeness from themselves. Eguia would not allow her even to state her case. Lozano de Torres refused to see her. Pizarro, who at that time was first secretary of state, and Don Martin Garay, minister of finance, were the only members of administration who would receive her. When, however, the former heard the cause of my mother's affliction, he told her that he was not well informed of the matter; but that my misfortunes, perhaps, originated rather in my own impolitic manner of conducting my defence. He then politely took his leave, and did nothing to forward the object of her wishes. Her distress increasing by every succeeding disappointment, she entered Garay's cabinet, and throwing herself at his feet, implored his good offices in my behalf. This minister, moved at her affliction, bestowed on her the most consoling expressions; and though, like Pizarro, he observed that his knowledge of the affair was but slight, as he had not enquired into the origin of his Majesty's displeasure against me, he advised her to restrain her impatience a little, until he should find a favourable opportunity to render her some essential service, for which

purpose he would exert all the influence he might possess with the King; adding, that if she succeeded in seeing him, she ought only to ask for my removal to another prison, that my trial might be carried on in the ordinary manner. Garay,¹ though often a witness to the arbitrary measures of a court, not at all suited to the rectitude of his principles, was moved even to tears on taking leave of my mother, to whom he reiterated his offers of service, advising her at the same time to try also other means of obtaining the audience from his Majesty.

In vain did this afflicted lady endeavour to accelerate this moment: she would probably have remained unnoticed for a long time, had it not been for one of those efficient men who are sometimes found about a court, and who undertook to procure her the desired audience. My mother, too prudent to allow herself to be accompanied by her young daughters, presented herself alone at the palace at the appointed hour.

¹ This excellent man retired soon after from office, and fixed his residence at an estate he had in Arragon. In July 1822, as I went post through this province, the postilion showed me the house of that minister as being that of a respectable individual who was the benefactor of the district. I ordered him to drive to the door, and on my being announced, I met with the kindest reception from the

The King was leaning against a marble table, surrounded by the captain of the guards, and other noblemen on service, when my mother entered the saloon of audience. "What do you desire," said the King on her kissing his hand.

"Sire, only to entreat your Majesty that whatever be the crime of which my son is accused, and whatever the punishment awarded him, you may deign to lend a compassionate ear to the prayer of his afflicted mother."

"Well! what is it you wish?" interrupted the King.

"That your Majesty may be pleased to order his removal to another prison, where his parents may have the consolation of hearing from him, and that his crime, if he have actually committed any, be made known to the world, to avoid the unfavourable interpretation which is always attached to the errors of those who are confined within the walls of the Inquisition, and which every day weighs heavier on the heart of

host. As the celerity of my journey prevented my remaining any time with him, I was obliged to postpone to another opportunity his kind invitation of spending some days at his house; but the course of events removing me farther and farther from that province, I saw then this ornament of our country for the first and last time.

his religious father. Sire! grant this favour to us, I entreat you. He is our most beloved son, because he has always been the most unfortunate."

"You would do better to forget him; he does little honour to your name," the King observed.

"Sire, recollect that two years ago some of his secret enemies, making use of your royal name, conspired against the life of my son, and that it was almost miraculously he escaped an ignominious death."

"Well, it would have been better if he had died then." Saying this, he turned his back on her, and my unfortunate mother fell at his feet in a state of insensibility, violently striking her head against the marble table. On her recovering her senses, she found herself supported by a halberdier of the palace, who conducted her to a coach; and in this pitiable condition she was conveyed home, where my afflicted father and sisters were impatiently waiting for her.¹

¹ The remembrance of this occurrence made me afterwards avoid, as much as lay in my power, the presence of that seduced monarch. In July of 1822, however, a commission from the junta of generals in Catalonia rendering my presence at Madrid unavoidable, I was charged with informing the ministry of the state of the war in that province, which had become extremely critical. Finding myself,

My mother's prayer, so similar to my own, was a matter of surprise to the King, who would not believe that this coincidence could be the effect of mere chance. Ramirez de Arellano endeavoured to persuade him that it was to be attributed to Riesco, over whom he, in conjunction with his colleagues of the Camarilla, had obtained a triumph by depriving him of his office and *honours*. Wishing to carry matters farther, and have that humane inquisitor banished from Madrid, orders were issued shortly after for his immediate departure for Seville to fill his post of canon of that chapter, a situation far better suited to his philosophic mind than that of which

shortly after my arrival, in one of the secretary's offices, General Palafox, who was then on duty at the palace, came in and told me confidentially that the King was very desirous of seeing me. I asked him frankly if it was a mere wish or a real order. He answered that it was not a command. I then told him how repugnant such an interview would be to me, and that I wished to avoid it. The characteristic prudence of Palafox seconded my wish. On the following day, the minister of war spoke of my commission to the King, who said: "Which of the Van Halens has arrived? Is it he who escaped from the Inquisition? I have a great esteem for him. I have not seen him since his return from Russia." This was related to me by that minister on the same day it occurred, and is perfectly characteristic of Ferdinand.

he had been just deprived. This venerable ecclesiastic, who, by following the example of his ancient colleague Llorente, might, during the time of the constitution, have given to the world a history of the secret occurrences that took place among that sanguinary triumvirate, did not think proper to reveal them to any one. It has, however, been asserted by a person worthy of credit, who was intimate with him, that Riesco, seeing that vigorous measures would be resorted to by the tribunal, had spoken with great energy to the King, as well as to all his colleagues, to the members of the Camarilla, and to the inquisitor-general, even previous to his dismissal, when he had presented himself before him, recommending that no other measures should be adopted towards me than those sanctioned by the religion of the Divine Redeemer, namely, mild persuasion ; and finally, that my respectable father should be allowed to visit me privately in my dungeon, to induce me to make the desired confessions. This is the only fact respecting Riesco for which there is some foundation, and which is in some measure confirmed by another, which will appear in the sequel. From the moment he fell into disgrace, he requested his friends to visit him no more during the few days he was to remain in the capital, and has

since made it a constant practice to mention the subject to no one.

With respect to his successor Berdeja, the public voice reported him to be the fruit of one of the many amorous frailties to which the inquisitor-general Mier was subject in his youth.

CHAP. X.

New endeavours by Esperanza and Zorrilla to wrest the author's secrets from him—Removed by masked servants from his dungeon to the chamber of torment—Zorrilla addresses him in a criminatory summary—The author tortured—Manner in which this is done—He is carried insensible to his dungeon, where he finds himself loaded with fetters—After-agonies—Don José Gil, an army-surgeon, attends him—His humane interference—The author recognizes the symptoms of approaching dissolution—His fetters are at length removed—His protracted illness—Young female attendant—Consolatory expressions of Dr. Gil.

THE morning after the last sitting of the tribunal, Zorrilla paid me another visit accompanied by Esperanza, who found my fever considerably increased. The slight enquiries of the latter respecting my health inspiring me with the hope that I should find him more humane than his colleague, who seemed to have no other object in his frequent visits to my dungeon than to witness my sufferings, I ventured to ask him the favor of being seen by a physician, as every moment I felt my fever growing worse. On hearing this, he turned to Zorrilla, who met his

look with a smile of incredulity. Meantime some broth being brought to me, Esperanza helped me to it, as my arms were still bound, saying to Zorrilla that he wished to remain alone with me. The latter acceding to his wish immediately withdrew, and Esperanza, having waded through the usual revolting preambles of charity and religion, entered upon his task of persuasion to induce me to yield to the wishes of the tribunal, with arguments so preposterous, and proposals so basely insulting, that he offended me more than his worthy companion had ever done. I therefore requested him to leave me, for that my unfortunate situation rendered quiet necessary. He then said that I should shortly repent my obstinacy, and turning his back on me, reclosed the doors of my dungeon.

Wishing to ascertain whether my fever increased, those two inquisitors repeated their visits to my prison in the afternoon, and finding that it had taken a favourable turn, they expressed their satisfaction, the true meaning of which I had soon an opportunity of discovering.

At about eight o'clock at night of the same day (Nov. 20th), Don Juanito entered my dungeon with a lantern in his hand, followed by four other men, whose faces were concealed by a piece of black cloth, shaped above the head

like a cone, and falling over the shoulders and chest, in the middle of which were two holes for the eyes. I was half asleep when the noise of the doors opening awoke me, and by the dim light of the lantern I perceived those frightful apparitions. Imagining I was labouring under the effects of a dream, I earnestly gazed awhile on the group, till one of them approached, and pulling me by the leather strap with which my arms were bound, gave me to understand by signs that I was to rise. Having obeyed this summons, my face was covered with a leather mask, and in this manner I was led out of the prison. After walking through various passages on a level with that of my dungeon, we entered a room, where I heard Zorrilla order my attendants to untie the strap.

“ Listen with attention,” he then exclaimed, addressing me, “ since you have hitherto been deaf to the advice which this holy tribunal has repeatedly given you in their spirit of peace, humanity, and religious charity. Propagator of secret and impious societies, established by the heresies of their members to destroy our holy religion and the august throne of our catholic sovereign, you have maintained for the space of a year an uninterrupted correspondence with more than two hundred sectarians. You in-

vented a project to form a second ramification to involve in your plans the most uninformed and incautious classes of the kingdom ; you have attempted to deceive his Majesty, to whom you spontaneously promised from Murcia to disclose with religious loyalty all you knew ; and instead of showing yourself sensible of the unexampled magnanimity with which he condescended to hear you, you did every thing in your power to mislead him, hoping to elude the just and deserved rigour of the laws by an accumulation of offences towards the supreme dignity of the altar and the throne ; an abominable insult, that constitutes a new crime in aggravation to those which have already been proved."

After a moment's silence, which I thought was intended for their hearing my reply, he proceeded with increased energy. "This holy tribunal has at last recourse to rigour. It will extort from you the truths, which neither the duty of a religious oath, demanded without violence, nor the mild admonitions which have been so often resorted to in order to induce you to make the desired declarations, have been able to obtain. This evident pertinacity obliges us to use a salutary severity. We judge the cause of our Divine Redeemer and of our catholic King, and we shall know how to fulfil the high ministry

with which the supreme spiritual and temporal authority has invested us. The most rigorous torments will be employed to obtain from you these truths, or you shall expire in the midst of them. All the charges I have just mentioned in a summary manner must be amply explained—yes!—amply explained! justice, God, and the King require that it should be so. This holy tribunal will fulfil their duties—yes!”

The agitation of the moment permitted me to utter only a few words, which, however, were not listened to, and I was hurried away to the farther end of the room, the jailer and his assistants exerting all their strength to secure me. Having succeeded in raising me from the ground, they placed under my arm-pits two high crutches, from which I remained suspended; after which my right arm was tied to the corresponding crutch, whilst the left being kept in a horizontal position, they encased my hand open in a wooden glove extending to the wrist, which shut very tightly, and from which two large iron bars ran as far as the shoulder, keeping the whole in the same position in which it was placed. My waist and legs were similarly bound to the crutches by which I was supported; so that I shortly remained without any other action than that of breathing, though with

difficulty. After forty-eight hours, during which my arms had been constantly pinioned, I did not, till this moment, very acutely feel the pain caused by the tightness of the new binding.

Having remained a short time in this painful position, that unmerciful tribunal returned to their former charges. Zorrilla with a tremulous voice, that seemed to evince his thirst for blood and vengeance, repeated the first of those he had just read, namely, whether I did not belong to a society whose object was to overthrow our holy religion, and the august throne of our catholic sovereign? I replied, that it was impossible I should plead guilty to an accusation of that nature: "Without any subterfuge, say whether it is so," he added in an angry tone.

"It is not, Sir," I replied. The glove which guided my arm, and which seemed to be resting on the edge of a wheel, began now to turn, and with its movements I felt by degrees an acute pain, especially from the elbow to the shoulder, a general convulsion throughout my frame, and a cold sweat overspreading my face. The interrogatory continued; but Zorrilla's question of "Is it so? Is it so?" were the only words that struck my ear amidst the excruciating pain I endured, which became so intense that I fainted

away and heard no more the voices of those cannibals.

When I recovered my senses, I found myself stretched on the floor of my dungeon, my hands and feet secured with heavy fetters and manacles, fastened by a thick chain, the nails of which my tormentors were still rivetting. On this being concluded, the unpleasant mask which obstructed my sight was removed, and I observed that Zorrilla and Don Juanito were the only persons that remained in the dungeon. Wishing to stifle before such hateful witnesses any expression of pain that might escape me amidst my severe sufferings, I closed tightly the lapel of my coat with my teeth; but Zorrilla, who noticed it, said, loading me with abusive epithets, that rage and despair were the only pains I felt.

Left by those wretches stretched in the same place, I could have wished that the doors, which closed after them, should never again open. Eternal sleep was all I desired, and all I asked of heaven. It was after much difficulty that I dragged myself to my bed. It seemed to me that the noise of my chains would awaken the vigilance of my jailers, whose presence was to me the most fatal of my torments. I spent the whole of the night struggling with

the intense pains, which were the effects of the torture, and with the workings of my excited mind, which offered but a horrible perspective to my complicated misfortunes. This state of mental agitation, and the burning fever which was every moment encreasing, soon threw me into a delirium, during which I scarcely noticed the operation performed by my jailers of opening the seams of my coat to examine the state of my arm.

I continued delirious during the whole day and night of the 21st; but on the following morning I became sensible of the presence of the medical attendant of the secret prison, Don José Gil, surgeon of one of the regiments of the guards, a man rather advanced in years, of an abrupt but frank character, and of a humane disposition,—a singular circumstance in a familiar of the Holy Office. He was accompanied by Don Juanito, who did not seem to agree with him as to the manner in which I was to be treated. On Zorrilla making his appearance, the surgeon said, without hesitation, that as long as I should be kept so cruelly pinioned, no amelioration could be expected. Zorrilla, who evinced much displeasure at his expressing himself thus openly, led him out of the dungeon into

the passage where they remained talking for some time. On their return, poultices were applied to my arm to allay the inflammation ; but as the surgeon's request, that my chains should be removed, remained unattended to, I spent the whole of that day, or I should rather say of that eternal night, seeking in vain a position in which I might obtain some repose. This incessant restlessness fed the fever which consumed me, and rendered my agony more horrible.

On the following day, when the doctor saw me in that dreadful state, he exclaimed ; " Why should I come to see this ! Either these irons must be removed, or call me no more to attend." These words, so different from those I was accustomed to hear my keepers utter, penetrated to my heart's core ; and notwithstanding my endeavours to repress the emotion I felt at this moment, my eyes betrayed it in a manner too forcible not to be observed. Stern silence, accompanied by various signs of disapprobation, was the only reply given to the above observation, and Doctor Gil, as if hesitating on what he was to do, quitted the dungeon without having prescribed any thing for my relief. He was followed by the rest ; but on arriving at the ex-

terior door, I heard Zorrilla address the doctor in a manner which showed a perfect indifference for my existence.

On the night of the same day I experienced the most dreadful agonies. No words are sufficiently adequate to express the sufferings, both of body and mind, by which I was overwhelmed, and which were farther aggravated by the treatment I received from my attendant Don Juanito, who had been intrusted with the care of attending me, and whose greatest pleasure was to see me suffer. I anxiously hoped that the continuation of my troubles would accelerate the moment of my dissolution, for which I earnestly prayed to heaven. It was the only consolation remaining to one who had no other prospect before his eyes than the most cruel torments and despair. I calculated that I could not live above three days in my present condition; for I remarked that though naturally robust, and in the very vigour of my age, a progressive decrease of strength, and a total indifference to my fate (which are the surest signs of an approaching end), were hourly becoming more apparent. But the state of exasperation to which I had been reduced had such influence on my mind, that the nearer I came to the gates of death, the greater was my hatred

for the human race; the remembrance of the authors of my days being scarcely sufficient to soften at this awful moment the hard-heartedness which was gaining an ascendancy over my natural disposition.

It is impossible for me to guess how far Dr. Gil was influenced in my favour, otherwise than by the conduct he observed towards me. This has been one of those private occurrences of the Inquisition which I have never been able to investigate; but whether the change that took place was owing to this individual (who, I understand, enjoyed the favour of the royal family, and of the inquisitor-general Mier), or whether the members of the tribunal feared that by my death they would be deprived of their triumph, it is certain that on the morning of the 26th I was freed from my chains. Zorrilla, who with Don Marcelino and Don Juanito was present when they were removed, had the effrontery of extolling this as a new act of mercy, adding the usual blasphemies with which his hypocrisy enabled him to embellish his discourses.

Although I looked upon this change as an idle ceremony, I could not help remarking the appearance of Don Marcelino as a favorable omen of the future. This jailer, who was under many obligations to the inquisitor Riesco, sensi-

ble of what he owed him, felt deeply his dismissal, and in some measure imitated the humanity of his patron, by feigning an illness and resigning the keys to his colleague, when he saw that matters were to be carried to extremities with me, until, afraid of losing his office, and seeing the final departure of Riesco, he resumed his duties.

During the whole of this day, I was alternately visited by the two jailers. Don Marcelino, though always more attentive than his companion, did not evince much surprise at the evident alteration which had taken place in my situation since our last meeting. In obedience, however, to the orders of Dr. Gil, who had recommended that the variations of my fever should be strictly observed during the course of the night, he came frequently to see me and administer the anodyne which had been prescribed for me. The benefit I derived from this improved attendance, and from the entire disencumbrance of my irons, was not such as might have been expected. The injury they had caused appeared to me irremediable; and I was the more willing to consider it in that light, as otherwise new and more cruel torments might be the consequence. Under these circumstances I always recurred to my last prayer,

trusting that God, who read my inmost thoughts, and was a witness to my sufferings, would at length listen to it, and grant me the repose I so anxiously desired.

On the 27th Dr. Gil again visited me, and examined my arm more attentively than he had hitherto done. He was accompanied only by Don Marcelino, though I could hear Don Juanito coughing in the passage near the door of my dungeon. The doctor, having alternately inquired of Don Marcelino and myself what kind of night I had passed, put to me several questions that indicated his ignorance of the cause of my present condition, and of the cruel treatment which I had for so long experienced. Having prescribed to Don Marcelino the method which he was to follow, he took his leave, recommending that my dungeon should be kept as clean as possible, a measure the more necessary as it had not been cleaned or ventilated for several days, the loop-hole of the prison being too small to admit sufficient air for that purpose. He hoped that diet, cleanliness, and sleep, would enable him to effect in me a complete cure; and that I might obtain some repose, he told Don Marcelino the quantity of opium he was to give me on that night, strictly recommending, as he left the dungeon, never to

carry about him more than he should prescribe. Shortly after the doctor's departure, they began to execute his orders respecting the cleanliness of my dungeon ; and as he had forbidden that I should be removed, lest my sufferings should be aggravated, I was not taken to another dungeon as had been done on former occasions. They therefore placed a screen before my bed that I might not be seen by the person employed in sweeping it, who I soon perceived to be a female. Don Juanito, who affected to be greatly annoyed by the inconvenience of the moment, was so deeply engaged in watching her movements, that he did not leave the screen for a moment ; but notwithstanding all his care, when they came to arrange my wretched bed, neither himself nor his companion could prevent my being seen by this new visitor.

It was a young girl, the expression of whose countenance, during the rapid glance I caught of her, showed that, however humble her condition, she was not formed to dwell amongst inquisitors. Horror and compassion were strongly portrayed in her animated features, and I observed that she repressed with difficulty the emotion she felt at this moment. Notwithstanding my extreme languor, I could not help noticing, and being moved at, the artless though

energetic expression of sensibility evinced by this young girl.

Don Marcelino came to administer to me the opium at the hour prescribed by the doctor. I took it without the least mistrust, and with all the anxiety natural to one who had so long been a stranger to repose. Dr. Gil had asked me in the morning, probably with the intention of fixing the quantity of opium I was to take, whether I had often taken it, to which I replied in the affirmative, in the hope that the pains I was enduring would be allayed by my taking a sufficient quantity.

Don Marcelino having given me the medicine, and placed within my reach all that I might want during the night, left me to the sepulchral silence of my dungeon, which remained perfectly undisturbed. On the following morning Dr. Gil came very early to see me, flattering himself that he would find me much improved ; but even before I had informed him of it, he saw that the contrary was the case. Either the small quantity of opium, or the bad quality of it, or perhaps the infamous designs of my tormentors, one or all of these causes had kept me in such a dreadful state of restlessness during the whole night, that far from enjoying the least repose, I had struggled with sufferings hitherto unknown

to me. Having heard the account I gave him, and my answers to the questions he put to me, he ordered Don Marcelino to bring the opium from which the quantity given me had been taken. He examined it, and requested that no medicine should be administered to me until his return. During the short time that we remained alone, he said to me ; “ This, Sir, is but a trifling affair. There are few of us who have not undergone troubles of some kind or other. Even myself, though you see me now in this uniform, had the folly in my youth to become a monk of San Juan de Dios, of which I soon repented. On leaving the convent, I made the last campaign against the French, and could count my troubles by the dozen.”

I have already mentioned that Dr. Gil was a man of an abrupt character ; but there was in him a fund of good nature that inspired one with confidence, especially in my present condition. Whether I owed it to the influence he exerted in the Inquisition, or to other causes which were beyond my reach, it is certain that Don Juanito ceased to trouble me with his presence, and that Don Marcelino was wholly entrusted with the care of nursing me. This man, though not possessed of acute feelings, and having but a limited understanding (qualities rarely se-

parated), and though too fond of his office to venture neglecting its cruel duties, was more of a novice than Don Juanito. It was easy to perceive by his manner of performing it, that he was a stranger to such employment.

Towards evening Dr. Gil returned accompanied by this jailer, who had frequently visited me during the day. The doctor then gave me with his own hand the draught which he himself brought for me, exerting all his eloquence to persuade me that his medicine would prove efficacious; after which he took his leave, giving some directions to Don Marcelino respecting me. An hour had scarcely elapsed, before I began to feel the effects of the draught, and fell into a profound sleep.

It was considerably after nine in the morning when I awoke, and though I felt all the effects consequent to a sleep stimulated by opium, my pains were less acute, and the fever had greatly decreased. Dr. Gil had visited me early in the morning; but unwilling to disturb my repose, returned at noon, and very soon perceived the benefit I had derived from the draught. From that moment he commenced the system he proposed to follow to effect my recovery, in which he afterwards persevered with constancy, though owing to causes which are beyond the reach of

medicine, the improvement in my health was not so rapid as he expected.

Notwithstanding my repeated requests that my dungeon should be properly cleaned, some days elapsed before it was attended to, and not until I was able to be removed to another.

I am now arriving at a period of my history when some occurrences happened to which I undoubtedly owe the preservation of my life. I will, therefore, pass slightly over the visits of Dr. Gil, to introduce to my readers the humble heroine, who will shortly figure in the narrative of my misfortunes.

CHAP. XI.

Sketch of Ramona, the female orphan adopted by Marcelino the jailer—Precarious health of the author—Counsels given him by the surgeon—Prisons visited at Easter—Don Manuel Centurion—Don Juanito's perfidy—Interest and compassion of Ramona for the author's sufferings—The author writes to his cousin, Captain Jacobo Murfy—Don Juanito is taken ill—Ramona's assiduous kindness—Murfy's friendly reply—Conference with Ramona—Another prisoner whom the author suspects to be Calvo.

DON MARCELINO, having married the daughter of his predecessor in the hope of securing a situation in the Inquisition, soon after obtained permission from the Committee of Benevolence to take from the Foundling of Madrid a girl who might be brought up in his family in those habits of retirement which the service she was destined for seemed to require, and who, being treated as his own child, might render herself worthy of his entire confidence. Among the children brought for his choice, the lot fell on one whose name was Ramona. This girl, who had hitherto

remained unacknowledged, was of a reserved disposition, and from her earliest infancy had shown a premature solidity of character which promised to answer the views of Don Marcelino, who consequently gave her the preference over her companions.

Ramona was entering her sixteenth year, when in 1814 the Holy Office was re-established, and Don Marcelino employed as chief jailer of the secret prison of the court, as it was denominated. From that time Ramona was entrusted with the menial services of those prisons, in which, however, men were generally employed. The unalterable reserve of her character, the diligence and cleanliness with which she performed her duties, and the little inclination she showed for any kind of amusement that was likely to divert her attention from them, gained her the confidence of all the familiars with the exception of Don Juanito, who, besides his hatred for her sex, being more constantly employed about the prison, and thereby prevented from applying some of his time to other occupations by which his mean avarice might be gratified, never lost an opportunity of injuring her, thereby to effect her removal.

Don Marcelino, on the contrary, placing all his trust in her, permitted Ramona to enter

every prison where her duties called her, without watching or following her. This confidence had become habitual in him, and as he never gave up to her the principal keys of any dungeon where she might be engaged, he believed that, both doors being shut, there could be no possible risk in trusting her: of this he thought his colleague must be equally persuaded.

Little aware of the inquietudes of Don Juanito, or of the negligence of Don Marcelino, or even of the advantage I might derive from the trait of sensibility which I had remarked in the countenance of the young girl, and which, though consoling at the time, could make but little impression on an imagination disturbed by fever and delirium, I continued following the regimen prescribed by Dr. Gil, which, though strictly adhered to, did not produce so rapid an improvement as he had anticipated. No sooner, however, was I able to get up, than the cleanliness of my dungeon was again attended to, and I was daily removed to another.

The month of December was passing away without any great amelioration having taken place in my health. On the contrary, the rigour of the season, the constant dampness of that sepulchral abode, and the little clothing allowed me, brought on a pulmonary complaint accom-

panied by a convulsive cough which scarcely permitted me to take any repose, and which retarded my convalescence.

Dr. Gil, notwithstanding his hints to the inquisitors, and his well-known influence, began to meet with new obstacles in the way of my recovery. One day, towards the middle of December, when Don Marcelino happened to leave us a short time by ourselves, he spoke to me in the following words: "There are evils which ought to be considered as antidotes to others more fatal. It is not prudent you should entirely recover your health. Whilst I do not declare you in a state of perfect convalescence, you remain unmolested; I might otherwise not always be able to accomplish my good wishes towards you. But, since hitherto I have been unable to obtain your removal to a better place, profit by the visit of prisons, which takes place on the Easter holiday, and ask to be allowed more clothing and a better bed."

The first words of Dr. Gil weighed on my heart more heavily than I can well describe, as they confirmed my own conjectures; but such was the bad opinion I had formed of every individual belonging to the Inquisition, that it never entered my head to converse with him respecting the probable destiny that awaited me.

Easter Sunday at length arrived, when my repose was disturbed very early in the morning by the jailers, who came to clean my dungeon, on which they bestowed more pains than usual, improving the appearance of my bed, though not its comforts.

Several familiars of the Inquisition, of those who figured only in the great ceremonies of certain festivities, to some of whom I was personally known, and others who were acquaintances of my father, but all of them induced by an idle curiosity, which the occurrences respecting Risco and other events had given rise to, profiting of the right that the etiquette of the above day gave them, assembled at the usual hour in the Inquisition to visit its prison. This annual ceremony, which was originally instituted for the benevolent purpose of ascertaining whether the prisoners stood in want of any of those articles to which each was entitled by the regulations of the prisons, had under the present government become a mere pantomime. Consequently, it only lasted a few minutes; but these sufficed to gratify the curiosity of the visitors, who had no other object in view.

In this instance, however, they were disappointed in their expectations, and I was spared the disagreeable presence of such men, from

whom, notwithstanding Dr. Gil's advice, I would never have asked the smallest favour. Nevertheless, at the hour fixed for the visit, I could hear the distant noise of doors, and the murmur of their loud talking. I afterwards learned that another unfortunate individual, who was confined in one of the prisons near mine, had been visited by them, and that when Don Marcelino was leading them to the passage that conducted to my dungeon, Berdeja motioned him to stop, whilst Zorrilla, proceeding towards the stairs, told them they might withdraw, as their visit was concluded. As the number of persons, who attended on this occasion, was greater than usual, I may safely infer that my judges, fearing I might utter the many complaints I should have been justified in making against them, adopted this method to prevent it.

A long time elapsed before either of the jailers appeared, a circumstance from which I was led to suspect that the number of the prisoners was considerable, since the visit seemed to last so long. Among the familiars of the Inquisition duped by Zorrilla on that day, was Don Manuel Centurion, chamberlain of the King, and an old friend of my father, with whom he was in the habit of having his daily game at ombre. This credulous courtier, fully expect-

ing to see me, had accompanied the rest of the familiars, with the sole intention of informing my father of the state in which he might find me. Don Juanito, who was this gentleman's agent for collecting his revenues in the capital, being questioned by him respecting me, and afraid of incurring his displeasure, owned that I was still in those prisons ; without, however, neglecting this opportunity of working on the timidity and religious scruples of his employer, to break off the intimacy which subsisted between him and my father. The character of this hypocritical jailer was so black and full of duplicity, that whilst on one hand he was my most cruel oppressor, on the other he affected to condole with my afflicted father.

My unhappy family, who on that day were waiting with the utmost anxiety the return of Centurion, hoping to have the poor consolation of learning something of my present situation, were filled with grief at the disappointment they experienced ; especially my mother, who, feeling no less affected at it than at the heartless manner in which she was received by the King, fainted away in my sisters' arms.

Don Juanito, who came at noon to serve me my scanty portion, complained much of illness, but said nothing about the threatened visit, al-

though by his dress I supposed it might be continued in the afternoon. When towards evening, Don Marcelino came to the dungeon, the pain in my chest was so great, that I intimated a wish to retire to bed. To this he made no objection; but on the contrary said that I might do so immediately, as the visit was now over. He then assisted me in undressing, and returned only at the hour Dr. Gil had requested the medicine should be administered to me.

From the moment I lay down in bed, I felt a little lump about the middle of it, which I at first thought was a button; but on my attempting to remove it, I found it to be the upper part of a drop ear-ring. This discovery was a balm to my heart; for although my heavy misfortunes made me look upon every thing here with mistrust, still it was impossible to mistake its true meaning or its owner. As, however, I could neither see nor speak to her, nor even communicate by writing, I was puzzled how to ask an explanation. To devise the means of answering this sign was my constant occupation during the whole of that night. Hoping that my dungeon would be swept on the following day, I wound round the ear-ring some of my hair, and left it in the same place where I found it. This was the only sign of intelligence

the least perceptible that occurred to me ; but as my evil fortune still pursued me, three days elapsed before my dungeon was cleaned. The reason of this delay was Don Juanito's illness, which, I understood, was caused by his constant attendance in the dungeons.

The day having at length arrived, and the cleaning of my dungeon being performed, on my return thither I hastened to examine the place where I had found the ear-ring. It was no longer there ; but perceiving that my watch did not hang at the head of the bed, where I usually left it, I searched, and found it under the pillow, observing with surprise that it pointed to the wrong hour. I own that I could not so easily guess the meaning of this second sign. In any other situation nothing could be more easily understood ; but confined in this subterraneous place, secured by five doors, and under the immediate vigilance of two jailers, how was it possible for me to keep an assignation ?

On the following day, however, just at the hour indicated by the watch, I heard a slight noise accompanied with the words " quick—quick," uttered impatiently, which caused all my doubts to vanish. I leaped as well as I could from my bed, and hastened to the small open-

ing of the interior door, which was on a line with that of the exterior, where I saw but indistinctly the face of Ramona, who addressed me in these words: "You are very unfortunate: I wish with all my heart to be of some service to you: what can I do for you? Don Juanito is in bed—say quickly."

"My good girl," replied I, "do you know how to read?"

"A little."

"Could you give me paper and a pencil?"

"That is not in my power at present; but," she added, looking back and leaving me an instant, "here is some."

"Now give me a pin."

She then thrust her arm, which though small could hardly pass through the opening in the door, and succeeded in giving me the pin fastened in the paper, which I found to be a folded piece for making cigars, and which had probably been dropped by Don Marcelino, who was in the habit of smoking. "My poor girl, pray to the Holy Virgin that Don Juanito's illness may be prolonged," said I, as I took the paper from her, after which she disappeared.

Although I found myself so unexpectedly possessed of the entire good will of that kind-hearted girl, and of the paper, which was so

essential to me, I was greatly embarrassed as to whom I should address myself; my mind being in such a disturbed state that I could not recollect the number of any of my friends' houses in the capital, and I was too well aware of the fatal consequences which would have ensued from a wrong direction. Besides the dwellings of many of them, who resided at Madrid or its environs, were unknown to me, while others, being military men, were constantly changing their quarters. Whilst struggling with these difficulties, I remembered the residence of a cousin of mine, the same from whom Irriberry had given me a letter on the night when he had been so singularly generous in the prison of Murcia. This gentleman, a captain of a frigate, whose name was Don Jacobo Murfy, held a situation in the office of hydrography, where he had apartments, and where I concluded he might be found. To him, therefore, I resolved to write.

At twelve o'clock in the day, Ramona had paid me her welcome visit, and at half-past one, my dinner was usually brought to me; so that profiting of this short interval, as well as of the daylight, which was but very transient in my dungeon, I drew blood from my veins, and wrote to my cousin with my tooth-pick as fol-

lows :—" The ink with which this note is written, and the information you may gain from the bearer, will enable you to form an idea of the wretched situation to which I am reduced. I am surrounded with horrors ; but no one shall ever suffer through my want of constancy or caution. Endeavour to see Don Facundo Infantes, a friend of mine, and of Heceta, whom you know ; show him this paper, and act in concert with him. Farewell."

I had just concluded these lines, when the noise of doors announced the approach of the jailer, and I had time to conceal my note before he entered. My frugal repast being over, I was again left to the silence of my dungeon. Words are inadequate to describe how heavy appeared to me the two days that elapsed before I saw Ramona who, however, availing herself of every opportunity, left the same day under my pillow some folded paper, a pencil, and my watch pointing to eleven.

Dr. Gil, who had not visited me for two days, came on that evening, and from his conversation with Don Marcelino, I learned that Don Juanito would be confined to his bed for some days. Not even the most efficacious medicine which the whole science could afford, would have relieved

me half as much as did this agreeable news. He withdrew greatly displeased at finding that I had been overlooked in the visit to the prison, and that the clothing of my bed had not been increased, to which he attributed the little improvement perceivable in my health. My anxiety to see Ramona being now my principal cause of uneasiness, did not permit me to pay much attention either to the anger manifested by Dr. Gil, to my suffocating cough and excessive pains of my disjointed arm, or to the other numberless afflictions to which I was a prey.

At length, the hour which I so impatiently wished for arrived, and Ramona appeared a short time after, finding me already waiting at the door. "Are you better?" she enquired.

"All my pains have vanished with your presence," I replied; but interrupting me, she added, "Don Juanito continues confined to his bed, and my master (meaning Don Marcelino) is dressing to go out, as the tribunal does not sit during the Easter holidays. Tell me what I can do for you."

"Are you resolved to serve me at all hazards?" I asked.

"Strange question! But to the point."

"Have you the liberty to go out?"

“Not always; but there are hours in the day when no one objects to it; besides I go every morning to the market.”

I wish you to carry this note to Don Jacobo Murphy, who resides at the office of hydrography, in the street of Alcala; but that you may not excite his suspicion, you must tell him all you know of my situation, and show him this watch from me, in which my name is enamelled. When he has heard you, do what he may request.”

“Is he a man of honor? Have you much confidence in him? Reflect that there may be as many wicked men among your friends as among your enemies.”

I replied, that I had as much confidence in him as in herself. “If it be so,” she cried, “give me your watch and the note.”

I fastened them to the end of the broom, which she thrust through the opening in the doors, and they arrived safely to her hands. When she saw the colour of the writing, she asked if I could make no use of the pencil, to which I replied that the note was written before she gave it to me. “If,” she remarked,

¹ By this she alluded to a conversation she had overheard respecting Calvo.

“I find no opportunity of delivering my messages to you personally, you will find them under your pillow.”

“What is your name?” I enquired.

“Ramona. This is my *only* name.” As she uttered these words, her voice changed, and hastily bidding me farewell, she withdrew.

This sudden departure was to me a new motive of anxiety, as I had not sufficiently impressed upon her the necessity of her returning the watch as soon as possible, and I was afraid some new misfortune would ensue, were Don Marcelino by any chance to ask me the hour.

On the following day, however, my dungeon being cleaned, I had the pleasure of finding under the pillow my watch and a note, which, unfortunately, I was unable to read, owing to the darkness that prevailed in that place at the time of my return. I therefore spent in conjectures the whole night, which was the last of that, to me, cheerless year.

The first day of the year 1818 at length dawned, and no sooner did the light enable me to see the writing of the above note, than I read the following reply from my cousin:—“Nothing can equal the surprise I experienced on receiving your note. I will immediately inform In-

fantes and Heceta of what I have learned of your wretched situation. Be assured, my affection for you will prompt me to exert my every nerve in your behalf. Heaven preserve you! Adieu."

I read these lines again and again, when the noise of doors announcing the approach of some one, I saw Don Marcelino enter, attired in his gala dress. Notwithstanding the indifference with which I looked upon any change in the appearance of these men, I was afraid that this novelty might prevent me from seeing my messenger as soon as I expected. His fine dress, however, did not hinder him from performing the usual menial offices of the dungeon. Wishing to ascertain whether I had any thing to apprehend from the circumstance of his having assumed his gala dress, I told him that the pain I felt in my chest, and the desire to create perspiration, compelled me to remain in bed the whole day. "Yes, the weather is raw cold. You had better keep your bed," he said, with the fatuity of a starched inquisitor, and then withdrew.

On being left alone, I began to prepare another note to deliver to my messenger, should she pay me a visit on that day. The pencil was so bad, that I was obliged to have recourse to

the same kind of ink I had used on the former occasion ; and thinking that my cousin must by this time have seen Infantes, I addressed my note to the latter, saying that there were certain persons (whose names I specified, and in particular Torrijos, for whose personal safety I felt greatly alarmed) who might be interrogated respecting the correspondence they had held with me, and who ought absolutely to know that, throughout all my declarations, I had carefully concealed their names ; so that the knowledge of their letters being in the possession of the inquisitors ought not to be a matter of anxiety to them. I added that he might assure them of my firm determination never to betray the name of any individual, and begged him immediately to write to Murcia, Granada, Valencia, and Cadiz, the places of residence where those friends were likely to be found.

I had scarcely concluded these lines, when I heard Ramona's whisper at the outer door. " I went the day before yesterday," she said, " to see the gentleman to whom your note was addressed. As I entered his room, he dismissed his servant, and was amazed beyond expression at seeing your note. To remove any doubt he might entertain, I showed him your watch, which he scarcely looked at, and asked me

who I was. I gave him a full account of your situation, and begged him not to detain me long, as I had a distance to go. I also appointed a place nearer to the Inquisition, where he might receive your messages. Having heard me, he went into his study and returned soon after, bringing me the note which I left under your pillow. I am to return to-morrow to the appointed place, according to his request, to see if there is any other message for you. Have you any thing to send him?"

I then delivered to her the note I had already written. "Don Juanito," she continued, "is still confined to his bed, and my master is gone to the levee of the inquisitor-general."

"So that you are my jailer to-day?"

"Would to God I were! Little do you know what kind of prison this is."

"Have you been long in it?"

"Whilst I may be employed in your service, I beg you to ask no questions about me. I wish to act with all possible disinterestedness, and have no other desire than knowing if I can alleviate your misfortunes."

"Are there any other prisoners confined in these dungeons?" I enquired.

"There is only one more," she replied, "but

his sufferings are not equal to yours. My master says he will soon be set at liberty."

"Have you seen him?"

"Yes, sir, for I clean his place without his being removed from it."

"What kind of a man is he?"

"He is still young, and good-looking. He is always cheerful and singing, and has covered the walls with drawings. My master says they are portraits of French kings."

On hearing this, the suspicion which I had formed respecting the pretended arrest of Calvo, with whom I expected every moment to be confronted, disappeared. "Do you know his name?" I again enquired.

"No, sir, nor even yours, until I saw it in your watch; for both Don Juanito and my master call you *the bird*, since that blustering officer who once attended you (she meant the military fiscal) told them one night to keep a strict watch over you, for you were a *bird of high flight*. I was serving my master the chocolate when I heard it."

She then related to me the various changes she had remarked in Don Marcelino and Don Juanito, exclaiming, as she spoke of the latter and of his illness, "I should never have been

able to render you any service without this fortunate chance. He is the only one by whom I am incessantly watched, and if he recovers, I know not what will become of you, as I shall not then so easily find an opportunity of speaking with you."

I then asked her who kept the keys of my dungeon; to which she answered, that sometimes her master, and at others Don Juanito; but that the former, on going to bed, always placed them under his pillow; adding, that some of them were very difficult to manage, the locks having some secret springs, and lastly, that although her master allowed her to enter the passages, he never trusted her with the keys of my dungeon.

Having given me this information, she withdrew lest she should excite suspicion. Fearing to alarm her by disclosing too suddenly my intentions, I was obliged to put to her those random questions. Not many minutes elapsed after her departure, when Don Marcelino made his appearance, bringing under his arm some books of Bossuet and St. Augustin, saying, as he gave them to me, that he had received them for my use from the secretary¹ of the council of

¹ The brother of the senior inquisitor of Murcia, Castañeda.

the supreme, who had desired his compliments to me, hoping I would not forget myself or my father. Such was the constant theme of these pretended friends.

On the following day, Ramona came about the time I expected her, and delivered to me a note, saying, "I have not seen the gentleman, but I found this paper in the place appointed for the purpose, and left yours there. Do not be surprised at seeing me thus agitated, and at my leaving you immediately. Don Juanito gets up to-day, and the tribunal will sit in a few days. The Virgin will not hear my prayers." She bade me farewell, and withdrew.

CHAP. XII.

Letter from the author's friends promising help—Timidity of Ramona—Constancy of her resolution to aid the author—The surgeon declares him to be mad—Exertions of his friends—Don Marcelino gives him hopes of a visit from his father—Ramona's apprehensions—She refuses to bring any destructive weapons—Plan of the author to escape.

I CAST my eyes on the note Ramona had just delivered to me, a few lines of which were written by my cousin, and the remainder in a disguised hand, which I attributed to Infantes: the following was the substance:—"Be sure your friends will immediately do their utmost to effect your deliverance. Reckon on our arms and on our purses in any plans you may meditate, and tell us frankly all you may require to have them put into execution; for no impediments shall make us shrink from executing the sacred duties of friendship by which we are united."

An inexpressible joy filled my very soul. The enthusiasm I felt at reading these lines was

such, that the darkness of my dungeon seemed to vanish, as well as the obstacles which before had appeared to me insurmountable. These flattering hopes, which the noble conduct of a poor servant girl alone had raised, might be too premature; but they succeeded in rescuing me from the depths of despair into which I was sunk.

By the silence of my friends, and the assurance of Ramona that there was but one more prisoner in the vicinity of my dungeon, I inferred that the Inquisition had not extended its persecutions so far as the positive manner in which Zorrilla had made some of his charges gave me reason to fear. Agreeably to this inference, I began seriously to think about myself, not indeed as my judges advised me, but as sound reason suggested; namely, how I could effect my deliverance. Don Juanito's recovery, however, was an obstacle which opposed itself to it, no less so than the weak condition to which I was reduced, as I clearly saw that, in order to execute my plan, I must have recourse to force; the intricate labyrinth of these subterraneous passages shutting out all hope of effecting it by any other means. Besides, I remarked, in the midst of Ramona's exalted generosity of character, a natural timidity which would not allow me to

think of asking her assistance, as all the efforts of my friends in my favour might be rendered useless by the least wavering on her part at the moment of putting my plan into execution, and a thousand disasters ensue.

I received these first advices from my friends on the 2nd of January, and saw nothing of Ramona on the two following days. Don Marcelino, who appeared to be much occupied during the first days of the new year, remained but a short time with me; and I observed that even at night, when he came to administer to me the draught, he did not as usual enter into conversation with me respecting the books which he had brought.

On the 5th, whilst I was lost in a multitude of doubts and conjectures respecting the cause of Ramona's delay, I heard a whisper at the outer door, which I immediately knew proceeded from her. On repairing to the aperture, she gave me some paper, and a better pencil than the one she had before furnished me with, and in a hurried and somewhat tremulous voice, said softly to me: "Be quick, and tell me in a low voice if you want any thing else. The prisoner who was confined in the passage above this has been removed to a dungeon close by, and I have not

found before this time an opportunity of visiting you. Don Juanito left his room this morning, and has begun meddling as usual. Should I be closely watched by him, the best way for you will be to write to me, putting your note under the pillow."

"Can you read well? for I have much to say and to ask of you; but should you be inclined to refuse granting any of my requests, I beg you will pity me no more, nor urge any vain consolations."

"What can you require of me that I should be likely to refuse doing? My fears are all on your account: doubt not for a moment my willingness to serve you. Farewell."

Between the paper she gave me, I found a note from my friends, equally expressive as the former, in which I was informed that all I had recommended respecting Torrijos and my other friends had been done. I was, moreover, desired to say positively if I thought I could combine with them my escape from prison, as they had already devised various plans to favor it; that they would send to me whatever I stood in need of to overcome the first difficulties; and lastly, that if by some fatality my efforts failed, and I feared that a cruel death would be

the consequence, they would so far do violence to their feelings as to send me the means of depriving myself of life.

My plan of escape was then different from that which I finally adopted, and there is no doubt that, had I attempted it by any other means than the one through which I effected it, all would have been discovered. I could undertake nothing without first consulting Ramona. The small double iron-barred window of my dungeon was so high that it was impossible for me to reach it, and the walls were composed of a material in which the least impression would have been immediately observed. On the other hand, the doors of the dungeon were so contrived that, the one opening towards the other, the person passing through naturally exposed himself to be crushed between them, particularly if he were unable to lock the first, which I knew would be the case with me. With respect to the passages, staircases, and windings, I had passed through them several times; but I did not perfectly recollect the avenue leading out of the prison to the apartments of the jailers, so that nothing was more easy than to lose myself in that labyrinth. The first step, therefore, to be taken was to disclose my plans to Ramona, and ask her advice. I was the more impatient

to do this, as I feared that all my hopes might be frustrated by the complete recovery of Don Juanito.

Dr. Gil visited me on that evening, and repeated what he had so often said,—that no improvement could be expected in my health as long as I remained without a fire in my dungeon, or I was not removed to a more comfortable one. Both his countenance and his words demonstrated that he was highly displeased at the manner in which I was treated, and that his visits would become less frequent. It was very evident that, notwithstanding his goodness of heart, he was wearied of attending on me. Previous to his withdrawing, he requested Don Marcelino to give me every night the same medicine I had been taking; adding that, unless absolutely wanted, he begged him not to send for him; after which addressing himself to me, he said: “I am no longer wanted here, but I will nevertheless come occasionally to see you;” and bidding me farewell in a tone of compassion, slowly walked out of the dungeon.

On the morning of the following day (the 6th), Don Marcelino remained a long time with me, talking about the work of Bossuet, endeavouring to ascertain how much I had read of it. I was surprised it should not for a moment

enter the minds of those men, that one reduced to my unhappy condition must see in the maxims of religion contained in those books (which he received through the medium of his oppressors, whose barbarous deeds offered the greatest contrast to the purity of the gospel, and to every principle of honor and rectitude) new motives for fomenting his abhorrence of their conduct.

At the usual hour Ramona made her appearance. "I bring nothing for you to-day," she said, "although I have already been at the appointed place."

"How is Don Juanito?"

"He seldom leaves his room. The other day he found himself the worse for going out, and as he is so nervous, he scarcely ever gives us the pleasure of his company."

"I am happy to hear it," I replied, "because I do not think it safe for us to communicate by writing."

"How!" she exclaimed; "do you mistrust me, or do you believe me indiscreet?"

"Neither," replied I; "but I will now ask you the last favour; namely, to bring me two pistols and a few other articles, which will be delivered to you by my friends."

"Are you mad?" she cried, "how horrible! That I will never do. I have often heard my

master say that you wish to destroy yourself, and he always had a long consultation with the doctor whenever opium was prescribed for you. Whilst I live, and am able to serve you, why should you wish to die?"

She said this with so much earnestness, that I immediately endeavoured to calm her alarm by assuring her that I wished those weapons to effect my deliverance, not to destroy myself.

"Which way will you effect it?"

"Through the door. Nothing easier."

"You do not know the state of the prison at present. Do not bewilder me: give me time to observe things, and watch for an opportunity. I will apprise you of all that may occur; but do not expect even a pin from me to harm yourself—no, never! The physician remained some time last night sitting by the fire with my master and Don Juanito; you formed their only subject of conversation, and I heard the doctor say, during the time I happened to be present, that the judges pressed him hard to put an end to his visits to you. My mistress asked him what ailed you? to which he replied with a smile, that your illness was most difficult to cure; in a word, that you were mad. To this my master said, showing some impatience, as he always does whenever he speaks of you, that,

mad or sane, you had many firm supporters without, and that he would rather have thirty prisoners than *the bird*, who had so often deprived him of his sleep. The doctor replied, that there was not a single person without who ever thought of you."

Ramona related to me this conversation with the object of convincing me that my keepers did not sleep on their watch, especially when she added that every night her master took certain precautions which he had never before taken. A noise in the passage now obliging her to quit me, I remained alone, forming new plans and conjectures. The idea of the doctor pronouncing me mad had before now struck me as the means of prolonging the inaction of the tribunal in the continuation of my trial. The denial given me by Ramona so greatly disconcerted me, that notwithstanding the traits of generosity she had shown, I began to doubt whether she would serve me in an emergency. I was, however, too sensible of Ramona's kind services to lose all hope of her assistance.

On the following day, I received a visit from Don Juanito, who did not fail to show his insolence to me, by saying among other things, that he found me much improved, and that the friction on my legs (speaking ironically of the fet-

ters) was the surest specific to remove any oppression of the chest. I had beside me one of the books which I had been reading, and my first impulse was to throw it at his head ; but restraining my anger, I opened it and took no farther notice of him during the time he remained with me. Soon after, however, Don Marcelino entered, and assuming an air of gaiety, said, either through stupidity or malice, “ Well! how do you find Don Juanito after his illness? Is he the worse for it, think you? One can scarcely recognize him, he has grown so witty!” thus seconding with his foolish talk the insolence of his colleague.

The appearance of Don Juanito produced its effects. Five days elapsed before I saw any thing of my messenger. On the sixth, on returning to my dungeon after it had been cleaned, I found, in the usual place, a note in which my friends informed me that Torrijos had answered, “ not to be alarmed on his account ; for that he, being a good fencer, would know how to parry the thrusts.” I wrote, intreating them to undertake nothing for my escape without first consulting me ; Ramona having excited serious apprehensions in my mind respecting the suspicions of the jailers.

On Don Marcelino coming in the evening to

see me, he shut the doors after him, placed his lamp on the floor, and seating himself on my bed, began a flaming panegyric on the secretary of the council of the supreme, who, as he said, was very anxious to converse with me. I easily saw the drift of his eulogy, which was to prepare me for a visit that had been long meditated.

On the following day, Ramona came but for an instant, to take my answer to the note I had received from her, at the same time informing me that Don Juanito did not then watch her very closely, because he feared the damp air of those passages; but that nevertheless she could not remain with me any length of time till Sunday next. She, however, came on the two preceding days to see if I wanted any thing. Every time I saw her, I mentioned the subject of my intended flight; but her answers were short and intimidating; so that the progress I had hitherto made to obtain that object was but trifling.

On the night of the 15th Don Marcelino again repeated to me what he had before mentioned. "Mr. Castañeda," said he, "is very impatient to see you. It is high time that you should think about yourself. I have no doubt that the visit which that gentleman will by-and-bye pro-

cure you will be very consoling to you ; but he wishes you to listen to the virtuous sentiments of the person whom you will see."

"What visit can console me in this place?" I asked. "Alas! Don Marcelino, the visit of the masks I once saw here is too deeply imprinted on my memory to be forgotten by me as long as I live."

"Be calm, my dear Sir," he returned: "I do not allude to such a visit. The most important thing at present for you to think about is to get well. It is your father—yes! your father, who is to come and see you."

I own that I was surprised, though not agreeably ; for, knowing the intention of his visit, such an interview could not fail to be highly painful to me. Convinced, however, of the necessity of gaining time, I told Don Marcelino that I was very much obliged to Mr. Castañeda for his good wishes, and that I was most happy to hear that I should receive a visit from my respectable father. No sooner had I mentioned this, than Don Marcelino, evincing the greatest joy, seized the light, and hastened away, doubtless to inform his employers of the result of his errand.

Another day passed without my seeing Ramona ; but on the following, I heard her voice at the usual hour, saying joyfully, that on that

day there was no tribunal, and that Don Juanito had not left his room; adding, that I might put to her any questions I pleased. I profited by this opportunity to paint in the strongest colours the true situation in which I stood, declaring to her that it was indispensable I should open myself a passage, or die. On hearing this, she uttered a thousand exclamations, and burst into a flood of tears, keeping me for several minutes in a state of confusion. "It is impossible," she cried, "for you to escape . . . my master's death would be the consequence . . . horrible! horrible! I do not regard my own life—no, I do not."

"You will accompany me," exclaimed I, interrupting her.

"Then I should dishonour myself, and I am lost for ever."

In vain did I try every argument to persuade her to adopt this step: at length I asked her if she would bring me what my cousin would deliver to her. "I will bring nothing that may be injurious to you, or to my master: that is the only thing I will deny you. Dispose of me as you will; ask me any thing you please to effect your escape; I will refuse you nothing: but you must wait for an opportunity when every thing may weigh on Don Juanito. Let

him be responsible for every thing : let him be the only sufferer—yes, the only one, for he deserves all. I will then bring you any thing you want, and lose my life to save yours ; but in putting your plan into execution, think of some means of avoiding bloodshed. Let neither yours nor my master's blood be spilt, I intreat you, and I am ready to do all for you, for I see that you must no longer abide here ; but you must not forget my entreaties." In this wild manner she proceeded for some time, until the fear of exciting suspicions made her quit me.

Since she agreed to procure for me the articles of which I stood in need, it was indifferent to me whether I formed my plan of escape upon Don Juanito, or upon Don Marcelino. Her timidity, however, required that I should not precipitate myself.

On the morning of the 19th, as soon as the light penetrated into my dungeon, I wrote to my friends, informing them that I believed my escape to be practicable, especially if I might depend on their co-operation ; that I would inform them in my next letter of the kind of assistance I should require, and also fix the time for its execution ; and lastly, that I begged them to procure me the means for leaving Spain, through Portugal, in the company of another

person with whom it was my intention to escape.

I meditated this journey without taking into consideration my deplorable state of weakness, which would probably have exposed me to some fatal disappointment, had not my friends arranged matters otherwise, through motives, the prudence of which I could not but acknowledge. I had just written my note when Don Marcelino entered, and renewed his conversation respecting the secretary of the council and the projected visit. I asked him if it would soon take place, to which he replied, that they waited only for my complete recovery to conduct me to an apartment of the Inquisition, where it was resolved my father should see me. It may be easily conceived how important it was for me to postpone that meeting, when there would be no other alternative left me than to betray my friends, or to submit to the torments which the cruelty of the arbiters of my destiny would devise.

An hour after Don Marcelino's visit, my confidential messenger came in great haste. The first thing was to give her the note, assuring her that, if my plans succeeded according to my wishes, nothing of what she feared would happen, especially if she would assist me in putting

them into execution. "Where does Don Juanito spend the evening?" I then inquired.

"Since he fell ill, he remains in his own room," she replied.

"What doors does Don Marcelino shut when he comes to bring the medicine?"

"I do not know, because I never enter the prison at that hour."

"Observe it then for two or three times with all possible care, and inform me of it."

"Is that all you wish?"

"That is enough, Ramona," I replied: "you will render me an essential service by your bringing me this intelligence."

"Depend upon me, I will do it without fail," she said, and withdrew.

Though I was constantly occupied with the subject of my intended flight, I did not, however, overlook the fate of Ramona, whom I always intended to save. We had not yet agreed on this point, which I conceived offered many difficulties. It was very probable that, by describing to her the dangers attending it, she might be intimidated; for she appeared to me more capable of feeling deeply than of acting with resolution: this at her age, and in her sex, was not surprising. On the other hand, I considered that it would be unjust in me to con-

ceal from her the hazards of our undertaking ; and yet I had remarked of late that she had foregone much of that serenity which she had at first shown. I lost many an hour of repose in endeavouring to reconcile these differences in my mind.

Persuaded that the only practicable way for me to make my escape was through the doors, I kept my eyes constantly fixed on them, as well as on every thing connected with that intricate labyrinth ; and, as it was my intention to effect it during the night, I listened attentively, a little before Don Marcelino's last visit, to the echo of the passages, in order to ascertain whether or not he shut the doors after him, and if he were accompanied by any one ; but I could form no right judgment except of what immediately passed before my eyes. The two doors of my dungeon had each a strong bolt with a padlock to it, the same as the other five or six in the passages of the prison. As Don Marcelino was in the habit of coming unarmed every night, bringing the medicine in one hand and the lamp in the other, I imagined that it would be easy for me to compel him to guide me out of the prison.

CHAP. XIII.

The jailer Don Juanito, having recovered, visits the author—His dungeon is rendered warmer—Important information respecting the doors—Portraits painted on the walls of a dungeon—The chapel called El Rosario—New plans of escape—The author writes to his friends on his purposed flight—Resolutions adopted by Ramona—Generous zeal of the author's friends—Don Marcelino's anecdotes and conversation with his prisoner.

DON MARCELINO made his appearance on that night, accompanied by Don Juanito, and bringing more clothes for my bed. The latter said that, wishing my prompt recovery, they were going to improve the temperature of that *apartment*, (as he called it), and that he would then be able occasionally to keep me company, adding a thousand impertinent observations respecting the trouble which he said I gave them all. I easily saw that the period of mildness commenced, that my recovery might enable the inquisitors to repeat fresh cruelties towards me; and the more I looked at Don Juanito's face,

at his affected manners and malicious smile, the more confirmed was I in my conjectures.

On the following morning, they both came in, bringing a brasier (according to the Spanish fashion) to warm the dungeon. Don Juanito repeated his visits on that day, enveloped in his cloak. Whenever he happened to be alone with me, and saw me standing, he carried his hand to his bosom, where he concealed his arms. "You, with that long beard, do not feel the cold," said he; "but we, who walk along these passages, suffer a great deal in the winter." In this manner he went on, taunting me with ironical language, unpleasant to repeat, though very difficult to forget. My mind, however, was then more occupied with the obstacle which the presence of this man opposed to my seeing Ramona on that day than with his discourse.

At length Sunday arrived; and my jailers, wishing to profit of that holiday, took away the brasier very early, leaving me to the full enjoyment of my solitude. Soon after I had the pleasure of seeing Ramona. "Don Juanito is gone out with my master," she said, in a tremulous voice, "but he is more vigilant than ever. Since his recovery he never ventured to enter the prison in the evening till last night, when

he came in, and remained wrapped up in his cloak at the top of the first staircase. He ordered me to bring him a light, and taking from his pocket a book which he has carried about him for the last few days, began reading it with great attention."

"Well, but what have you done?" I interrupted.

"I have twice followed the steps of my master. The night before last, I came nearly as far as here, and I heard him speak with you. He does not shut the doors after him; but the whole prison remains in total darkness, as, except the light he leaves to the other prisoner close by, and that which he brings with him, no other is to be seen. The key of the third door is very difficult to manage; he always takes it out when he opens the passages for me; but when he comes alone he leaves it in the door. That key has been made since you were imprisoned here, and he never forgets to take it with him on going to bed, as well as the two keys belonging to these doors. Last night he had a long conversation with Don Juanito about you: wishing to know what they had to say, I concealed myself within hearing. That fool Don Juanito expressed himself very anxious that my master should read the book which he

is himself perusing, saying that he would find in it the history of another *bird* as wicked and dangerous as yourself, who, he said, had escaped from several prisons, because the king of that country being a heretic had no inquisition, and consequently no jailers to be compared with those of the Holy Office."

On hearing Ramona mention a heretic king, I soon guessed that the book which occupied the attention of Don Juanito was no other than the history of Baron de Trenck; and wishing to induce her to accompany me in my flight, I related to her some part of it which bore some analogy to the generous conduct she had observed towards me.

"I do not wish to imitate any one," she replied sharply. "Do not bring me examples of foreigners, who might be actuated by very different motives from mine. We Spanish women resemble none but ourselves, and we must act in our own way. You remind me of Don Juanito with his ridiculous comparisons. My master may or may not read that book; and for myself I shall listen only to the impulses of my heart, and of my honour. If you succeed in escaping, I remain here in quiet, and sure of myself; and if you fail, I shall know what to do without trying to imitate the actions of any one."

I endeavoured to engage her in this conversation so interesting to me, when she suddenly quitted me. Scarcely two minutes had elapsed before Don Juanito made his appearance, with a malicious smile on his countenance, which made me fear he had discovered something; but although Ramona's situation at that moment was very critical, her foresight prevented any misfortune. She had a little dog, so much attached to her that he followed her wherever she went, and which she was in the habit of leaving outside of the first door of the prison when she came to see me; so that whenever any one opened the door where it stood, it ran in to its mistress, thus announcing the approach of the person entering, whom it was easy for her to avoid meeting in the obscurity of those labyrinths.

On the following day, I was taken by both jailers to another dungeon more distant than the one I was usually confined in whilst mine was preparing. On entering, I observed that the walls were covered with portraits, and Don Marcelino asked me what I thought of them. "You see," he added, "that we have here good painters. Amuse yourself with looking at the drawings whilst your place is getting ready." Having said this, they both left me.

From the middle of this dungeon, which was larger and lighter than mine, I could see through the high window the steeple of a chapel called El Rosario. It was under the mats of this chapel, near the basin of holy water, where Ramona left my notes for my friends. The portraits sketched on the walls represented Francis I., Columbus, Henry IV., and Cortéz, and were done in such a masterly manner, that but for the materials with which they were painted, they deserved a better place. Doubtless, the artist was not very distant from me.

On returning to my dungeon, I found under my pillow a letter, in which there was a plan of every street in the vicinity of the prison. My friends, rejoiced at the hopes I had held out to them, described the places through which I ought to direct my course, and where I should meet one of the party, who would guide me to the asylum which was prepared for me; observing that the success of the project entirely depended on myself, for that every thing I should require in the way of assistance from without would be afforded me.

From the moment I entertained the hope of escaping, I commenced taking notes of the occurrences which happened to me in the Inquisition, Ramona having furnished me with the means of

doing this. It was my intention to deliver them to her, that she might convey them to my friends ; but such was the fatality that pursued me, that far from my seeing her at a moment when her presence was so necessary to concert with her my final arrangements, I was continually visited by one or other of the two jailers. Don Marcelino spent much of his time with me, always conversing about the intended visit, and of the favourable results which he hoped it would produce. I nevertheless discovered a great uneasiness in my keepers, who seemed very anxious for my complete recovery ; and I feared that the opportunity for putting my plan into execution would escape me by a farther delay.

On the morning of the 25th, seeing that Ramona did not appear, I employed the short intervals in which I was alone in writing to my friends the following note :—

“ On the 30th of this month, between seven and eight in the evening, I shall attempt my escape ; and should I then be prevented, it will be on one of the following evenings. I am resolved to die if I fail in the execution of my plan ; but if I am fortunate enough to arrive among you, I must give myself up entirely to your direction.” I then added a description of the singular attire in which I should present

myself to them, that, by being informed of it, they might neither be surprised at my appearance, nor neglect to furnish me with some other articles of dress by which I might avoid detection. This note I enclosed in another, addressed to Ramona, in which I imparted to her my final resolution, expressing an earnest desire that she should follow me, and begging her to inform me with all possible haste of any unforeseen obstacle that might arise to thwart my intentions.

A few hours after I had written these notes, she came to do her work in my dungeon, and took them from under my pillow. I was, however, not fortunate enough to see her on that day; and even on the following she did but just show herself and mention the name of Don Juanito, when she suddenly disappeared. At length, on the third day (the 28th), I saw her but for a few minutes, during which she had only time to say: "For God's sake do not attempt any thing until I have seen you. To-morrow the tribunal does not sit, and I will make an effort to come." Her sudden departure made me suspect that some remarkable occurrence had taken place at which she was alarmed.

I had already observed that, whenever the tribunal did not sit, my keepers bestowed but

little of their time in attending upon me, consequently my solitude was less disturbed. Sunday having arrived, my jailers were, indeed, more sparing of their visits; nevertheless I saw nothing of Ramona during the whole morning, which I spent in forming a thousand confused conjectures. I had never seen my messenger in the afternoon; but on this day, at about three, I heard a noise which I thought proceeded from my jailers, and was agreeably surprised at finding it was Ramona herself, who, delivering to me a note, said, "I must have caused you much uneasiness this morning, but it was unavoidable; and I assure you I have been obliged to assign more than one pretext in order to induce my master to allow me free entrance into the prison this afternoon. I tremble with apprehension at what you purpose doing to-morrow."

"Purpose doing?" I interrupted. "At what I *will* do to-morrow, you mean, or my name is not Van Halen."

"Wait till Don Juanito be again confined to his room," she cried: "the weak state of his health gives me reason to hope this may soon be the case."

"On a former occasion," returned I, "you advised me to deal entirely with Don Juanito, and now you advise the contrary."

“On a former occasion I feared for my master’s life ; now I fear for yours. Since Don Juanito’s recovery he has seldom missed the nocturnal visit to the prison. You would meet with both, and, woe to me ! what would then become of you ?”

By this language Ramona, whose generous conduct had afforded me so much consolation, excited in me the most painful apprehensions, and added to my previous anxiety. No argument I could urge to induce her to follow me was of any avail ; and having exhausted all my means of persuasion, I at length said to her : “Tell me now your determination : will you or will you not come ?”

“If you should hurt my master, or if you should stand in need of my assistance against Don Juanito, and lastly, if I see myself obliged to aid you in an open manner in either of these cases, I am lost, and I will go and die in any place or country where you may take me ; but if, on the contrary, it please heaven that you should obtain your liberty without having recourse to violence, then I have nothing to fear, and I ought to remain where I am, and return thanks to God for your liberation.”

Here tears seemed to choke her utterance,

and she leaned her head against the door. "If you succeed," she continued, "without my interference, no suspicion can be attached to me; but if I follow you, I convict myself at once."

I again endeavoured to persuade her to accede to my wishes by adducing such reasons as in my opinion were less objectionable, and which my reader must suppose sincere in a man who was actuated only by the deepest feelings of gratitude and admiration; but even these were ineffectual. She firmly believed that there could be no worse union than that emanating from mere gratitude; but she assured me that I might still reckon on her service, if, as she was persuaded, the state of my health prevented me from travelling. "Last night," she added, "Don Juanito did not accompany my master to the prison, and I took the opportunity of observing Don Marcelino, who did not shut any of the doors after him. Perhaps Don Juanito will attend to-night, or else to-morrow night; but you will know whether he does so, by observing if the plate on which my master brings the glass containing your medicine have a border to it; if it should not, you may be sure Don Juanito does not watch outside. This man," she continued,

“ always has a poignard concealed about him. As for my master’s arms, I will manage so that they may hurt neither you nor him.”

“ What arms, then, shall I have recourse to if I should meet Don Juanito ?” I enquired.

“ If the plate have a border, I entreat you not to make the attempt,” she replied, “ both for your sake and mine.”

I then gave her the notes I had taken, the pencil, and every thing else which it was not prudent should be found upon me in case of my failing in the attempt, and requested her to deliver them to my friends.

Ever since Ramona proffered her assistance to me, we had never spent so much time together, and so undisturbedly as on that afternoon. The reason of this was, that Don Marcelino’s wife having on that day a visiter (a lady with whom she had been brought up), and Don Marcelino’s politeness not allowing of their going alone to the promenade, he had, contrary to his custom, absented himself, leaving Ramona at home alone. Don Juanito, on the other hand, spent most of the festival days with his friends ; so that the only individuals about the prison on those occasions, were the servants of the inquisitors, and the inferior attendants of the tribunal.

Night came, and Don Marcelino entered with the medicine in higher spirits than I had ever seen him. He related to me the various incidents that had amused him during his long walk, and then leaving the lamp with me, withdrew to visit, as I supposed, the other prisoner who was in my vicinity. I profited of this favourable opportunity to read the paper delivered to me by Ramona, in which my friends declared themselves ready to protect my flight, saying, among other things, that from the 30th the friend who was to wait for me outside the doors of the Inquisition would attend every night at seven o'clock; and referring to the plan already in my possession, they again pointed out to me the way I ought to follow on reaching the street. They also gave me a description of the person who would meet me, and the watchword which we were to employ on this occasion. I was far from thinking that the precautions taken by my friends to favour my flight could be so extensive as they proved to be.

On Don Marcelino's return, he again remained some time with me, his conversation turning on the everlasting topic of the intended visit. Had this been the night appointed for my escape, I could have accomplished it with less difficulty; for although I got into bed, imme-

diately after taking the medicine, with my clothes on, as I generally did owing to the cold that prevailed in the dungeon, I had the jailer sitting by me, during the whole time he remained there, so entirely off his guard, that nothing could be easier for me than to have effected my escape. Desirous of giving me an idea of the mild treatment I should experience if matters were satisfactorily arranged, as he said, he related to me various anecdotes of the times of his father-in-law, who had had under his care a certain prisoner with whom he frequently used to go out walking in the evening, a circumstance rather singular for the Inquisition, but which there is no doubt happened in those times of moderation, when this tribunal reckoned among its members the philosophic Llorente.

I had already examined well his person before he rose to withdraw, and I could discover no other arms than a pistol which he carried in the breast-pocket of his coat. As he closed the doors, I could not help exclaiming to myself, "To-morrow they shall give way before me, or I shall breathe my last within these walls."

CHAP. XIV.

The author required to assume a new dress—Small gold cross found under his pillow—Perilous exertion—The author bolts his dungeon doors, leaving Don Marcelino as his prisoner—He effects his escape to the kitchen—Meeting with Ramona—Hue and cry—He escapes—His friends meet him in the street—They give him an immediate disguise—Asylum—Heroine of the war of independence—He resides with Captain Nuñez de Arenas—Generous spirit which animated the liberal party—Their increased numbers—Arco Agüero—Zorraquin—Infantes—Facio—Dominguez—Torrijos, and Romero Alpuente—Castañeda's hatred of the latter—Local situation of the Inquisition of the court at Madrid—Count of Montijo.

It was ten o'clock in the morning when the jailers entered, and the day dawned in my dungeon. "The weather is very foggy," said Don Marcelino; and I inwardly prayed heaven that it might continue so till night. I was desired to take off the tattered jacket, companion of my disasters, and to put on a green surtout, the same I wore when I went to the audience of the King. I was also informed that the barber

would be called to cut my hair and shave my beard (which by this time rivalled that of any Capuchin friar), Don Marcelino hinting that the intended visit was approaching. This alteration in my appearance would have been insignificant in itself, had not my friends been already apprized of the attire in which I thought I should have presented myself to them.

At twelve o'clock dinner was brought to me, and at two I was conducted to the same dungeon where I had seen the paintings, and where I remained about an hour. On returning to my own, I hastened to look under the pillow, and found a small gold cross, and the same ear-ring which first inspired me with hope, both fastened to a hair chain: such were the hostile weapons which that innocent girl furnished me with to come out triumphant in my struggle.

During the short time that the brasier was left with me on the morning of this day, I took a piece of charcoal, with which, in the afternoon, I wrote in one of the blank pages of Bossuet a few lines addressed to Don Marcelino to the following effect: "That my evil fortune having placed me in the alternative of either being a traitor to my cause, or falling a victim to the cruelty of his employers, I had resolved to seek my liberty by forcible means; that I did

not hesitate to acknowledge he was the least inhuman of those whom I had known in those dungeons; and lastly, that should my adverse fate pursue me so far as to render my attempt fruitless, I begged him to respect my misfortunes, should I be again intrusted to his custody." Thus I hoped to increase the confusion of my oppressors, if I succeeded in freeing myself from their grasp.

Uncertain how to dispose of the present Ramona had left for me, upon reflecting that in the event of a failure it would afford the most evident proof of her being an accomplice in my premeditated escape, I was compelled, much to my regret, to throw the chain and cross through the loop-hole of my dungeon, preserving only the ear-ring, which by its shape I was able to conceal, and which I have always preserved.

At length the hour for the execution of my plan drawing near, I listened attentively through the opening in the door, till hearing the distant noise of bolts, I retreated towards my bed. As soon as Don Marcelino entered, without recollecting the sign agreed upon respecting the plate, and fearing that this might be my last opportunity, I advanced towards him, extinguished the light, and pushing him violently to the farthest corner of the dungeon, flew to

the door, and rushing through, shut it upon him and drew the bolt, at the same moment that he recovering himself threatened my life. Once in the passage, I groped along in complete darkness; but the astounding cries of the new prisoner echoed so loudly through those vaults, that fearing they might be heard, I no sooner arrived at the third door of that labyrinth, than locking it after me, I took out its ponderous key, with which I armed myself for want of a better weapon.

I passed the dungeon of the other prisoner confined in those passages, who, far from imagining the scene that was acting, mistook my steps for those of the jailer. Following my way at random, I twice lost myself in the various windings, and a thousand times did I curse the obscurity which threatened to frustrate all my hopes. At length, after groping about for seven or eight minutes, which appeared an eternity to me, I reached the last staircase, from which I could distinguish the glimmerings of a light. As I ascended the stairs, I grasped the key in the manner of a pistol, and soon after found myself at the threshold of a door wide open, that led to an outer kitchen, in the middle of which hung a lantern. I judged by this that I was already out of the prison; but uncertain what

direction to follow, and hearing the voices of people in some part of the house, I stood still for a moment, and then hastened to the kitchen to look for a hatchet, or some other weapon that might serve me in case of meeting opposition.

On entering, the first object that presented itself was Ramona, who stood pale and breathless, with a countenance in which astonishment was blended with anxiety and alarm. "What pistol is that?—where is my master?" she exclaimed, after a moment's silence, raising her clasped hands towards heaven.

I calmed her apprehensions by showing her the key, when, immediately recovering her presence of mind, she drew from her bosom the notes I had given her, and returning them to me, pointed to a court which led to the outer door, saying; "That is the way to the street. My mistress and her guest are in the saloon: you hear their voices. This is the very hour when she expects the arrival of some friends, and I must immediately call out, because they know I must necessarily see you before you get to the court. For heaven's sake hasten away, for I can render you no farther assistance." Saying this, she pressed my hands in her's with deep emotion, and I hurried towards the court. As the remainder of my way was also involved

in darkness, I lost some minutes in finding the right direction to the door, when the rustling of the bell-wire served to guide me to it. Here I heard the voices of some persons outside, who certainly did not expect to meet with such a porter.

Meantime Ramona, who was to open the door, on hearing the bell ring, began screaming for assistance, as if she had been hurt by some one passing in great haste. The ladies, alarmed, joined their cries to her's, and I opened the door amidst this confusion, pushed down the person just entering, and reached the street, feeling as if I breathed a second life.

Following the direction pointed out to me by my friends, and avoiding the approach of some of the persons I saw lurking about the Inquisition, I turned the corner of that building, and met a tall man muffled up in his cloak, who, either having forgotten the watch-word agreed upon, or recognizing me at the first moment, exclaimed, "Van Halen! Juan! is it you?"

"Yes, it is," I cried, my heart leaping with joy at hearing the voice of a friend. As soon as I returned this answer, he gave a shrill whistle, and suddenly I was surrounded by several other friends, among whom I recognized two old comrades of mine, whom I did not suppose so

interested in my destiny. One took off my old cap, and placed his laced cocked-hat on my head; another gave me a cloak, which, he said, had been purposely made for me; a third desired me to follow him and fear nothing, for they would all lose their lives sooner than I should be re-taken. They were all military men, whose high-wrought enthusiasm had led them to appear on this occasion in full uniform and decorations; and there is little doubt that, had I been pursued by my keepers, they would all have perished at their hands. I followed my friends, enveloped in my cloak, though still with the green slippers I wore in the prison. On crossing over the street of San Bernardo, which runs parallel with the prison, one of those who accompanied me took the lead to guide us; another remained with me; and the rest dispersed gradually as we advanced. On arriving at the street of Tudescos, we stopped before a large newly-built house, the principal door of which, contrary to the custom of the country, stood a little open. Having entered and reached the first landing place, we met a large masquerading party who were just coming out of the principal rooms. Although wrapped up in my cloak, and my face well concealed, I was afraid that my slippers, attracting their attention, might lead to a

discovery; and I hinted to my friends that this house did not appear to me the most suitable for a place of concealment. They were, however, of a different opinion, and we continued ascending the stairs till we reached the attics, where I found the asylum prepared for me entrusted to the care of one of the Spanish heroines, who had figured during the last war with the French in her native province, Biscay. She was still young, had an animated countenance, and the clear complexion of the women of her province. Though she had been previously warned of my arrival, as she was ignorant of most of the circumstances that led me there, she seemed a good deal surprised at seeing me appear in that singular dress and long beard.

In her humble apartments, every thing was arranged with the most scrupulous neatness; but my inquietude did not allow me at that moment to pay much attention to the objects around me, which being observed by her, who ignorant of the cause of my uneasiness attributed it to mistrust, she hastened to dissipate it by assuring me that I had nothing to apprehend either from her, or in her house; as from the moment she learned the honourable charge that was to be entrusted to her, she had sent away her servant, and consequently she was

the mistress, nurse, and only depositary of the secrets that might transpire within those walls. She then leisurely showed me the rooms that constituted her apartment, which were two bed-chambers, a small sitting-room, and a kitchen, the thin wall of which separated the other half of the garret, the abode of a poor tailor, who was encumbered with a numerous family, and deeply sunk in every kind of misery. On hearing her account of that man's distress, I could not help thinking that he might be induced to alleviate his wretched situation by some fatal denunciation, should he ever entertain a suspicion of the real character of his neighbour. I imparted to that good woman my apprehensions, as well as the accidental meeting with the masquerading party, and openly declared to her my resolution of not remaining there that night. She agreed with me that there might be reason for fear, and did me the justice to believe that she in no way inspired me with mistrust.

Captain Nuñez de Arenas, an old friend of mine, aware that such an occurrence might happen, had, many days before my escape, hired an unfurnished apartment in a distant part of the town, in which he caused to be brought a few articles of furniture, among which was a sofa-bedstead; though by so doing he sub-

jected himself to a very different kind of suspicion.

To this place I was conducted by my two guides, who agreed with me that there was danger in my remaining here ; and as they boarded with the families in whose houses they were quartered, to avoid exciting any suspicions they left me in my new asylum, assuring me that it would not be long before Nuñez de Arenas would appear. It was even so ; for before many minutes had elapsed, I saw him enter, loaded, as one who goes to an encampment, with various indispensable things, which he was resolved to share with me as long as I should remain there. We were then ignorant that within a few steps of our abode lived the military fiscal, who had commenced the cause instituted against me.

The night passed swiftly on, in mutually relating to each other the various adventures we had met with since our last parting. Nuñez de Arenas, deeply moved at the narrative of my sufferings,¹ and at the still visible marks of the barbarous treatment I had experienced; could scarcely contain his indignation, and with his natural energy swore an inextin-

¹ See Note C.

guishable hatred to my persecutors, and an eternal friendship to me : he did more—he kept his word.

Notwithstanding the tolerably correct information I possessed, previous to my arrest, of the extensive relations existing among my friends, and of the favourable ideas I had since formed of their increasing numbers, I never imagined they rested on such a solid basis of organization as that in which I found them at the time of my escape from the Inquisition. I shall leave to a more experienced writer the task of presenting in all their details the gallant actions which the events of that period gave rise to, and which may serve as an instructive lesson to every oppressive government, confining myself solely to those connected with my narrative.

It is a fact no less honourable to the Spanish patriots than gratifying for me to state, that among the individuals who acted with me in the same cause, there is only one whom we have had the grief to see steering in an opposite course from the noble one in which he had at first entered. I mean the Count of Montijo, who, wanting the high-mindedness required at a crisis when the national honour was at stake, listened only to his personal resentment, confounding the actors

with the play, and principles with actions ; thus becoming the partisan rather of circumstances than of reason.

The directive power of the association, which was removed from Granada to Madrid shortly after my arrest, was nearly all composed of military men ; such as Arco Agüero,¹ Zorraquin,² Infantes,³ Nuñez de Arenas,⁴ Facio,⁵ Patricio and Juakin Dominguez,⁶ Polo,⁷ &c. &c., all under the presidency of a respectable magistrate of the capital, whose high post brought him in close contact with the leading members of the government, and whose interesting family held one of the most select tertulias of Madrid, where men of various parties assembled, a circumstance which gave the chief of it an opportunity of learning what passed in the Camarilla from day to day, as well as the measures of es-

¹ Then a colonel, and afterwards general of the army of Estramadura.

² Then brigade-general and officer of engineers, and afterwards general, and chief of the staff in the army of Mina.

³ Also an officer of engineers.

⁴ Captain of artillery.

⁵ Captain of the royal guards.

⁶ Two brothers ; the one chief of the squadron of artillery stationed in the capital, and the other, lieutenant-colonel of a regiment in garrison at Madrid.

⁷ Captain of artillery.

pionage adopted by our enemies to discover the place of my retreat.

The precautions taken by my friends to communicate with each other were of such a nature, that without attracting the attention of any one by holding meetings, or endangering the safety of the members, the most important question might be discussed in one day by means of what is called a triangular chain, where one of the three individuals who form a triangle is known to two more, who with himself constitute another, so that every deliberation ran from one to the other, whether it commenced at the head, the centre, or the extremity. Herrera, Davila, Belda, Solano, with other officers of artillery and engineers; Luzuriaga, Villanueva, Saumell, Arjona, and a great many others of the civil class, as well as several of the individuals to whom the letters without signatures, which were in the possession of the inquisitors, belonged, composed the subaltern societies of the capital. No sooner were they apprized of my situation in the Inquisition, than they all began to act in concert in my behalf by means of the triangular chain.

Núñez de Arenas, who, as I have said, spent the night with me, related to me, with his natural gaiety of heart, many occurrences both amusing and important. From him I heard with

grief that the brigade-general Torrijos, the venerable magistrate Don Juan Romero Alpuente, and several other friends, had been imprisoned in Alicante, and in the dungeons of the Inquisition of Murcia. This fact my friends had studiously concealed from me whilst I was in the Inquisition, afraid that it might intimidate me in my projected plan of escape, which in their opinion was rendered the more indispensable as they knew that fresh charges would be brought against me by the inquisitors, which might have led to fresh calamities. Hence, from the moment they saw that the tribunal proceeded to fresh arrests, they resolved to snatch me, dead or alive, from the hands of its members, as it was natural to suppose that by my disappearance the multitude of proofs which might have resulted from an explanation of the papers belonging to me, were rendered null. This conclusion was verified by the event; for on the inquisitors losing their prey, they followed up the cause only for form's sake, and to vent their rage and disappointment on the prisoners who were still in their power, by multiplying their sufferings, and leaving them to die in their dungeons.

The reader may remember the dialogue I had in the prisons of Murcia with the senior inqui-

sitor Castañeda, and from it infer whether, Romero Alpuente once in his power, he was likely to forget his promise of making him drink to the very dregs the bitter cup which he was so anxious to administer. It is certain that Berdeja, a year after my escape, drew up a document for the council of the supreme, in which it was stated that nothing sufficiently important, resulting from the proceedings instituted against the individuals confined in the prisons of Murcia and Valencia, implicated in my cause, was found to justify the passing a sentence of death against any of them ; and that the hope of again seizing me being relinquished, without which it was impossible to effect their conviction, he was of opinion that, under the pretence of carrying on the trials, the prisoners should be kept in close confinement for any period of time that might be deemed proper. He then named those whom he recommended should be thus condemned to a perpetual imprisonment, a list of whom I have at this time in my possession ; whilst the rest, who appeared to him more insignificant, should be released.

So great was the importance attached by my friends to my liberation, that even before they knew I was planning my escape, they had formed two projects with a similar object ; one

of which was to undermine the prison, and the other to enter it on a dark night by force. I will describe its situation before I proceed to give an account of both.

The building of the Inquisition occupies a third part of the row of houses that faces the street of the same name: the back looks towards that of San Bernardo; one of its sides into the square of Santo Domingo; and the other into the narrow street through which I first passed on the night I made my escape, and in the middle of which stood a large house, at that time inhabited by several officers of the staff whom the government had appointed to write the military history of the war of independence. Manzanares and Polo, who were of that number, having the keys of that building at their disposal, had examined it well, and discovered that it was contiguous to the interior walls of the prison, and that from its cellars a subterraneous passage was practicable. Nuñez de Arenas, however, who feared they might err in giving a proper direction to the mine, and thereby increase my sufferings, conceived the plan of attacking, with the assistance of his friends all masked, the house of the jailers, and compel them to conduct them to my prison.

Whilst my friends were engaged in these plans, more or less retarded by unforeseen obstacles, they received my first note, in which I hinted the possibility of my escape in the company of another person, mentioning the kind of assistance I was likely to stand in need of. This inspired them with fresh hopes, and they all acted with a disinterestedness and generosity of which there are few examples. Immediately Nuñez de Arenas repaired to Count Montijo, who being then very closely watched by the government, and surrounded by spies of all classes, was obliged to avoid the company of his suspected friends; but who, on hearing the projected plan of escape, placed in Nuñez's hands a considerable sum of money, which, however, was afterwards returned to him untouched; at the same time offering one or more of his best horses, and whatever else might be required for my flight. Nuñez assured me that the enthusiasm felt by our friends was such, that every one of them was ready to sacrifice his all, if necessary, to rescue me.

Young Belda, who had undertaken to seek an asylum for me, spoke to the Biscayan woman, who readily offered to receive me, without however confiding to her either my name or circum-

stances. In consequence of the suspicions entertained not only by Arco Agüero and Montijo, but by most of our friends respecting the services of Ramona, my notes and the whole plan of my escape (which they feared was a snare laid by the inquisitors to secure those who should attend, and increase the number of their victims), it was resolved that only three should attend on the night of my escape. These were Polo, Belda, and Nuñez. On the morning of the 30th, however, the least apprehensive resolved to share with the three others any dangers that might arise, by stationing themselves at night-fall in the various avenues to the prison. The two brothers, Patricio and Juaquin Dominguez, placed themselves opposite to the door through which I gained the street. They were the same whom I first saw and avoided meeting, and they noticed my unceremonious rencontre with Don Marcelino's visitor, who was a garde-de-corps. Manzanares stood at the corner of the street, and was the one who spoke to me. Polo, Belda, and the two Dominguez, were those who came at the signal of the above, and Patricio the one who covered me with the cloak, and who by his character of command secured us against any impediments which the guards or patroles we might meet with were likely to

occasion. Nuñez, Herrera, Davila, Solano, and others, whom I did not then see, because they were stationed in an opposite direction to the one I followed, were also of the number. Such were the well-concerted measures adopted by these trusty friends to ensure my escape.

CHAP. XV.

Scenes which took place in the prison—Discovery of the imprisoned jailer—Examination of the prisoner of an adjoining cell respecting the late escape—The author visits Arco Agüero—His mother receives the first news of his flight from the inquisitor Etenar—Return to the apartment of the Biscayan heroine—Her history—Letter to Castañeda, inquisitor of Murcia—Ferdinand VII. appears entertained at the escape of the author—Spies of Arjona, corregidor of Madrid—The author meets his friends severally on the Prado at night—His interview with his cousin Murfy—Anecdotes of Ramona—Fears for her safety—Adventure on the Prado—Curious superstition—Masses for the dead—Marquis of Mataflorida—The author is apprized of his retreat being discovered—Don Juan Van Halen's card of compliments to Etenar, counsellor of the Inquisition.

WHILST the occurrences described in the foregoing chapter were passing, another scene was acting in the prison.

The wife of Don Marcelino, alarmed at Ramona's screams, and at the treatment her visitor had met with, and fearing for her husband's life, hastened regardless of all danger towards the dungeons, guided by Ramona, and followed

by her guests. As she proceeded along the passages, she repeated Don Marcelino's name with loud cries, and fainted away on reaching the door which I had locked, and which prevented her farther ingress. Ramona has since confessed to me that she was so greatly distressed at seeing the affliction of her mistress, that she had resolved to denounce herself, when Don Juanito appearing, followed by several of the inferior attendants of the tribunal, who were attracted by those cries, abruptly bid them withdraw, and without paying any attention to the clamorous entreaties of Don Marcelino, which echoed along the passages, entered the dungeon of the other prisoner, snatched the light which had been left him, and by which he was reading, and shut the remaining doors of the prison.

At eleven o'clock at night, Berdeja, accompanied by one of his colleagues, went into the prison, and causing the door of which I had the key to be forced, entered my dungeon, where they found Don Marcelino frantic with despair. A verbal process was immediately drawn up, his person examined, as well as the dungeon, and the books, in one of which they read the lines written with the charcoal, that I had left for their perusal. Don Marcelino was then put under arrest, and Don Juanito made responsi-

ble for the security of his person, and for that of the whole family. Not contented with this, the inquisitors proceeded to examine my neighbour, who, far from having the remotest idea of what had occurred, was himself lost in conjectures respecting the cause of the uproar he had heard.¹ “What have you remarked to-night in this prison?” inquired Berdeja, gravely.

“The absence of that silence which eternally reigns in this place,” he answered.

“At what hour did you see the first jailer?” returned the inquisitor.

“I dont know, because here it is always night.”

“But did you not hear any strange noises? Did you not hear the report of a pistol?”

He shrugged up his shoulders, and as if sharing in their astonishment, said nothing by which their curiosity might be gratified, and laughed at their loss and disappointment.

¹ In the year 1821 I met him in Madrid, and learned that the cause of his imprisonment was in no way connected with politics. A few months after my escape, he was sent to a monastery in Castile, to perform there certain penances which the Holy Office deemed necessary for the salvation of his soul. He gave me a long and amusing narrative of his adventures. Indeed, I have known few men more witty or satirical.

The inquisitor-general was sunk in a profound sleep when Berdeja, accompanied by Don Juanito, presented himself at his palace, and awoke him to impart to him the disagreeable intelligence of my escape. So great was the shock he received by it that his health, already impaired by age, was materially injured from this night.

On the day after my escape, I was visited and attended by several of my friends. The two brothers Pasate, both officers on half-pay, and who lived in a small retired house without a servant, were my chief cooks on that day ; whilst Nuñez, who brought the provisions under his cloak, spread the cloth upon our sofa, and we sat down to our banquet. So strict and extensive was the espionage of the Inquisition, that it would have been the height of imprudence in us to have trusted to servants.

Meantime, Polo and Belda, who had ascertained enough respecting the masquerading party to quiet our apprehensions, proposed my returning to the apartments of the Biscayan woman, who again showed herself offended at my departure from her house, which she attributed to a want of confidence in her. The rest of my friends being of opinion that there was no risk in residing with her, I acceded to their wishes ;

and at night Patricio Dominguez and Manzanares came in provided with wearing apparel for me, when, after a distribution of my spoils among them to serve as a memorial of that day, we set out for my new abode. On our road Manzanares hinted that he wished to take me to the house of a friend who lived close by; and taking the lead, we all followed him. On arriving at the street of Foncarral, he knocked at the door of a small house, where we were received by Arco Agüero, who was waiting for us. This gallant chief, who frequented the first societies of the capital, was *au fait* of all the anecdotes of the court; and from him I learned that my anxious mother, still ignorant of my escape, had presented herself on that day to the inquisitor Etenar, who was one of the least prejudiced against me, to plead for me, and interest him in my behalf, and that this respectable old man surprized her agreeably by saying; “That all his influence could not effect half so much as what I had done for myself; for that I had escaped from the prison sixteen hours ago.” In this manner did the first intelligence of my flight reach my family.

On our arrival at the apartments of the Biscayan woman, I observed that the greatest silence prevailed in the upper part of the house,

and I was informed by her, that she had taken the precaution of telling the tailor and his family that she expected a guest who was in bad health and of very retired habits, and who, as she had been given to understand, would pay well provided he found the place quiet. This hint, together with the independent manner in which people live at Madrid in lodging-houses, produced the desired effect ; for during the whole time I remained there, no one ever troubled us, or showed the least curiosity.

My nurse seemed not at all a stranger to these kind of adventures. Belda, who was the only one of my friends who was intimately acquainted with her, related to me her history, of which the following is the substance.

Still very young and an orphan at the time of Napoleon's invasion, she was residing in her native village, when a party of French gend'armes entered it, and murdered in cold blood a young man of the place of whom she was passionately fond. Frantic at the loss she experienced by his death, and burning to avenge on the intruders the deep injury she had sustained, she devoted herself from that day to the defence of her country, rendering very important services to the chiefs of the guerillas, who were engaged in the warfare of that province, until

she was taken by the French, and conducted to France to a *depôt* of prisoners, where she suffered a thousand miseries and outrages from her jailers. Restored to her country at the general peace, the Spanish government granted her a mean pension, and the use of a medal, which she constantly wore, and by which she was distinguished wherever she went.¹

We had agreed at Arco Agüero's that I should remain in Madrid until I had entirely recovered my health, attended by a surgeon of the name of Saumell, and that I should see in my asylum as few of my friends as possible. We also agreed to form a system of espionage against the inquisitors themselves, Nuñez de Arenas being the Fouché of our counterplot, whilst Belda and Polo offered to share with me my solitude, to which I gladly subscribed. It was the general opinion among our party that the report of my departure from Madrid should be widely spread, and with this object they wrote to their friends in the provinces, desiring them to propagate the rumour. There was no great difficulty in doing this with all the speed

¹ The Cortes in 1820, in consideration of her services and sufferings, increased her pension to enable her to live with more comfort.

required by circumstances ; but we were ignorant then that the inquisitors possessed sufficient data to believe the contrary. It was now my turn to put the seal to this plan. I remembered that the senior inquisitor of Murcia, Castañeda, had desired me to write to him immediately after obtaining my liberty. He had now under his power several very dear friends of ours, with whom it was desirable he should follow the same gentlemanly conduct which he had observed towards me. I resolved, therefore, to write him a letter expressive of the sentiments of gratitude I felt towards him ; a copy of which I here present to my reader.

“ To Don Juan Castañeda, senior inquisitor of Murcia, &c.”

“ Respected Sir,

“ In the alternative of losing my life or my honour, I resolved to free myself from the numberless acts of oppression which I endured with all possible humility in the sepulchral abode in which I had been immured. Having succeeded in forcibly obtaining my liberty, which during 131 days I vainly expected from the justice due to my innocence, and wishing to allay the fears of those who take an interest in my destiny, I take the earliest opportunity to

fulfil the promise which I gave you of writing as soon as I should enjoy this inestimable good.

“ I am aware that the motive which prompted you to make this request, when we parted at the gates of Murcia, was founded on very different hopes. You, doubtless, believed that when I offered to speak privately to the King, the truth and sincerity which I promised to use on that occasion would have had a different object in view. I can, however, assure you that I performed my promise in the full meaning I then attached to it. I spoke to his Majesty, and laid before his eyes truths which, perchance, he may one day appreciate to the full extent of their worth. I disclosed such facts as alone belonged to me. I did not overstep these limits; the sacred duties which I had imposed on myself did not allow me to betray secrets which would have involved others in my own calamities. Hence, neither splendid offers, nor flattery, nor the contrast of every kind of affliction which I have endured throughout so many bitter days and nights, nor even the gloomy perspective that was before my eyes—a death on a bed of torture—could induce me to deviate from the path which honour and principle pointed out to me. I should cheerfully have resigned my life to preserve what I value more. This, which in the eyes of igno-

rance and depravity may appear the result of blind obstinacy, will not be so considered by the virtuous and enlightened man, who knows how to weigh in the scale of reason the actions of his fellow-beings.

“ I am now a wanderer in a foreign land ; but I do not fly like a seditious rebel, seeking a haunt where to hatch new conspiracies. No, I never was one. I go only to seek the company of a few honourable men, with whom I may spend a peaceable existence during my painful exile. Should I one day be able to enjoy the same benefits in my unhappy country, I will gladly return to its bosom to comfort my beloved parents in their old age, and manifest my gratitude to you for the generous conduct you observed towards me.

“ I have been subjected to many indignities, violences, and secret torments. Nothing seems to have been omitted to trample me down, and destroy me ; but the consciousness of my innocence rendered me superior to all : crime alone would have sunk under them ; and although, as a man, I am not free from faults, my heart always revolted against depravity. You know little of me ; but if you read the proceedings of my cause, you will see corroborated in them these truths, which offer sufficient matter for our con-

sideration. I do not, however, aspire in this letter to a correspondence with you, neither do I wish that it should in any way compromise you with the government. My only object is to show that my heart is not known to the authors of my misfortunes; and that it is and always will be grateful to you, from whom I now take my perhaps last farewell.

“I remain, &c. &c.”

This letter was dated from Bordeaux, February 20th, 1818, and was forwarded by Polo to a friend of his, who was then residing in that city, to be put in the post-office. Castañeda received it in due time, and believing it to have been written in the place from which it was dated, he immediately forwarded it to his friends in the capital.

The inquisitors informed the King of my escape on the morning after it took place, as well as of the circumstances attending it. I have learned from a person who was then present, that Ferdinand, on hearing it, burst into a loud laugh. Ramirez de Arellano, who was in the daily habit of hearing mass at a church contiguous to the palace, received the news of my flight when he was just returning from it to his

breakfast, and frantic with rage, hastened to put in motion all the elements of the Camarilla. In accordance with the anxious wishes of the Bishop Mier, he prevailed on the whole ministry to lend their assistance in endeavouring to discover my retreat. Immediately orders were issued to every inquisition in the kingdom, and to all the captains-general of the provinces, to keep a strict look out for me, whilst large rewards were offered for my discovery.

Arjona, who was a creature of the Camarilla, and one of its most active agents, held at this period the office of corregidor¹ of Madrid. His spies spread themselves like overflowing waters throughout every corner of the capital; but such is the spirit of our age, that a brother of this same Arjona, a canon of the cathedral of Cordova, at that time living at Madrid in the house of his brother, was one of the initiated in my flight; and whilst the authorities were redoubling their vigilance in my pursuit, this good ecclesiastic made every effort to shelter me from it. In one of the many conversations which his brother held with him respecting my escape, he said in a tone of exasperation: "Our hair will

¹ A sort of police magistrate.

turn grey in this search after Van Halen ; but dearly shall he rue it, if ever we secure him !”

The surgeon Saumell, under whose care I now was, offered a coincidence no less singular than the above. He was a companion of Dr. Gil, and likewise a surgeon in the body guards.

Nuñez had now organized his counter inquiry, in which friendship did for us what neither gold nor the corrupting influence of my persecutors could accomplish for them. Secure from their pursuit, I passed my days in my humble abode far more tranquilly than the plotters of my ruin in the vain ostentation of their saloons. From the first day Polo became my constant companion, and shared cheerfully with me my retirement ; but as circumstances imperiously required that the place of my residence should be known but to a few, I was alternately visited only by Belda, Nuñez de Arenas, Zorraquin, Arco Agüero, Infantes, and Manzanares. It was, however, agreed that I should occasionally go out at night, when the light of the moon should not betray me, that I might have the pleasure of embracing many who were entitled to my deepest gratitude.

As we had not yet been able to ascertain how far we might trust ourselves in private houses without incurring any risk of discovery, we fixed

upon the Prado¹ as the most suitable place for our meetings. Polo arranged the interviews, at which only those attended whom he or Belda had previously warned. In these meetings friendship presented itself in its most glowing colours, and the anecdotes of that period are very numerous.

The first time I went out with Polo, which happened a few days after my escape, unable to resist the desire of passing before my father's house, which was within a short walk of the place of my residence, we proceeded thither, and I saw my sisters sitting with my mother near the balcony, all of them quietly engaged in their needle-work; whilst some men, stationed at various distances opposite to the windows, were watching their movements. This Polo and myself perceived only when we were close to them; but as we were enveloped in our cloaks, we were fortunate enough to pass by without any bad consequences resulting from this slight caprice of mine, which, however, I was too cautious to repeat. From this circumstance we inferred that my enemies believed I had been imprudent enough to conceal myself in my father's house.

¹ A public promenade which embellishes the capital.

My cousin was the first of my friends who was appointed to meet me. Polo entered his apartment to warn him of our meeting at the very moment when my father was sitting with him, expressing his fears of my being retaken. Murfy, having heard Polo's communication, introduced him to my father as a friend of mine, assuring him that he knew for certain I was already out of the kingdom. This allowable fiction had the effect of allaying my father's apprehensions.

Although before my imprisonment I kept up a correspondence with my cousin, and was now more closely united to him by new ties of gratitude, we had not seen each other for many years. Murfy had only returned to Spain about a year previous to this period from the South American seas, where I had met him in the first stage of my naval career, so that Polo introduced him to me when we met on the Prado. Ramona's messages were our first topic of conversation in this agreeable interview. My cousin related to me the cautious manner in which she had delivered them; the readiness and perspicuity with which she had answered all his questions; the prudence she had displayed in arranging her plan of communication; and lastly, the extraordinary disinterestedness she had

evinced, refusing money or any kind of present. We did not then know what had become of her, nor was it possible for us even to imagine, an impenetrable wall concealing from our view the secret manœuvres of the inquisitors. Murfy, who knew the time when she usually went out, had often, after my escape, gone to the place where he was in the habit of meeting her, with the object of ascertaining what had since taken place in the Inquisition, but he always returned without seeing anything of her; a circumstance from which we inferred that the rigours of the Holy Office had now reached her. It was, however, our firm opinion that a woman, who had done so much out of pure humanity, would, even in the midst of sufferings, know how to support the work she had herself raised, by showing as much firmness and courage as she had evinced generosity. One day that my cousin endeavoured to discover whether the tyranny of the inquisitors could intimidate her, she answered him in her usual laconic manner: "From a child I was brought up among those men. The Inquisition does not inspire me with fear; it is rather the prisoner who inspires me with compassion." Another day that he showed his surprise at the inquisitors permitting a female to reside among them, or at all relying

upon her, she retorted, "If every woman had learned discretion in the same school as myself, we should hear less of our incapacity to keep a secret from those who are far weaker than ourselves." Lastly, my cousin imagining that she was actuated by love, the deep interest she manifested for my welfare justifying this belief, allowed himself a few jokes on gallant intrigues. Ramona, without stooping to prove the contrary by the thousand cogent reasons with which she might have convinced him, reddened, and casting on him a look of contempt, as she withdrew, said: "Do not give me such a wretched idea of yourself. Must our sex be necessarily frail, if we show an interest for a man whose life is in danger?" I have deemed it proper to relate these anecdotes, which characterize one of the extraordinary women who are frequently met with among the Spanish females.

Murphy, like many individuals found in Spain in calamitous epochs, who though possessing enlightened minds, and feeling the necessity of a political regeneration, are nevertheless inactive spectators of the struggle, was as ignorant of the real character of the Inquisition, when first Ramona came to wake him from his trance, as of the existence of any secret societies

in Spain ; when my communications led him to make the acquaintance of Nuñez, Polo, and others, who were actively employed in bringing about the desired change in the government. On his return from the New World, where he had spent the best part of his youth, he passed through France on his way to Spain, and made a short residence at Paris. Here some wags, taking advantage of his natural simplicity of character, introduced him into a lodge of free-masons, where he was made to undergo a multitude of ridiculous ceremonies. Disgusted with the fraternity and their absurdities, and imagining he would find every where the same eagerness in its members to obtain contributions, and riot in expensive banquets, he renounced, a few days after being initiated in the mysteries of free-masonry, its pantomimic duties ; looking with utter contempt upon that which, if differently managed, would have appeared to him equally sacred and binding, but which could not be otherwise in a country where the subtlety of the government has done the utmost to destroy with what is *ridiculous* that which could not be obtained by *rigour* ; the former being of itself sufficient to dissipate the illusion, whilst the latter excites curiosity by the very alarm it causes. The contempt, however, which my

cousin entertained for the fraternity was so deeply rooted, that if, instead of the visit of my prudent messenger, he had received that of any of our friends, there is no doubt that, had he been accosted with the usual masonic signs, he would have considered him in the light of a punchinello, and have ordered him out of his house, whilst I should have continued pining in my dungeon.

My two young brothers, though not having the same cause of dislike as my cousin, shared his opinions on free-masonry. They were in habits of intimacy with Murfy, at whose house they frequently met Polo; but as they were ignorant of the various circumstances by which I had effected my liberty, they did not even suspect that the guest with whom they frequently dined at their cousin's, was one of the principal characters in that drama. As it was thought prudent not to inform them of any thing respecting me, they, like my father, were made to believe that I was already far from my native land.

The first essay of our nocturnal meetings having been accomplished without difficulty, we repeated our sallies whenever we wished to see any of our friends. The Prado of Madrid is, during those months (February and March),

one of the coldest places within the walls of the capital ; but in return it was the most unfrequented and secure that we could select for that purpose. We were not, however, altogether free from alarms ; whilst, on the other hand, we ran the hazard of many unpleasant rencontres on our way from my dwelling to the Prado, which were a tolerable distance from each other.

One of the friends who was to meet me there had married a lady whose excessive jealousy prompted her to commit every kind of extravagance. Resolved on following his steps, she chose for this purpose the night which we had appointed to meet her husband ; and the nearer she approached the place of rendezvous, the more she was confirmed in her suspicions. The feeble light of the lamps, and the dark shade cast by the trees, whilst they concealed her from our view, enabled her to examine leisurely the sort of persons with whom her husband conversed. Her jealousy being thus allayed, she was just returning, perfectly satisfied of her husband's fidelity, when in turning down an alley she met another friend of ours, who, muffled up in his cloak, was hastening to our rendezvous. Being in the habit of carrying on these occasions a long unsheathed sword, hanging from his arm, which was not at that mo-

ment sufficiently concealed, the lady, who saw the glittering of the steel, and whose imagination was in a constant state of excitement, suddenly transformed what before had appeared to her an intrigue of gallantry into a duel. Under this persuasion she rushed towards him, unmuffled him, and seizing his hands, prayed amidst sobs and tears that he would employ that steel in preserving the life of her beloved husband. Our friend, surprised at finding at such a time and in that solitary place his wife's sister, immediately understood the origin of her fears, and prudently explained the matter to her, advising her to return home, and restrain her unjust suspicions, which by the extreme violence of their expression might become fatal. This advice was the more just, as this unfortunate lady being frequently engaged with company at home, would send a servant after her husband to watch his movements.

The streets of Madrid were at that period infested at night by a crowd of idle fellows, carrying a lantern in one hand and a little bell in the other, which they rang incessantly, terrifying the inhabitants with their mournful cries and gloomy songs, exhorting them to repent of their sins and give alms to say masses for the souls of those who had died in mortal sin. So great

was the sycophancy of many to the superstitious ideas of the government, that one frequently met among that rabble officers of the army, and decorated persons, girding their swords, and carrying their bells and lanterns. These public disturbers were vulgarly called *the brethren of the mortal sin*, and had free access to the cabinet of the minister of war. Polo and myself amused ourselves in observing them on our return from the Prado along the streets; but one night, having approached too near to see if we knew any of them, we met with the military fiscal, whose acquaintance I had made in the Inquisition. This ridiculous man, who was stationed alone at the corner of a street, ringing his bell and waving his lantern, vociferated as I passed by him, without his ever suspecting who I was, to contribute with our purses to the salvation of souls—less black, perhaps, than his own. By such hypocritical means as this, those who were employed in enslaving the people by day, cheated them at night; and such were the officers whom the dotting minister Eguia wished to give to the Spanish army.

A few steps farther, and when it would have been indiscreet to retrograde, we perceived a great number of armed men, through the midst of whom we were obliged to pass. They were the

Correidor Arjona, and his police officers, who were just returning from making several domiciliary visits, not far from the place of my residence, where his active spies had intimated to him I was likely to be found. This occurrence rendered us more circumspect in our nocturnal sallies, although it was not always in our power to follow the precepts that prudence and circumstances dictated. An accident, which I ought to have despised, might have occasioned me a more serious alarm, had its results been such as I had reason to anticipate.

Colonel T***, whom I had known at Cadiz in 1816, at the head of a patriotic association, was residing at Madrid at the period of my concealment. I learned that he, though with few connexions in the capital, and but little initiated in the secrets of my flight, was spreading the rumour, that I had betrayed to the tribunal the names of all my friends, with various other absurdities, which were contradicted by the mere fact of his enjoying his liberty, and of having, moreover, obtained a royal permission to repair to Madrid. I begged Polo to endeavour to see him, and without disclosing to him the ties that united us, much less my being a resident at Madrid, induce him openly to declare his sentiments. These were such as to corroborate

the disagreeable intelligence which I had previously received. Whilst I remained at Cadiz, he had manifested his esteem for me in such an unequivocal manner, that the inconsistency of his present conduct excited my indignation; and forgetting the rencontre with, and searches of, Arjona, as well as the dangers by which I was surrounded, I again requested Polo to arrange a meeting between the colonel and myself without the knowledge of my friends, which he did without opposition, much to my surprise; as there exists a material difference between the man who acts from the first impulse of injured feelings, and the calm spectator who only weighs the consequences. But the fact was, that Colonel T*** removed all doubt by retracting all he had said, turning black into white, and reducing the question to—nothing; and as Polo was well aware that such would be the result from what he had observed in him since he appointed the meeting, he threw no impediment in the way.

Meantime Nuñez, who had resolved to employ the same means against those who sought me as were used by them, did not visit me so frequently as he had at first done. With the object of following up his plan, he associated himself with an old friend of his, as enterprizing,

bold, and intelligent as himself, whom he entrusted with the execution of such parts of his project as the various duties he imposed upon himself prevented him from attending to. Circumstances were favourable to their designs. The Marquis of Mataflorida (a man sufficiently notorious), familiar of the Holy Office, and fanatical respecting every thing relating to the Inquisition, had with his usual officiousness organized of his own accord a set of spies, whom he paid out of his own purse, and among whom figured with distinction an old Swiss officer; who, knowing the weak points in the character of the marquis, imposed upon his credulity, making him believe a thousand wonderful things. No one ventured to speak to the King respecting my recapture so positively as this famous coryphæus of absolute power.

The landlady of the house where he resided had two or three young daughters, with whom Nuñez had been acquainted for some years, and whom he was in the habit of visiting. Profiting of this intimacy, he requested them to watch, as much as lay in their power, the marquis and his associates, and listen to what was said in his apartment; and in order to interest them more in his favour, he confided to them only what was prudent they should know. The

young girls, willing to oblige him, concerted among themselves a plan of espionage on the marquis. A thin wall separating their bedroom from his apartment, they made a hole in it, which on the marquis's side was concealed by a picture, and at which one of them stationed herself, with orders not to leave her post until she was relieved by one of her sisters; so that Mataflorida could not utter a word either alone or in company, that was not carefully noted down and repeated to Nuñez, who did not fail to draw his own conclusions from the intelligence he received.

One morning the Swiss officer entered the marquis's apartment, assuring his employer that he had discovered where the *lizard* was hid, naming the street where I resided. The purse of Mataflorida was emptied into the Swiss's hands; and Nuñez's faithful sentries suspecting from the extraordinary generosity of the marquis that there was something important in that communication, hastened in search of Nuñez, and informed him of what they had heard. Alarmed at this news, which was too well founded, he lost no time in warning us of it, and I immediately removed to a new asylum. The Swiss officer, however, was ignorant of the precise house; and as the street had many, although

he redoubled his vigilance, and was assisted by all the power of Mataflorida, time passed on, they lost their clue, and having then returned to my former abode, I remained undisturbed, and secure from their pursuits.

The inquisitor Zorrilla had a nephew for whom he professed a great attachment. This young man was an officer of artillery, a comrade and a friend of Nuñez's, who did not fail to recommend him to profit by this predilection, in order to ascertain by a closer intimacy with his uncle all that might interest us. Zorrilla would occasionally talk with him about my escape, which, he assured him, had thrown them into the utmost confusion, at the same time hinting that they suspected I was still in Madrid, and that they trusted I could not escape their pursuits, as there was scarcely a town in the kingdom where their agents were not on the look-out; so that he still hoped for the complete discovery of our projects.

Meanwhile the other associate of Nuñez, who was related to some of the first families of Madrid, lost not a word of what transpired in the higher circles that was in any way important to us; frequently turning into jokes circumstances sufficiently serious in themselves, of which the following is a specimen.

The counsellor of the supreme, Etenar, of whom I have already spoken, being fond of the ostentatious gaieties of the great world, in which most of his time was spent, celebrated in one of those days the anniversary of his birth; for which purpose he invited to a splendid dinner many persons of high rank, among whom were various foreign ambassadors. Nuñez's friend was also a guest at this banquet. As it is the custom in Spain, on such occasions, for every visitor to leave his complimentary card with the porter, on the company rising from table and repairing to the drawing-room to take their coffee, Nuñez's friend taking aside one of the foreign gentlemen, who had nothing to fear from the Inquisition, imparted to him a joke which he had meditated, that he might bring it forward. The young foreigner pleased with the idea, amidst the good humour which invariably reigns at these parties, addressed himself to Etenar in the presence of most of the guests, asking him if he had had many visitors on that day, and requesting to be allowed to look at the cards. The counsellor at first hesitated to comply with this; but on the other repeating his request, he ordered them to be brought up, when a large salver full of cards was placed on the table. The guests, though suspecting something from

the eagerness shown by the young foreigner, attributed it to the mere curiosity of ascertaining what ladies had left their compliments for the counsellor; but they joined in the scrutiny of the cards, until they met with one larger than the rest, and adorned with various allegorical devices, on which the name of "*Don Juan Van Halen in person*" was written in large letters. The mirth then became general, and Etenar, who was too much a man of the world to show himself offended, joined in the jokes and laughter of his friends. The anecdote soon spread among the idle persons of the court, who did not fail to pass their comments on it.

CHAP. XVI.

Obstacles to the author's quitting Spain—He has an interview with his brothers—A lady recognizes him—Domiciliary visits—Adventure—The author obtains a passport under the designation of Suelto, public commissioner—His two brothers insist on accompanying him in his journey—He passes through the gate of Alcala and quits the capital on the same day—The inquisitor-general's death.

THE spring was now advancing, the snows of the Pyrenees began to melt, and the defiles of the mountains offered me a free passage to seek a refuge in a foreign land. I was already sufficiently recovered to support the fatigues of a journey.

The familiars of the Inquisition, believing that I was concealed in the villages of the Serania¹ of Ronda, had made various excursions to those places in hopes of securing me, and were too much on their guard to allow me to think of flying to Gibraltar. On the frontiers of Portugal the most rigorous watch was likewise kept

¹ A mountainous district.

by the agents of the Holy Office, and our friends in those parts advised us by no means to attempt crossing the frontiers of that kingdom, whilst we received advices from Vittoria that domiciliary visits were daily made there. The familiars of the Inquisition, now attended by police officers, and now by military men, had every where disturbed the repose of many peaceable families, who had not the smallest idea of my place of concealment.

My friends of Madrid, on the other hand, having informed those of the provinces respecting my situation, they all contributed pecuniary means and timely advices to secure my flight. One of the latter, who resided at Miranda de Ebro, and who held an extensive correspondence with all the patriots of those districts, wrote to Polo on the 26th of April, saying: "Our friend *Suelto* (this was the name by which I was designated) must be very cautious in passing the bridges and barges, for all the guards stationed there are very vigilant, a high reward being offered to any of them who shall apprehend him." Another wrote, that all the familiars of the kingdom communicated weekly with each other; and that the Holy Office had even in the smallest village an active agent, who was the more zealous in his searches as he considered

himself a being of superior order, by wearing the badge of the tribunal, and possessing the privileges granted him in detriment of his fellow-countrymen. Confined within the circle of this interminable chain, we could only hope to overcome it by using the utmost prudence, and acting only upon well-concerted plans. Various accidents, all of them coinciding with those which Nuñez de Arenas investigated, clearly proved to us that the letter I had written to Castañeda, though having circulated among his colleagues, was not credited; first, because the inquisitors of Madrid knew very well I was not in a state to undertake the fatigues of a journey at the time when that letter was dated; and secondly, because the correspondents they had at Bordeaux assured them the whole was a fiction.

It was now the end of April, and though my friends had decided on my immediate departure, they had not yet agreed upon the exact plan that was to be adopted, in order to overcome the multitude of obstacles which stood in our way. From the first, however, Polo manifested his firm determination, whatever might be the manner in which my flight was to be effected,

¹ See note D.

to share its dangers with me, until he saw me out of the reach of our enemies. This he openly declared to our friends, that they might arrange the plan of our departure accordingly.

The lieutenant-colonel of the regiment of Valencia, Don Patricio Dominguez, with whom one of my brothers was acquainted, in some of his conversations with him respecting me, had not been so strictly reserved as my cousin Murfy; and my brother, convinced that he knew more than he would avow, earnestly begged him to remove the excessive inquietude of my family for my personal safety. With this view I had already written several letters, dated from England, which had been mysteriously shown to my brothers, but which on a close examination, they had discovered to be a deception. Dominguez being constantly importuned by my brother, and doing him the justice due to his feelings, communicated to me what passed, assuring those friends of mine who objected to my seeing him, of the reliance they might place in his honour; so that at length it was left to my choice whether I would receive him or not, and Dominguez withdrew authorized to arrange an interview as his prudence might best dictate.

Early on the following day, my brother paid

him a visit to learn the result of his application. Dominguez, who was about my size, had been measured for my clothes, and happening to have at that moment some articles of dress for my equipment lying on a table, he pointed to them, and said that in a few minutes they would be in my possession, at the same time promising that not many days would elapse before he would see me. At length the day came, and my two brothers, accompanied by Dominguez, presented themselves at our place of rendezvous, where Murfy, Polo, and myself were already waiting for them. The interview was one of high interest to us all. Murfy and myself being alternately reproached by my two young brothers for our want of confidence in them, we endeavoured to pacify them, by alleging the many prudent reasons we had for keeping it secret from any member of my family. Deaf to our reasonings, and alive only to the dictates of their honour, and to the love they had for me, they would not believe that I could have friends as sincere as themselves. Fearing that in that moment of effervescence, they would require more concessions than it would be prudent in me to grant, I did not disclose to them my approaching departure. We were still engaged in our interesting contentions, when one

of the patroles sent from the barracks of the regiment of València, which were not very distant from the place of our meeting, seeing the group formed by us six, advanced to disperse us. Dominguez, who whenever he attended at these interviews, wore the same dress as when he went on duty to the palace, hastened to meet the party, the officer of which, recognizing his chief, withdrew with his men, and the danger that threatened us was averted.

We had much trouble in persuading my brothers that no one could enter the place of my residence, as the least mistrust excited their indignation. The lateness of the hour obliging us to part, Dominguez, Polo, and Murfy, wishing to set them the example, were the first to withdraw; but no sooner did they find themselves alone with me, than they redoubled their entreaties to allow them to accompany me home. Obligated to conceal from them the true direction of my abode, that they might not suspect its vicinity to my father's house, I walked with them the two third parts of Madrid, until I told them I was near my dwelling, and at last succeeded in persuading them to leave me.

When I parted from them, I was about a mile distant from my place of residence, and wishing to gain the time I had thus lost, I took the

shortest road home, which led through some streets close to the theatre. The play was just over, as I came near it; and a crowd of people, among whom I hoped to pass unnoticed, were dispersing along the different streets in the neighbourhood; but as it is difficult at any time to elude the penetrating glance of a female's eyes, a lady whose house I had formerly frequented, preceded by her servant carrying a lighted torch, followed my steps either designedly or accidentally, without my perceiving it, and recognized me, notwithstanding my being well muffled up in my cloak. As she drew near me, she pulled me gently by it, and whispered in my ear a phrase, the meaning of which could be known only to ourselves. Pretending not to understand it, I quickened my pace; but it was all in vain. The more I endeavoured to avoid her, the more intent she was on following me; so that on arriving at a more retired street, I was in some measure compelled to answer her. This lady, who was ignorant of the powerful assistance I had met with from my numerous friends, anxious to serve me with all the means in her power, and persuade me to accept an asylum in her house, was on the point of dismissing, on some frivolous pretext, her servant, to whom fortunately I was not known;

but my arguments and entreaties prevailed on her at last to desist from a determination in which there was more generosity than prudence. This lady, whom I saw then for the last time, is now no more.

My cousin was in the habit of visiting at her house, and as she knew the affection he professed for me, imagining that it would be an agreeable surprise for him to hear she had seen me, she informed him of it the first time they met. Murfy feigned incredulity on hearing her account, and she, who, notwithstanding her natural quickness, believed it to be real, piqued at not being credited, not only stated the conversation she had held with me, but in her anxiety to convince him, enlarged upon it at her pleasure. My cousin, who knew that this lady seldom went to the theatre unaccompanied by some friend or other, gave that as his pretext for his incredulity, although he was well convinced that such a rencontre might have occurred.

When danger no longer threatened me, Murfy without disclosing the name of the person, spoke to some of his friends of this meeting. One of these, wishing to punish the fatuity of a young man, who pretended to be *au fait* of every thing, made him believe that at that time Polo and myself had entered a coffee-room, and taken

our ice with some ladies, naming those of whom he boasted to be the favourite. The young man, full of resentment at hearing this, and having moreover his own reasons for being displeased with the ladies, not only believed the story, but propagated it; adding, that he himself was in the coffee-room at the time we entered; though by such an assertion he only exposed himself to the ridicule of his friends. The anecdote, however, being thus put into circulation, travelled out of Spain, increasing in magnitude and disguises, till at last it reached England, and gave rise to the coffee-house gallantry, mentioned by the author of Sandoval when relating the events of that period.¹

¹ The above work was published in London in the beginning of 1826.

Many English readers, with some of whom I became acquainted on my first visit to England, and for whom I have the highest consideration, having since perused that work, credited the anecdote above alluded to; a fact which I ascertained when in June 1826 I again visited England, being interrogated by them respecting the truth of it. In answer to their questions I only begged them to reflect, whether it was likely I should have engaged in such gallantries at a time when the least imprudence on my part would have caused the ruin of so many families, and of the generous friends who were risking their lives and fortunes in sheltering me from the pursuit of our enemies. I had the satisfaction to observe

It was not till the beginning of May, that every arrangement for our journey was completed. Don Eusebio Polo and myself were to proceed through the least frequented roads towards Navarre, in order to gain the Pyrenees and enter France, through which we were to post as far as Calais, visiting on our way Bordeaux and Paris; and lastly, take refuge in England, from which Polo was to return to Madrid with all possible secrecy and speed.

On weighing the imminent dangers with which we were likely to meet by travelling under any disguise whatever, it struck us that, if we could, under the name which I had adopted since my flight, obtain a passport in which I should be designated as a public commissioner, it would then be easy for us to elude all suspicion, and avoid the unpleasant examinations by police officers and other agents of government, particularly if we travelled through a country in which I was not personally known. This idea having met the approbation of all my friends, it was immediately agreed that it should that they were convinced by my reasoning. In justice, however, to the author of that work, I must add here, that though he has been led into an error by the misrepresentations of others, it is far from my thoughts to impeach the general veracity of his work.

be put into execution. To obtain a passport from the prime minister when the members of the Camarilla were constantly on the alert, was a matter of considerable difficulty ; it was, however, procured without either the minister who signed it, or the clerks through whose hands it passed, ever foreseeing the use for which it afterwards served.

Notwithstanding the importance of this document¹ on the Spanish side of the Pyrenees, fearing that it would not be of equal service in France, where we should be obliged to keep up an appearance corresponding with our characters, and to visit the embassies, or else to excite the suspicions of the French police, it was agreed that, once out of Spain, we should assume the characters of wool-merchants from Castile, for which purpose a good collection of specimens was made for us, and a passport procured from the civil authority to whom the power of granting them belonged.

Meantime Polo, whose intended absence was to remain a secret to the government, being an officer of the staff, easily obtained leave of absence to spend a few months with his family, who resided near Burgos. All our arrange-

¹ See note E.

ments being completed, and provided with the best maps and itineraries of the country, (of which many good ones were to be had in the offices of the staff,) we fixed the day of our departure.

Many of our companions, whom I had not yet had the pleasure of embracing, agreed to assemble at the house of the two retired officers whom I have already mentioned, as it would have been imprudent for so many of us to repair to our usual place of rendezvous. In this meeting of trusty and sincere friends, where I was honoured with the presidency, I returned my grateful thanks to them all, begging that they would transmit the same to those, who from Corunna to Valençia, and from Cadiz to Bilboa, had taken an active part in the preservation of my life. I then took my leave, and received from all valuable testimonies of esteem and confidence, which will be eternally remembered by me.

After many a struggle with myself, finding it impossible to overcome my anxiety to bid my brothers farewell, I had another interview with them in the Prado. They were accompanied as before by Dominguez and Murfy; but no sooner did I announce to them my approaching departure, than they expressed themselves so

as to make me repent having yielded to my feelings. We had the scene of the former meeting over again, their affection and wounded honour bringing into action passions too easily excited; whilst they considered it as an unpardonable affront not to be allowed to escort me, and share the dangers of my journey through Spain. I had recourse to every suggestion that prudence and reason dictated, my friends seconding me by their arguments and entreaties. Murphy presented the question in such a light as he thought could not fail to move their sensibility, by representing to them the fatal blow which our family would receive, if by an unforeseen accident we all three were involved in one misfortune. But it was all in vain: their fixed resolution to accompany me, and the vehement expression of their feelings, made even the most serious reflection appear ridiculous. Moved at the enthusiastic affection they manifested, we were obliged to yield, and from that night permitted them to take an active part in the first steps towards my flight. This was disapproved of by many of our friends, who had not witnessed that affecting meeting, a mistrust at which I felt greatly hurt; but the conduct of my brothers was such as to give them no reason to repent my having placed in them this confidence.

On the evening preceding that of my departure, it was arranged that Polo should set off early in the morning for Alcala de Henares, accompanied by another friend who should take charge of my horse, whilst my two brothers were to ride out into the country, and towards evening walk their horses outside the gate of Alcala, through which I was to pass accompanied only by Belda.

The fidelity and care shown me by the Biscayan woman during the whole time I remained in her humble abode, I thought, entitled her to a complete proof of confidence on my part. I therefore disclosed to her my true name, pointing out from the windows of her apartment my father's house, which had always been before my eyes; and lastly, I explained to her the mystery which had caused our seeking an asylum in her house.

At length the hour of my departure arrived. I took leave of my kind nurse, and proceeded with Belda towards the gates. Polo and myself had fixed upon the last quarter of the moon, that we might be able to travel during the night, should circumstances oblige us to it; but this arrangement rendered my first steps for quitting the capital more hazardous, by exposing me to disagreeable meetings in my way to the gates.

Here, again, the passport of the prime minister could be of no avail, as I was known by sight to most of the guards stationed there. There were also other dangers to be apprehended, arising from the patrols of cuirassiers, who at night ranged outside the walls of the capital, and from the unforeseen accidents that I might meet with during my ride to Alcala de Henares, which is five leagues distant from Madrid. Thus, the good or bad success of the first steps of my flight depended entirely on chance. I was, however, prepared for the worst, and had accordingly formed a plan, which, though fatal to me in its results, was the only one of which circumstances would admit.

Eight was just striking when we arrived at the gates of Alcala. By a most fortunate accident, the guards were occupied in examining a carriage that was leaving Madrid; and being more intent on the munificence of the travellers than in the performance of their duties, we passed by without at all attracting their attention; when at about a hundred paces from the gates, we met my brothers. As the fear of exciting suspicion had prevented them from bringing a third horse, as it was their wish, one of them was obliged to alight, that I might proceed on my journey. Under the pretext of en-

trusting him with a message, I succeeded in making him desist from his intention of following us on foot. Belda, who was in the secret, returned with him; whilst my other brother and myself clapped spurs to our horses, and we lost sight of a city for ever memorable to me.

By one of those singular coincidences which are met with only in the great book of destiny, on the very night that I was flying from the capital to shun the horrors of the Inquisition, the body of the inquisitor-general Mier, who had died on that morning, was lying in state in one of the saloons of the palace, where he had issued the sanguinary decrees against me, and where he had treated with contempt the humane and religious reflections of the upright Canon Riesco. He was now in the awful presence of his God, rendering an account of his actions!

CHAP. XVII.

The author safely passes a squadron of cuirassiers—He sups with Don Facundo Infantes and Zorraquin at Alcala—Dangerous adventure at a seat of the Duke del Infantado's—Comfortable lodging at Torremochó—Quarrel betwixt the villagers and some foot-soldiers—Mountain of Moncayo—Town of Safrá—Treacherous innkeeper—Police officers—Successful passage of the river Ebro—Dragoons—Entertainment in the town of Olite—*Persiflage* by a pretended diplomatist—The author avoids Pampeluna—Advice received from the landlord of an inn near the Pyrenees—Stratagem—Village of Berrueta—Elizondo—Extreme peril in passing the barrier of the Pyrenees—The author and companion pass the frontier, and enter France.

THE detachment of cuirassiers on the road of Alcala had left the capital towards the close of the day, and my brother, who had observed it, believed that they must be at some distance from us, when just as we arrived at an elevated spot on the road, which overlooks the inn called *Del Espiritu Santo*, we distinguished the glittering of their cuirasses. My brother, who purposely rode in uniform, and myself enveloped in my cloak, on seeing them within that short

distance, did not think it prudent to call their attention by turning out of the road, which offered neither wood or any other place of concealment; we, therefore, proceeded towards them, resolved to face the danger. Before arriving at the inn there is a turnpike, and beyond it a bridge. Having passed the former, we perceived that the troop had halted at the inn, where they were taking some refreshment. My brother went towards them with the object of preventing all suspicion, and I followed him. The cuirassiers, seeing an officer, paid no attention to his companion, and we passed the bridge unmolested; after which we set off at full gallop, meeting no other obstacle, or even a traveller on our way. Four hours after, we saw the towers of Alcala, which is situated in the midst of a plain. As the school of engineers was established in this city, Don Facundo Infantes, who held a high situation in it, residing there, we had appointed his house as the place of meeting. This gentleman, accompanied by the friend whom Polo had taken with him to bring my horse to Alcala, was waiting for me outside the gates, and on our approach came forward. Having alighted, I gave the horse to Polo's companion, and a parting embrace to my brother, who with his new comrade turned his horse's

head towards Madrid, whilst I followed Infantes into the town, and reached his house without meeting with the least obstacle.

Here I found Polo and Zorraquin, with whom we sat down to supper, till hearing the clock strike two, we prepared for our departure, having first consulted the map, the itinerary, and the notes we had been furnished with respecting some parts of the road, without forgetting to assume the dress corresponding to my supposed commission, as well as Polo, who was to pass for my secretary. Manzanares accompanied us on foot as far as the outskirts of the town, where, having taken leave of him, we quickened our pace, to quit before daylight the high road leading to Guadalaxara; our intention being to avoid, as much as possible, passing through the cities that lay in our way.

The splendour of the rising sun seemed to presage the success of our flight, and we travelled on, cheered by one of those delightful May mornings, when nature sheds its rays of beauty over every living object. Wishing to proceed as far from the capital as the strength of our horses would allow, we rode on without halting, until an incident, which might have proved very serious, obliged us to change our direction. Passing about noon near a country-house, and want-

ing some refreshment, we advanced towards it, without at first remembering to whom it belonged. Overpowered by the heat of a burning sun, I had thrown open my cloak; when on arriving at a great court-yard belonging to the house, we were met by several large dogs, whose clamorous barking attracted the notice of the servants, who came out accompanied by a man whose countenance was very familiar to me. Wishing to prevent his recognizing me, I feigned to be afraid of the dogs, and rode out of the court-yard, followed by Polo, who immediately understood me; thus avoiding worse consequences than could result from the bites of the dogs. The fact is that we were on one of the estates of the Duke del Infantado, and that the man we observed among the servants was the duke's major-domo of that estate, who had formerly been steward in a family residing at Madrid, with whom I was in habits of the greatest intimacy. This was the reason why we thought it prudent to change the direction of our road.

Towards evening we arrived at a small village where colonels might very well have sojourned, but certainly, never diplomatic agents. The curate, of whom we soon heard good accounts, being absent, we went to the house of his father, who, never having learned to read, was per-

fectly satisfied with the coat of arms on my passport, the gold embroidery of my coat, and the timely lamentations of my secretary for our accidental separation from our servants. Our honest Castilian host hastened to remedy this loss by entrusting the care of our horses to his servants. He then insisted on our taking the privileged seats near the fire, whilst he himself set about preparing the chocolate for us, and his good old wife our beds. Polo, who was more familiar with these scenes than myself, and more conversant with the manners of these people, knew how to turn every thing to account. He began a conversation on politics with our host, principally touching on rents and taxes, which soon made the good farmer speak his opinions freely. He lamented the petty tyranny of men in office, the unjust privileges of the *hidalgos*, the innumerable barriers which opposed themselves to the industry of the husbandman, and lastly spoke of the monarch with all the candour of rusticity, showing that the disorders of the throne are felt even in the cabin of the peasant, when the appeals of the people are not only disregarded, but punished.

Conducted by our host and hostess to the apartment where our beds were prepared, we soon forgot the adventures and fatigues of that

day. The old man was punctual in calling us at the hour we had appointed. We saluted him in the kitchen at day-break, and then went to look at our horses, which we found already saddled, and the servant waiting our orders. Our host insisting on guiding us through the path that led to the road we were to follow, we took our horses by the bridle, and walked on, admiring the beautiful vallies that extend as far as the chain of the Somosierra mountains, to which the old man pointed with pride as the picturesque theatre where he had spent many a spring, and which had witnessed the bleaching of the venerable locks that fell about his shoulders. At parting, he shook us heartily by the hand, showing us the high road, and made us promise to visit him should we ever travel that road; a civility as sincerely meant as it was kindly proffered.

After some hours' travelling on the high road, we arrived at the little village called Torremochó, and soon after reached the inn a short distance beyond it, the loneliness of which seemed to invite us to refresh our horses, and repose ourselves awhile, but in which we were not free from alarms. Whilst Polo and myself were amusing ourselves with listening to the clamorous orders of the inn-keeper's wife, who

was getting our dinner ready, which, notwithstanding her boisterous importance, consisted but of some fried eggs and a sallad, the cries and shouts of the children, of which there is always an abundant crop in the huts of the poor, announced the approach of a troop of soldiers. Remembering the meeting I had on the night I left Madrid, we hastened to the door, where we met with a serjeant and twelve foot-soldiers, who, on seeing my uniform, saluted me respectfully, causing our momentary fears to vanish. I enquired of them the object of their excursion, and learned they were in pursuit of highwaymen, who were not wanting in that part of the country. As it frequently happens in times of public misery that a father of a family has no other resource than to turn robber, the people of Torremochó, who were in this situation, as most probably was also the case with those of the inn, looked upon an armed force as they might upon an army of invaders. With respect to our present guests, they held out their scanty purse to procure some refreshments, but no attention was paid to them: they asked water, and they gave them what had been left by our horses; the hostess had nothing for those veterans, and as it is not in the character of Castilians to dissemble if they feel wounded, the

countenances began on all sides to assume a cloudy aspect, threatening a conflict, always violent in a country where the passions of the people, when once roused, know no limits. Under these circumstances, it was impossible for Polo and myself not to have a fellow-feeling for these poor soldiers, who, notwithstanding the privations they endured, showed the utmost prudence, discipline, and forbearance. We therefore condoled with them, and gave them the little assistance that lay in our power; but foreseeing that a general affray would soon take place between the two parties, we judged it wise to leave them to fight their own battles, as otherwise, in the event of the soldiers being supported by their chief, it is very probable that the only persons apprehended would be ourselves. We, however, advised them to keep their tempers, and avoid any rupture; an advice, which, in a similar situation, we ourselves should have found very difficult to follow, and mounting our horses we set off at a brisk pace.

We traversed the country of Tadraque, having a few leagues to the right of our road the city of Siguenza, which we wished to leave far behind us before night-fall. The spirit of our horses seconded our intentions, and towards sun-set we

saw, at some distance from the road, Sauquillo, a very small village, which we fixed upon as the termination of that day's journey. We learned from the young men of the neighbourhood that there were no soldiers stationed in it, and that it was now some time since they had seen any. On arriving, we found the members of the town-house assembled in the blacksmith's shop, which was the principal place of resort in the village; and by our presence we interrupted the measured sounds of his hammer with which he was regaling the assembly. We asked quarters for the night, and the alcaide, more attentive to my person than to my passport, which he did not even attempt to spell, pointed out to us from where he stood a house, which certainly appeared the best in the village. As our servants had not yet joined us, the people of the house where we were quartered easily procured us a young man to take care of our horses.

Neither the host nor hostess was so communicative as those who had sheltered us on the previous night. We therefore remained with them no longer than was absolutely necessary, and we rose, desiring our temporary groom to have the horses ready by day-break, and call us if we were yet asleep; but the hostess, who heard our order, hastened to remind us that the fol-

lowing day was a festival, and that her confessor said mass at a very convenient hour for any traveller. We thought it prudent to thank her for her well-meant warning, and agreed to prolong our sleep until the church-bell should call us up.

I think it would be impossible to find in any other house in Castile, or even throughout Spain, such a numerous collection of cats as we found here. This we perceived only when we got into bed, otherwise we might have dispensed with charging the servant to awake us, as, owing to the noise made by those animals, we could not close our eyes during the whole night. The mewling, the racing, the fighting among them was such as to be almost alarming, and only to be matched by the diversified snorings, deep and loud, which issued from the adjoining dormitories; so that long before the church-bell called the faithful to mass, we were on our legs. In giving the good morning to our hostess, I could not help speaking of the wretched night we had spent, showing my surprise at her keeping such an immense number of cats, when there were so many beggars in the village who I thought ought to have the preference. "Mr. Colonel," answered the hostess, as she buttoned the spat-

terdashes of her unwieldy husband, "what can we do? When we married, we had only two; they have increased with our years, and we have given some of them to our neighbours. God provides for them; shall we then throw them into the ditch? The tricks of the little ones are our amusement, and I assure you that when a person is accustomed to their mewings, he is not disturbed by them." She then entered into the peculiar merits of her principal favourites, interrupting her panegyric only at the door of the church.

The priest, on seeing us enter, sent the sacristan to conduct us to the seats of the members of the town-house, which were near the altar, and then commenced the service, our ears being suddenly assailed by the screams of old men, youths, and children, who crowded the choir of the church, and who gave a faithful representation of the musical entertainment we had heard during the night. The mass over, Polo and myself thought it our duty to repay the attention of the priest by inviting him to take his chocolate with us. The hostess was delighted at this mark of respect in us, and busied herself in preparing it; after which we took leave of them, and mounting our horses, endeavoured to gain the time we had thus lost.

We travelled during the whole day without taking any repose, and after sunset put up for the night at a small village called Moncayo, situated at the side of the mountain of the same name, which rises like a watch-tower over the two kingdoms of Arragon and Castile, which it separates, its elevated peak forming a most picturesque object. Wishing to avoid the inns as much as possible, for fear of some disagreeable encounter, Polo proceeded to the billiard-room, where we learned the alcaide was to be found, and from him he easily obtained quarters for the night, which we spent without having our repose disturbed but by the care of our horses, which, owing to the exposed situation of the stables, we were under the necessity of watching.

Before day-light we were already on horse-back, and proceeded through the high road towards the Ebro; the numberless obstacles which the mountainous nature of the country offered, preventing our leaving it without exposing ourselves to lose our way. Among the few larger towns we were obliged to pass through was that of Safra, which, by all accounts, we had reason to look upon with suspicion, and which was marked in our itinerary for that day's journey. Fortunately as we drew near it, the rain fell in such violent showers, that we traversed the town

without seeing other objects worth remarking than the arms of the Inquisition, which were cut in stone over the doors of some houses, the owners of which, looking through the windows, did not seem much inclined to gratify their curiosity at the expense of getting wet through.

Having left Safra about a league in our rear, we saw an inn a little removed from the high road, where we took shelter from the incessant rain, and established our quarters for the night, being already wet to the skin. We entrusted the care of our horses to the ostler, and took possession of the two beds offered us by the innkeeper. The music of Sauquillo, and the care of our horses at Moncayo, which had hindered me from taking any repose for the last two nights, with the soaking rain of that day, renewed my former pains in the arm, and prevented our departure on the following day. The kind attentions of my companion greatly contributed to hasten my recovery, and gave us the hope of shortly continuing our journey. The innkeeper, who was a great gossip, and consequently no less curious of other people's affairs, questioned us about our journey, and about the accident that had separated us from our servants, relating to us in his turn the various adventures

that had occurred at his inn, among which was the flight of General Renovales,¹ who, disguised as a monk, had passed the night in his inn; a circumstance which was not discovered by him for some time after, and which he lamented, as having thereby lost the high reward offered for his apprehension. This despicable man, who, had he suspected my real character, would not have hesitated an instant in betraying me, informed us that the police officers, who belonged to the party stationed along the Ebro, were in the daily habit of visiting the inn, and that though probably the rains had kept them in Safrá, they would not be long before they arrived. This information we received when it was too late for us to think of departing; but not wishing to remain there longer than was absolutely necessary, we told him of our determination to set off at day-break, paying him before hand the unreasonable bill which he presented to us, for the thirty-six hours we had remained in his house.

We were on the point of leaving our room to proceed on our journey, when, from the window that looked into the road, we distinguished six armed men coming towards the inn. On their

¹ He was implicated in a conspiracy which obliged him to fly from Spain.

knocking with their muskets, the door was immediately opened, and the first object which presented itself to their sight, was the ostler waiting for us under the gateway with our horses already saddled. Anxious to ascertain who these men were, we listened attentively to the questions they put to him, by which we soon discovered them to be the police officers mentioned by the inn-keeper. Polo immediately went down to speak to them, and managed things so well, that the curiosity they had at first manifested was converted into respect. They drank a glass of brandy to the health of the travellers, and without waiting to see the innkeeper, who was still fast asleep, hastened out of the inn, from which we also rode off as soon as we thought they were at some distance from it.

Among the questions my secretary had asked the police officers, was, whether they had seen anything of our servants, complaining of the precious time we had lost in waiting for them at the inn, and of the want of our liquor-case, which prevented him from offering them a glass, but which he supplied with some he purchased at the inn, that they might drink to the health of "Colonel Don Manuel Suelto." As we proceeded along the high road, laughing at the

easy credulity of those who were even then in pursuit of me, and forming castles in the air, believing we had already overcome not only the dangers that the line of the Ebro presented, but all those we had besides reason to fear, we saw at a distance the custom-house, and within sight of it, the barge, which had hitherto so much occupied our thoughts. On our approaching nearer, all the guards and officers of the customs came out to meet us, when I showed from under my cloak, as if by chance, the sleeve of my coat, on the cuff of which were the colonel's insignia,¹ whilst my secretary begged them to desire our servants, whom we were hourly expecting, to hasten forward to join us. The men listened respectfully, and assured us they would not fail to obey our commands, and without farther inconvenience, we proceeded towards the barge, thus overcoming one of the principal dangers of our journey.

The wretched condition of the interior commerce, which under a better government might be so extensive in this part of the kingdom, kept the boatman in a state of complete inactivity. The poor fellow received us and our horses as a

¹ In Spain, as in Austria, the superior officers are distinguished by the gold or silver stripes worn on the cuffs of the coat.

god-send, lamenting the great scarcity of passengers of any kind, and performing his work with the utmost diligence, for which we rewarded him handsomely, though not according to the real service we felt he had rendered us. But though we were now leaving the Ebro behind, we had still to cross the kingdom of Navarre, where we had other dangers to encounter, from which we feared that our past successes might be of little avail.

It was still early in the morning, when just before entering the first village on our road, we met two dragoons, who were going to join a detachment that had been sent there. The soldiers, who every where prefer a wandering life to the regular duties they are subject to with the main body, learning from Polo, who stopped to converse with them, that I was entrusted with an important commission, begged him to use his influence with me to obtain their officer's permission for them to be our escort. My secretary, having ascertained that their officer did not know me, and elated by the success of our passage over the Ebro, conceived the singular idea of acceding to their request, and communicated to me his intention of showing the officer our passport; and should he obtain the soldiers, on our arrival to the fron-

tiers of France, he would send them to the minister of war Eguia, with a despatch in which our safe arrival in a kingdom to which his power did not extend, should be duly announced. Tutored by experience, my fears were more easily roused than his, and I did not approve of his fanciful scheme, at which nevertheless it was impossible not to laugh. We, therefore, left the village and the dragoons, and proceeding onward, we reached towards noon a village called Centre-nigo, where we stopped to take some repose at the only inn in the place, which was as little frequented as the barge and the road.

The city of Olite, so celebrated in the annals of Navarre, was towards the end of our day's journey; but as we had no friends there, we determined to pass the night at some village beyond it. Before reaching it, however, it grew so dark that Polo, deeming it wiser to sojourn at Olite, proceeded with the passport to the municipality, in order to obtain quarters for the night, in which he easily succeeded. By the arms sculptured over the door of the house to which we were sent, we judged that our host belonged to the nobility of Olite, a fact which we soon ascertained. On the lady of the house being informed who we were, and of our having arrived without our attendants, she imme-

diately sent one of her own to take care of our horses, and caused every thing we stood in want of to be brought to us, giving besides to the other servants orders which presaged more attention than we wished for. Whilst I was making my toilet to go and present my respects to our hostess, Polo called my attention to a murmur of voices that was heard in one of the adjoining rooms ; but though we listened attentively, we could not form a correct idea of the cause of it, until having finished dressing, and proceeded towards the apartment of the hostess, we found on arriving at the door that the whole family were at evening prayers. Unwilling to disturb them, we were on the point of turning back, when the lady of the house hearing our steps, came out to meet us, and invited us to enter, politely regretting that her husband was not at home to assist her in doing the honours of the house. She then introduced us to a cousin of hers, a gentleman of very rustic appearance, to an assemblage of old women, to a Capuchin friar, and to a priest. Having examined this museum of living rarities, I cast a look at Polo, who, immediately understanding its meaning, received with the utmost resignation, as well as myself, the polite invitation of our hostess to spend the evening and take supper with them.

We were then requested to take our seats, Polo having for his neighbour the priest, who from the first moment we entered, displayed the hateful badge of the Holy Office, in which he filled the post of familiar. He spoke of the court, of the benevolent disposition of the King, and of the happiness of the people, whilst we in our turn extolled the importance of diplomacy, the skill and subtlety of the Spanish cabinet, which kept such a marked preponderance over all others, and spoke of the general pacification of the Americas as a thing almost settled. Leaving to my secretary the entire care of pursuing this kind of conversation, the absurdity of which would have been apparent to any one except to our worthy familiar, for whom Sweden and Switzerland¹ were all one, I endeavoured to reply to the numberless questions of the hostess, the Capuchin, and the old women, who, though engaged in a game at cards, did not allow me a moment's respite.

At length supper being announced, the conversation was interrupted, and we proceeded to the supper-room, where I took my seat beside

¹ In Spanish the names of the above countries are in their pronunciation so similar, (*Suecia* and *Suiza*), that the mistake of the familiar, in whom much geographical knowledge could not be expected, is frequently committed by those of his cloth.

the hostess, Polo being still more favoured than in the drawing-room, having the priest on one side, and the Capuchin on the other. His good humour, however, was unruffled, and he kept up the joviality of the company by his pertinent jokes. The suppers in Navarre are by no means frugal, and, doubtless, our hostess wished to impress us with a favourable idea of her affluence. On the other hand her affability spared me the trouble of entering the metaphysical labyrinth in which my friend had got entangled with his two neighbours, until, fortunately, the yawning of the priest, the nodding of the Capuchin, and the drowsy winking of the old women, made us withdraw.

As it is not likely we should go quietly to bed while any one connected with the Inquisition was in the house, we first made sure that he had retired to his apartment. Our next care was to see that our horses were well attended, and having ascertained this, we desired the groom to have them ready saddled at break of day. When Polo and myself returned to our apartment, being unable to close our eyes during the whole night, we passed it in commenting on the absurd conversation we had held with the familiar and his friend the Capuchin, until the hour for our departure approaching, we rose, and

mounting our horses, bid adieu to Olite and its hospitable inhabitants.

The city of Pamplona was in our line of march; but it was necessary we should avoid entering it, for being the seat of the provincial government, the police were more on the watch, and I was personally known to various individuals in office, among whom was the viceroy. In coming near, we rode across the fields that are in sight of it, and towards noon we stopped a short time at an inn about three leagues beyond it. In our note book we were recommended to sojourn that night at an inn, which was removed only one day's march from the desired term of our perilous journey. We were, besides, instructed to follow the advice of the innkeeper, (who by the time of our arrival would be in some measure in the secret of my flight) respecting the best way of crossing the Pyrenees.

On our arrival at the inn, we found the host sitting by the kitchen fire, and surrounded by several old men of the village. We asked lodging for the night, and Polo contrived so that shortly after we had the innkeeper alone with us in our apartment. Having given him the watchword by which he was to recognize us, and received his answer, we showed him the passport, explained its object, and asked his

opinion and assistance to pass the frontiers. To this he said that we might, even on the following day, undertake the crossing the Pyrenees under the guidance of some smugglers, who would open a path for us through the snow. We agreed to consider of it. Whilst Polo and myself were occupied in discussing the matter, our host re-entered, showing some alarm, and informed us that our sudden arrival had excited the suspicions of the old men who were in the kitchen, among whom was the notary. Polo immediately proceeded to the kitchen, where, drawing out his pocket-book, he began to look over some of the papers it contained, and in putting them up, dropped, as if by chance, our passport, and directly left the kitchen. The host who entered soon after Polo, and was in our scheme, taking up the passport, delivered it to the notary that he might read it aloud, when both their suspicions and our alarm ceased.

When the host came to return us the passport, having already considered the proposal he had made us, we told him that we did not think it prudent to entrust our safety to men who could not answer for their own, at the same time recommending him to observe the utmost circumspection in speaking of us to any one. He offered to procure a guide ; but as he could not

do this as soon as it was indispensable for us to depart, we were obliged to content ourselves with the information he gave us respecting the state of the custom-houses, which we could not avoid passing before we reached the French soil, and resolved to trust to chance, confiding in our experience, resolution, and good horses.

Early on the following day we bid farewell to our worthy host, and travelled towards the frontiers, cheered by one of the finest days in May, which, under the pure sky of Navarre, seemed doubly beautiful and inspiring. Between ten and eleven we reached Berrueta, a small village, which was half-way of our day's journey. As it was the festival of the Corpus Christi, most of the inhabitants were, at the time of our arrival, engaged in the religious procession which is performed in every town and village of Spain. It is customary in this part of the country to celebrate this day with a public dinner, in which the want of splendour is frequently supplied with mirth and joviality, and in which all family feuds and personal animosities are reconciled. The host and hostess were so much occupied with the preparations for the feast, that we found it more difficult to get any

one to accept our payment, than to procure the refreshments.

We left Berrueta, wishing that the example of general reconciliation offered by its inhabitants on this day, might be imitated throughout the peninsula, and particularly by the ruling faction. We had now before our eyes the picturesque summits of the Pyrenees, and the delightful vallies that here and there diversify the scenery along their basis; but though the sublimity of these objects was irresistible, and capable of absorbing the whole attention, yet I must own that our minds were more engaged with the approaching dangers to be apprehended from the guards and custom-house officers, than in contemplating the beauties of the surrounding scenery.

At three in the afternoon we passed through Elizondo, which consists of one long street along the high road, and in which a party of guards is always stationed. As we traversed it at a trot, I took care that my insignias should not be concealed; but we were fortunate enough not to be observed by the guards, until we had left the village, and then apparently without exciting their suspicions. There now remained only the party stationed on the frontiers, whose house

we saw after two hours' travelling over a very mountainous country. As we came nearer the spot, one of the many guards, who were on the look-out, hastened towards us, and demanded the passport. I delivered it, and we followed him, leading our horses as near as possible to the barrier, which, however, was occupied, as if intentionally, by several men.

We were kept in the utmost suspense for fifteen long minutes, during which other officers placed themselves near our horses' heads, looking suspiciously at us. Polo, under the pretext of lighting his cigar, began a conversation with one of them; but it led to nothing, the fellow answering only in monosyllables.

Meantime we were repeatedly invited to alight, and go into the house; but we declined this invitation, in which there was more duplicity than politeness, particularly as we could see the prying eyes of a man at the window intently bent upon me. Thus watched and surrounded, we were obliged to betray no signs of alarm; indeed, it seemed as if our very breathing was observed. At length the chief officer came out, and apologizing for the delay that we had experienced, said to me, pointing to a paper which he held in his hand, that my personal appearance and features so perfectly

agreed with those described in the warrant he held, that it required time to consider. Upon this a question arose of the most delicate nature, alleging on his part observations replete with justness and good sense, which I was obliged to parry with reasons founded on the mysteries of diplomacy. Passing to less important matters, he asked me whether I had seen the authorities in my way through Pamplona. I answered in the affirmative, and observed that his countenance brightened. "I have here," said he, showing me another paper, "an order from the Viceroy of Navarre, in which I am desired to credit no passport that is not countersigned by his lordship." I observed to him, that the exalted rank of him who had signed mine was, in my opinion, entitled to an exception. At these words he looked successively at Polo and at myself, and then withdrew, evincing some confusion, whilst we returned for ten minutes longer to the same dumb scene previously acted.

On his re-appearance, he politely returned the passport to me, ordered the gates of the barrier to be opened, and asking me a thousand pardons, took off his hat, and bid us farewell.

Having passed the barrier, we rode slowly till we came to an angle in the road, which screened us from the sight of the officers, when

we clapped spurs to our horses, and once sure we were in the French territory, we both alighted, and manifested the joy we felt by a tight embrace of mutual congratulation.

I then cast a farewell look on the country of my birth, and throwing away the insignias of my assumed rank, put at once an end to the character of *Don Manuel Suelto*, which I had so successfully performed.

CHAP. XVIII.

The author and Polo assume the character of wool-merchants—
Excellence of their horses—Adventures in France—Arrival at
Bayonne—Bordeaux—They embark for Dover—Custom-house
officers—Elections—The alien office—City of London—Spanish
emigrants—Polo returns by sea to Spain—Events at Madrid—
Proceedings of the Inquisition of the Court—Singular end of
Don Juanito—The author resolves on leaving England.

WE were now in France, transformed into wool-merchants, in which disguise we presented ourselves, with the passport our friends had procured for us, at the first custom-house we met, which was that of Ustariz. Our arms, the only articles we preserved belonging to our former characters, would here have appeared singular, were it not very customary to see the merchants arrive armed *cap-à-pie*, owing to the occasional rencontres to which travellers are exposed in these parts, from persons who are similarly employed as the peasants of Torremochó.

If, on the Spanish side, *I* had engaged the

whole attention of the guards, *our horses* fixed that of the French; especially the one I rode, which, by its southern origin and superior breed, increasing the formalities of entrance, prevented us from reaching our inn till very late at night. Elated with the success of our flight, and with the idea that we were no longer within the reach of the inquisitors, every thing by which we were surrounded seemed as if reflected by an enchanted mirror. It was, however, to be presumed that the French police would not be long in discovering my real name. Polo, who was known only by a few, had not so much to apprehend; but as our intention was to pass rapidly through France, visiting only such persons as we might safely confide in, and whom we had been recommended to see, we hoped to escape fresh vexations from the police.

The inn-keeper, with all the good humour of a Frenchman, kept us company during supper, and saw that our horses were well attended; after which we withdrew to our apartment, where we spent a night undisturbed even by dreams. It was late in the morning when we awoke; and having settled our account with the landlord, we left Ustariz, as we thought, in the direction of Bayonne; but we had not gone very far before the loud imprecations of a peasant, whose

corn our wandering horses were treading down, attracting our attention, as well as that of a gentleman who was walking near the spot, and who hastened to calm the anger of the husbandman, made us halt and discover our mistake. The gentleman, in whom we recognized an officer of Napoleon, informed us that we had missed our road, and were on our way to the Spanish frontiers, and after many civilities on his part, and grateful thanks on ours, he showed us the road to Bayonne, from which we had wandered two leagues. Towards the close of the day we reached the suburbs of that city, where we took up our quarters at an inn.

Polo, who, though no longer my secretary, still acted as such, under the pretext of my being in bad health, transacted all business with the police and consulates concerning our passport. He also paid a visit to a member of the Cortes, who with his family resided at Bayonne, and with whom we spent the greatest part of the time we were obliged to remain there. As we determined to travel in the diligence, our horses could no longer be of any service to us; Polo, therefore, sold his to a jew, who paid so poor a price for it, that rather than sacrifice mine in the same way, I gave it to our friend, who willingly took charge of it, as well as of

our arms. We then left Bayonne in a diligence, which carried us to Bordeaux, where we made but a short stay, and afterwards proceeded to Paris, alighting at the Hotel de la Belgie, where some friends and countrymen of ours were living. As Polo had never been in this capital, our residence here was protracted longer than we intended, owing to his desire of seeing its principal objects of curiosity. Previous to our departure, he did not fail to visit the embassy and the police office, from which he brought back the passport filled with scrawls and *fleur-de-lis*; and again taking our seats in the diligence, we travelled to Calais, where we embarked on board a packet-boat for Dover, bidding adieu to the country of the *gens-d'armes*. The company on board appeared to us less mixed than that we had usually met with in the diligences. The weather was remarkably fine, and in a few hours we were safely landed at Dover.

Polo and myself, being ignorant of the strict formalities observed in the English custom-houses, had each brought a bottle of wine to pledge each other on our safe arrival in this land of refuge; when we no sooner leaped on shore, than we were assailed by two custom-house officers, who, seeing our swollen pockets, in

which we carried the bottles for that pious purpose, would not allow us to move a step without first prying into them. Having gratified their curiosity in hopes of getting rid of them, we found we had only rendered them more eager to obtain possession of the bottles; and as neither of us could make himself understood, we thought it advisable to yield them their prey, after which we proceeded to our inn, having first seen our slender portmanteaus deposited in the custom-house.

It was toward the end of June (1818) when we arrived in England; at which time the whole country was actively engaged in the elections for the ensuing parliament. It would, perhaps, be difficult to meet with two travellers so struck with the novelty of the scene that offered itself to our view than ourselves. Cars filled with voters, candidates carried about in triumph, taverns deluged with beer, emblematic devices, flags of various colours, hats covered with ribbons, bands of music parading the streets, and public orators haranguing the people,—such was the singular spectacle we met with at Dover, and in every town through which we passed, forming a striking contrast with the scenes of misery and oppression that were acting in our unfortunate country.

Having with some difficulty made our way through the crowded streets, we reached the alien-office, where we were asked the usual questions respecting our passport, which had been previously deposited there by the captain of the packet. Polo gave his assumed name, as it was indispensable for his future safety; but as I had nothing more to fear, I frankly disclosed my real one. Our interrogator made no impertinent remarks on my transformation; but, on the contrary, doing justice to the sentiments which had prompted that candid avowal, he contented himself with my signature; and from this moment I resumed the name which I had inherited from my forefathers.

In the custom-house our portmanteaus underwent an examination: the officers, on seeing the specimens of wool which we brought from Spain, pulled it apart, doubtless expecting to find pearls among it; but having discovered their mistake, we received back our portmanteaus, though we lost sight altogether of the wine. We spent that night at Dover, and having charged the landlord to secure places for us in the first coach for London, it came punctually at the appointed hour, early on the following morning; but as we were accustomed to see the unwieldy diligences of France, with their

rope traces, heavy-booted postilions, and loud-cursing *conducteurs*, when we saw at the door of our inn the elegant and commodious vehicle that came for us, believing that it was the carriage of some wealthy man, who had just arrived, we were amusing ourselves with looking at it, and admiring its beautiful horses, whilst the coachman, who was beside us, but whom we did not understand, was impatiently waiting for us.

We reached London on the afternoon of the same day, after having travelled through a country, the beauty and high cultivation of which, while it delighted us, called forth our admiration at every step. As we approached London, we were no less struck with the immense extent of ground which it occupies, spreading along the horizon farther than the eye could reach. Here we took up our abode at the humble inn where we alighted, near the Exchange.

Polo had now accomplished the generous object which he had had in view. I was safe in a land where the very name of the Inquisition is abhorred. It was not so with him: his immediate return to Spain would place him again within the reach of our enemies; and if his absence abroad in my company, the secret of

which was known to more than one friend, were to transpire by the slightest imprudence of any of them, he would be a lost man.

On the day after our arrival, Polo acquainted two Spanish gentlemen, at that period emigrants in London, with this event, at the same time requesting them to procure for him, with all possible secrecy, a passage on board some vessel immediately going to Spain. This request was so diligently attended to by those gentlemen, that on the fourth day after our arrival in London, Polo sailed from the Thames on board a merchant vessel, bound for one of the north ports of the Peninsula, the captain of which, a Scotchman, showed him more hospitality than his duties demanded of him. Thus, then, was I separated from a young friend, who, during a hundred and fifty days of constant alarms, had never quitted me, and who had shared with unalterable good humour the dangers by which I had been surrounded, acquiring by such noble conduct so many claims to my eternal gratitude and friendship.

Polo's voyage to Spain was short and prosperous. On his arrival at Madrid, those who knew him, but were not in the secret of our flight, enquired if he had spent his time pleasantly at Burgos, little thinking he had taken so long a journey. A year afterwards, the

heavy wheel of persecution reached him, as well as Nuñez de Arenas, Belda, and many others who were engaged in the same generous and patriotic labours as himself. Cast into one of the worst dungeons of the public prison of the capital, he suffered torments under which any one possessing a less robust frame and vigorous mind would have sunk. He owed his liberty and his life to the revolution of the Isla, and is at present an exile.¹

Our friends learned the success of our flight only when Polo arrived among them. From that time I began to receive news from Spain, which, though more calamitous every time, were more eagerly expected by me. Murfy wrote with all the inquietude and alarm of a man whose destiny was in the hands of a tender female, who, though possessed of an extraordinary firmness of character and superior mind, was now suffering under the oppressive yoke of the inquisitors.

Before closing the subject of the Inquisition, it may not be improper to offer here a slight sketch of the occurrences subsequent to my flight, respecting those who have figured in the foregoing narrative, although by so doing I am anticipating epochs that in the natural course of events precede this, but which, having no con-

¹ Since writing the above, we have learned with deep regret the death of this patriotic individual, in Gibraltar.

nexion with each other, seem to justify this irregularity.

The inquisitors, who, on the day after my escape, resolved that Don Marcelino and Ramona should be confined in separate dungeons, and allowed no communication whatever with the wife and guest of the imprisoned jailer, entrusted to Don Juanito the care of strictly attending to these injunctions. Assisted by several minions, placed under his command, that despicable man had now an ample field to exercise towards the illustrious victim, whom he had always hated, those goading cruelties in which his inhuman heart delighted. Not a day elapsed without some fresh indignity being offered to her.

On the other hand, the tribunal instituted a cause in which Ramona was implicated in a manner no less arbitrary than absurd; for whilst Don Marcelino was accused of not having observed towards me, according to the enjoined rigour, the private regulations of the prison, and of visiting me unaccompanied by Don Juanito, she was charged with having opened the door of the prison that communicates with the jailers' apartment, her master declaring he had shut it when he came to bring me the medicine. This, as the reader is well aware, was not the fact;

but Don Marcelino, wishing to mitigate the anger of his superiors, made that declaration, which, fortunately for Ramona, was not believed by them, as otherwise the whole weight of their displeasure would have fallen on her. He also urged, with the view of dissipating the suspicions entertained by the judges, that he was not an accomplice in my flight, and as an acquittal from all blame, his being found shut up in my dungeon; but the inquisitors, who believed that it might be part of the plan of my escape, and who were anxious to obtain the secret of it, complicated matters so much, that after several months of useless endeavours, they grew tired not only of the cause, but of inflicting punishment on those from whom they could obtain no satisfactory information, and, therefore, delivered them into other hands. Don Marcelino, for allowing himself to be surprised by me, was condemned to the galleys for ten years, and Ramona, for no reason at all, to perpetual reclusion in a convent.

This generous girl, after having supported with unshaken fortitude all kinds of misery in the dungeons of the Inquisition, sick, and in the most deplorable state of wretchedness, without even endeavouring to seek the means of alleviating her situation by communicating with

Murphy, on whom she had so many claims, and who most assuredly would have assisted her, proceeded to the place of her confinement, where she continued suffering the heavy weight of her sentence till the political events of 1820 restored her to liberty. She then married a soldier of cuirassiers, to whom she had been attached, even previous to her heroical misfortunes. Happy in the humble sphere in which she moved, neither herself nor her husband ever sought to ameliorate their condition when the opportunity offered. A stranger to political opinions, she had done all, suffered all, through the sole impulse of humanity; she therefore asked no recompense from the government, or from a single individual—the consciousness of having acted rightly was her sweetest reward. On my return to Spain, she found in me a brother, and she never aspired to more.

Don Marcelino, restored to liberty by the same political events, returned to Madrid, and setting forth the sufferings which he had unjustly undergone, obtained from the constitutional government an employment, certainly much more decorous than the disgraceful one which he had formerly exercised.

His former colleague, Don Juanito, who of all the minions of the Inquisition was the only one

who dared remain in Madrid in the midst of the exultation of a people who had just broken their chains, and who had the generosity to spare his life, was reserved for an end no less extraordinary than unexpected. Although he had no one to provide for but himself, and although he was possessed of the means of living respectably by what his agency in collecting rents for several gentlemen of Madrid furnished him with, his avarice, which offers such a striking contrast to Ramona's disinterestedness, induced him to adopt a conduct at once unreasonable and inconsistent. No sooner did he see his former colleague in his new post, than seized with the general epidemic, common to most countries among this unprincipled class of men, of acting a part, no matter what might be the subject of the piece, he actually had the effrontery to sue for a place from the government, nay, to present himself in the saloons of the ministers, and claim it as if it were due to him. Meeting with more obstacles in the way of his ambition than he had at first imagined, and resolved to overcome them, the same man, who in 1820 still wore on his breast the sanguinary badge of the Holy Office, in 1822 assumed the uniform of the national militia, enlisting as a volunteer in the company of grenadiers of the first batallion

of Madrid, and from that moment was the most punctual in discharging the duties of his company.

On the memorable 7th of July of the same year, when the troops of the royal guard attempted the counter revolution, our volunteer hastened to join his ranks, who with the rest of the national militia of Madrid fought so gloriously in that unequal struggle, when just at the moment that the guards, vigorously pushed on all sides, were retreating, some of them to take shelter in the king's palace, Don Juanito, who with his comrades was triumphantly pursuing them, as he came near the palace, received a mortal wound from a musket-ball, and shortly after expired in the arms of some of his brave companions; to whom, in his dying moments, he expressed the deepest remorse for his past misdeeds. Such was the singular end of a man, who had so much contributed to render more bitter those long days of misery which I spent in the dungeons of the Inquisition.

I shall now resume the thread of my narrative. I had been already five months in London. The retired life which my reduced circumstances obliged me to lead, was so contrary to my natural activity and habits, that every day my spirits became more and more depressed. My

imagination, perpetually engrossed by my own disasters, and by those that weighed on my unhappy country, deprived me of the serenity required for any kind of study. On the other hand, my condition of emigrant, amidst a wealthy people, who know not by experience the vicissitudes of revolutions, appeared to me more insupportable; and whenever I attended any party either in town or country, not all the affability and kindness I experienced could prevent my forming melancholy reflections, especially when after a splendid fete I returned to my humble abode, where the contrast of poverty with luxury was so striking, that it never failed to increase the dejection of my spirits.

My private means were also disappearing, and I saw no other resources left me than either to procure assistance by disclosing the secret of my flight to certain men, who though highly respectable were nevertheless strangers to me, or quit England, and seek an adventurer's life in some remote country, where the interests of my own might not be injured. Nothing could be more humiliating to me than the first of these steps; I therefore decided in favour of the latter.

I consulted my friends in Spain, by whose advice and assistance I had hitherto profited;

and at the same time declared that I would no longer accept any more sacrifices at their hands. I waited for their approbation, and having received it, nothing more remained for me to do than to fix upon the country where I might, in a manner less repugnant to my feelings, terminate my painful pilgrimage.

NOTES
TO
THE FIRST VOLUME.

Note A, page 4.

“ I saw myself abandoned by Joseph in a manner no less unkind than unmerited.”—That the reader may be better able to understand the true meaning of the above, I must be allowed to state a fact which will explain the whole. In the month of September, 1813, while Joseph was living retiredly at Morfontaine, I undertook a journey to his seat, to request my being allowed to follow him, whatever might be the vicissitudes of his fortune. This offer, which could not but be disinterested at a time when his brother's power was fast vanishing, and which indeed emanated from the personal regard I entertained for him, was met by him in the most ungracious, not to say ungrateful, and repulsive manner. I was rudely desired to quit his house, and never again to appear in his presence. Though wounded to the quick by such unaccountable conduct, I was obliged to endure in secret this affront, till the late calamities of my country having compelled me to take refuge in the same country where he had established his residence, I wrote to him the following letter :

“ To Count Survilliers (Joseph Buonaparte).

“ Philadelphia, August 20th, 1825.

“ SIR,—Faithful to my engagements, and following the example of the many respectable individuals who surrounded you in Spain, I sacrificed the first years of my youth in your service. An outrage which will never be effaced from my heart, was my only and last recompense. This I have always endeavoured to conceal from the world, perhaps at the expense of my reputation. I would that I could have concealed it from myself. It is unnecessary to add that my efforts have been vain. Still you have no reason to complain, and my conduct must be well known to you. I sought in you, a grateful and magnanimous man, at a period when your monarchical rights were expiring. It is painful to say what I found you. Your attendants, and even your worthy and respectable lady, witnessed with a blush the scene which took place in your own library. As a monarch you have shown the esteem you felt for those who like myself supported the independence of my country against those who, under the pretence of protecting you, dared to insult my countrymen; and which you have seen, if I may be allowed to express myself thus, sealed with my blood in partial struggles with them.¹ As a French prince, and an entire stranger to me, you made me feel, in the most painful manner,

¹ This has reference to two duels in which the author was engaged with some French officers, who affected to consider the Spaniards as conquered enemies.

that I had no time to lose in effecting a reconciliation with my countrymen. For this there was only one resource left me, and I did not hesitate in adopting it, proving by the dangers to which I exposed myself, that I was equally sincere and disinterested.

“ Human vicissitudes have brought me, after twelve years of singular and extraordinary events, to this hospitable land. I ought, therefore, to seize this opportunity of asking an explanation of the personal affront I then received, which was as little merited on my part as unjust on yours. I ask this in the hope you will not refuse it. I expect more. I flatter myself that you will not attribute this request to any unworthy motives—that you will not add to your first offence that of imagining that the impression of the outrage I then received can ever be cancelled by any pecuniary offer. Superior to the reverses of fortune, which are the lot of those who, like myself, glory in supporting the good cause of their country to their tomb, I have never, nor will ever, degrade myself so far as to place myself under any obligation to those who have forced me to consider them as my enemies. I would rather relinquish life than abandon such a principle. Three lines in explanation of a past event so mortifying to my feelings, are alone capable of tranquillizing me. This is all I ask, and I flatter myself you will not refuse it.

“ I have the honour to be, Sir, &c.

“ JUAN VAN HALEN.”

This letter, which I sent to the Count through the medium

of a trusty person, remained unanswered; and finding that even after waiting two years I could obtain not a word in explanation, I thought it due to myself to give it publicity; and here the matter ended.

Note B, page 109.

“To desire the good of one’s country, Sire, is not conspiring.”—This doctrine, though it may appear subversive of the divine right of monarchs to those whose interest it is to uphold absolute power, is not only authorized but prescribed by the laws of Spain. Don Alonzo the Wise, in his *Leyes de Partida*, law III., title XIX., partida II., expressly says:—

“Whenever the country suffers through tyranny, all the inhabitants of Spain, from the age of fourteen to seventy, are under the obligation of taking up arms to overthrow the tyrant, and if the men should be insufficient to effect this, it is the duty of the women to assist them; for it is but right that every individual should actively co-operate in the overthrow of the tyrant. Whoever should neglect to come forward at the call will commit manifest treason, and thereby be subject to the penalties imposed on those who are guilty of high treason.”

“There is tyranny in a kingdom,” says that monarch in the same law and partida, title I., “when the prince neglects the public weal, when by his conduct he enervates the people, renders them timid, and sows mistrust among them, when

he impoverishes them, persecutes the wise and the rich, prohibits political meetings among the citizens, causes their words and actions to be spied, and intrusts the custody of his person to foreigners, or allows himself to be swayed by their advice."

Such is the language of a *king*—of a king who reigned during an age which we are pleased to denominate dark,—and such is the general tenor of the principles on which our ancient constitution is founded. Yet it is for endeavouring to revive the laws of a wise monarch—laws acknowledged as fundamental by the absolutists themselves—that the cruelly oppressed people of Spain groan under the yoke imposed on them by the allied sovereigns, and that the bold and virtuous assertors of the rights of the people die on the scaffolds, or drag a wretched existence in dungeons, or in foreign countries—and this in a century which in our senseless vanity we style an enlightened age!

Note C, page 257.

On my return to Spain in 1821, wishing for my private satisfaction to have from those friends who were then in Madrid, and who could prove the truth of many of the foregoing facts, a judicial declaration, I caused an inquiry to be instituted, the original of which is in my possession, and from which I here give an extract. It is headed as follows:—

“ Inquiry made in this capital before DON ANGEL FERNANDEZ DE LOS RIOS, Judge, &c. &c. at the petition of DON JUAN VAN HALEN, &c. Fifteenth June, 1821.

“ Second Witness, DON JOSE NUÑEZ DE ARENAS.

“ In continuation of the inquiry Don Jose Nuñez de Arenas, captain of artillery in active service, appeared before the said judge, and in my presence (the notary) took the oath to adhere strictly to the truth in all he knew, and answer whatever questions might be put to him; and like the former witness stated:—

“ That being engaged in 1817 in this capital with a great number of meritorious patriots in bringing about the political change which has at length been obtained, the witness learned that in the month of September of the same year, the Lieutenant-colonel Don Juan Van Halen (whom he knew ever since 1814) had been arrested, confined in the Inquisition of Murcia, and afterwards secretly removed to that of Madrid: That the certainty he had of the said Van Halen being in correspondence with several individuals with whom the witness was connected, inducing him to believe, like the rest of his friends, that the cause of his imprisonment was an excessive enthusiasm for the good cause, he, in union with the rest, resolved to procure him all the assistance in his power, and with this object took the steps which the circumstances of the times allowed. Whilst thus engaged, he received for the first time, through the medium of the meritorious patriot Don

Jacobo Murfy, captain of a frigate, a note written with blood, and addressed to the Lieutenant-colonel Don Facundo Infantes, and in which Van Halen described the wretched situation to which he was reduced, strictly charging him to inform his friends, that till then the state of his cause was such, that not an individual was implicated.

“Thoroughly convinced, that Van Halen’s sufferings (the effects of which he afterwards had the grief to see) would terminate his existence within the walls of the Inquisition, the witness, in conjunction with those who interested themselves for the fate of the prisoner, agreed to protect his escape, which took place on the 30th of January of the same year: That the witness does not think himself at liberty to mention all the names of the meritorious patriots with whom he was allied to realize that project, in which one of the heroes of our revolution¹ took a part; but he considers it indispensable for him to give a detailed account of the manner in which it took place, saying to this effect, that he has in his possession original documents of the Holy Office, which prove beyond all doubt, how Van Halen was tried as a state prisoner, and consequently confined in one of the secret dungeons of the Inquisition, where he was denied all communication. By these same documents, the means employed by Van Halen to effect his escape may be also inferred, the whole perfectly agreeing with what the witness heard

¹ General Arco Agüero.

from Van Halen on the subject." Here follows a detailed account of the manner in which my flight was accomplished, with which it is useless to trouble the reader, as it has already been fully explained.

Fifth Witness.—Written communication of DON JUAN ROMERO ALPUENTE, deputy of the Cortes, &c., to Don Angel Fernandez de los Rios, judge, &c., in answer to a letter, in which he was requested to state what he knew respecting the persecution undergone by Van Halen; dated the 13th of June, 1821.

"It is very evident to me, that Don Juan Van Halen has been and still is one of the strongest adherents to the political constitution of the monarchy, for which he has endured the most horrible sufferings and persecutions.

"I am convinced of his extraordinary adhesion to the system, because he laboured with me and others in different parts of the Peninsula for its re-establishment. His activity, efforts, and constant readiness to do whatever should befit our plan, are far beyond any one I ever knew.

"In the same positive manner I can speak to the persecution and sufferings he underwent; for he, like myself and the rest of the patriots of Murcia, who corresponded with those of Granada, Valencia, Barcelona, and Madrid, for the above object, was imprisoned in that city, and afterwards removed to the prisons of the Inquisition of Madrid. Having escaped from them, he wandered in foreign countries, such as Eng-

land, Russia, &c., in the army of which he served during his emigration. On the re-establishment of the constitution, he returned to Madrid, where after a residence of three months, during which he has repeatedly demanded to be reinstated in his former post, he has not yet been able to obtain it, his honour and his interests suffering more by this delay than they did even in the time of his persecutions, when he withstood not only the rigours but the promises of liberty and reward, which the agents of the former government made to him, if he would discover his confederates. Ever faithful to his friends, the inquisitors could not extort from him the least word which might serve to criminate them. This I affirm on my own knowledge, founded no less upon the questions that were put to me, than *upon those that were omitted* at the time of and after my imprisonment; and I sincerely believe that it applies equally to the rest, having heard them state the same.

“The above is what I am at liberty to declare, in answer to your letter. God keep your honour, &c.

(Signed)

“ROMERO ALPUENTE.”

Seventh Witness.—DON JOSE SAUMELL, surgeon of the first regiment of infantry of the royal guards, being interrogated, like the rest, says among other things, “that at the beginning of 1818, he was called secretly by his friends to attend in his asylum the Lieutenant-colonel Don Juan

Van Halen, who was suffering from the effects of the horrible treatment he had experienced in the Inquisition, from which he had just succeeded in escaping, &c. &c.”

Here follows a long statement of his friendly attendance on me during the time I remained concealed in Madrid.

The rest of the declarations contain an account of what each of the witnesses knew, and which perfectly coincides with what has already been related.¹ That of Brigadier-general Torrijos concludes thus:—

“ When, during my imprisonment, I learned the escape of Lieutenant-colonel Van Halen, I did not hesitate a moment, *in throwing the whole blame upon him, as was indeed agreed by all the prisoners*, that we might mitigate the rigour of our misfortunes, his flight having placed him beyond the reach of the tyrannical power of those who had brought so many evils upon our country. In one of the interrogatories, the judge intrusted with our cause, Don Juan Castañeda, said to me, that it was very fortunate for Van Halen to have made his escape, as otherwise he would certainly have died on the scaffold, because he insisted in denying the most evident facts to prevent our being implicated in his trial, and that such conduct would inevitably have hastened his ruin, without

¹ Much to my regret, my limits will not permit of my inserting here the interesting narrative of Don Ignacio Lopez Pinto, with whom I was intimately united from the commencement of our proceedings in Murcia, and who, like several other friends whose statements are also in my possession, suffered severely in the dungeons of the Inquisition of Valencia.

however preventing ours. These, and a multitude of other favourable circumstances, many of which are drawn from original sources, have convinced me, that, in the same manner as Van Halen, previous to his imprisonment, showed himself so valiant, generous, and undaunted, he was no less faithful to his friends than to his country, during the cruel sufferings he endured, from which nothing but his serenity, courage, and intrepidity, seconded by friendship, could have extricated him."

The following letter, which was written by General Torrijos in answer to an explanation I asked of the above passage in italics, will not only confirm the foregoing statements, but show in its true light the injustice or malice of those who are always ready to throw obloquy on the purest intentions.

" MY DEAR VAN HALEN,

" I have just received, through the medium of your brother-in-law,¹ your letter of the 28th instant, in which you request me to explain the accusations that we made against you after your flight from the Inquisition, and which you have more than once heard from my lips. But, should you think it necessary to have it in writing for any particular purpose, I feel myself bound both in justice and friendship to repeat it here. You were the first of our friends who fell

¹ General Quiroga.

into the unholy hands of the members of the Holy Office, and of the central commission of the state. The news of your imprisonment, of Serafin del Rio, and Esbry's, created the utmost uneasiness and alarm in the minds of all our friends. Shortly after I was myself imprisoned as well as F —, and successively the rest; but as some time intervened from one imprisonment to the other, the accusations which might otherwise have resulted against us were lessened, both on account of the still existing intercourse, and of the means which every one employed to evade those charges; so that many believed themselves secure, and some were not mistaken. You are not, however, aware how difficult and inefficacious those means would have been against the perfidious intentions of the commissioners to whom our cause was intrusted; but your flight furnished us with unexpected and more successful means of defence. It was immediately announced to us by our friends of Madrid with the utmost enthusiasm, and shed such a light on the proceedings instituted against us, that it saved us from the impending evils. From that moment you alone were declared to be the conspirator, —you were the only one who had invited us all to join in your plot, but had experienced the contempt and even threats of all. You had made use of our names, forged many signatures, and even whole letters in my own handwriting, for the purpose of giving yourself importance, and seduce others by means of our influence. In a word, the whole of it was a manœuvre of your own, that had led to the

ruin of a number of respectable individuals, whose services and good conduct were acknowledged by all.

“ Had these horrible imputations been confined to the dark walls of the Inquisition, they would have produced no effect; for our judges could not be so blind as not to discover that the whole was a plan formed by the prisoners themselves to paralyze or destroy the charges that were brought against us. But once this idea set afloat, and adopted by our friends, the public in general who were favourable to us, as much through the cause for which we were suffering as for the esteem in which many of us were held, together with the apprehensions entertained for the destiny of all, and for the imminent danger in which the lives of some stood, gladly embraced a belief of our innocence; so that either through friendship, interest, or sympathy for some of the prisoners, every one became your accuser, and took pleasure not only in repeating our accusations, but in adding circumstances which from the first moment inclined all to believe you as the sole contriver of the whole plan. I may add, without exaggeration, that there were disputes as to who had been the first to discover this.

“ It is not at all surprising, if after hearing these accusations amplified and disfigured by each commentator, repeated by all for nearly three years, many persons sincerely believed you an intriguing demagogue, or something worse. You were absent, and it was important for us to obtain our liberty. Accordingly, though many of us would have been

glad to have checked the progress of this opinion, it would have been impossible for any one to do it without rendering himself liable to suspicion, and without destroying the good effect of the fiction, which had given such favourable bias to the opinion of the public that our judges, and even the government, afraid of exasperating too much the public mind, thought it prudent not to carry matters to an extremity with us.

“ The rising of the troops, which at that time had been already projected, and which in the year 1820 was successfully carried into effect, made us persist in this resolution; which, though it prolonged our sufferings, made us hope that we should receive our liberty from the hands of our co-partners in opinions and sacrifices. It was even so. The nation having reasserted her dignity, we all returned to the bosoms of our families, in the full enjoyment of the esteem and consideration of all, and feeling the double pleasure of being personally and politically free. In those happy moments, a few of your friends, alive to the injury done to your character, endeavoured to rectify the opinion, perverted by former statements, by simply relating past occurrences as they had really been, and make your innocence apparent; showing that you had acted like ourselves in every respect. Our declarations, however, were not credited by all, some imagining that we were endeavouring to exculpate you, and others that we put forth these statements with a view of attributing to ourselves services which we had not rendered.

“This new circumstance you yourself saw corroborated on your arrival at Madrid in 1821, when, as you must remember, a certain personage asked you if our endeavours were really directed to the overthrow of despotism. Do not believe this to have been accidental: it was the effect of a contemptible plan devised by some who were anxious to appear as the fathers of our liberties, and who even disputed it to the liberators themselves. You know what I here allude to, and therefore I shall pursue the subject no further.

“This simple and frank statement of facts gives, in my opinion, an answer to the questions addressed to me in your letter; as there result from it, first, That you were accused of having fabricated the whole account of the steps we had taken, and the efforts we had made towards obtaining the liberty of our country. Secondly, That in the eyes of our judges you could appear only in your true light, as it could not be concealed from them that the whole was a plan grounded on your flight. Thirdly, That this plan was almost spontaneously adopted by all; for, as you well know, in great dangers, though there may be only one way for evasion, it will not long remain concealed from any. Besides, the one resorted to was too simple to escape the penetration of any of the prisoners. Fourthly, That the effect produced on the public mind by those statements, which in some measure were confirmed by the silence of most of your fellow-sufferers, occasioned by the resolution we had adopted of saying nothing

of our services or sufferings, either to the people or to the government, must necessarily have made you experience an unfavourable reception from those who were ignorant of the details of this affair.

“ In this conjuncture you were obliged to recur to us, and we avowed the truth in the certificates we gave you. The government saw their error, and reinstated you in the post you merited ; and public opinion was rectified by the publicity you gave to our certificates in the manifesto which you published in Madrid. You were not, however, without enemies ; men who belonged to a certain class of people that are indefatigable place-hunters, seeking to aggrandize themselves by adducing exaggerated pretensions to secret services, and many of whom in fact succeeded ; who, secure by our silence, saw your arrival at Madrid from Russia in 1821 with alarm. Their fears were awakened, because they knew that you might say many unpalatable truths ; that you were uncompromising ; and that if you spoke, they would lose much of that opinion which had opened to them the road to fortune, and to the posts to which their patriotism alone aspired.

“ I think I have now fully answered your letter ; but should I be mistaken, or should you suppose I have omitted or not sufficiently explained any particular point, you have only to mention it ; and believe me I shall feel a great pleasure in doing all that may tend to establish the justice of your claims, and the truth of those facts.

“With my best respects to Madame Van Halen, I remain
sincerely yours,

“JOSE MARIA TORRIJOS.

“39, Brompton Row, January 28th, 1827.”

Note D, page 298.

The following documents will give some idea of the activity of Van Halen's persecutors in endeavouring to discover the place of his retreat.

*Literal copy of the Circular issued by order of the Inquisitor
General to all the tribunals in the kingdom.*

“On the night of the 30th of January, at about seven o'clock, Lieutenant-colonel Don Juan Van Halen escaped from the secret prisons of this Holy Office. The following is a description of his person: He is between eight and nine and twenty years of age, measures six feet or above, is well proportioned, his hair is of a bright brown, inclining to auburn, his face regularly full and good-looking, of a fair and clear complexion, his eyes are of a bright blue, and animated, and in his manners he is naturally restless and impetuous. We request your honours to use every means for his discovery, not only in that city, but in every town and village of its district; and we further request you immediately to

secure his person in the prisons of that Holy Office, and to inform us of the same, that we may adopt the best method for his removal to those of the capital; at present acknowledging the receipt of this, with any commands you may please to favour us. God keep your honours many years! &c.

(Signed)

“DON LUIS CUBERO.

“DON MARIANO MARTINEZ ESPERANZA.

“DON VINCENTE ALONSO DE BERDEJA.

“Inquisition of the Court, February 3, 1818.

“To the Holy Office of the Inquisition of Barcelona.”

Circular of the Inquisition of Barcelona to the Agents of all the towns and villages of its jurisdiction.

“Being requested to proceed to the arrest of Lieutenant-colonel Don Juan Van Halen, whose personal description is as follows [*Here is given a repetition of the Madrid circular*], we commission you to inquire with the utmost caution, secrecy, and activity, after the said lieutenant-colonel, and use every endeavour to discover the place of his concealment, either in that or any town or village of its district, that he may be immediately arrested in the name of this tribunal, demanding of the justices or authorities of the town where he may be found all the assistance in their power, and taking every necessary precaution to prevent his re-escape, by

having recourse to the military chief of the district ; immediately informing us of the same, that his removal to the secret prisons of this tribunal may take place in the manner and form prescribed in our private regulations. God preserve your honour many years !

(Signed)

“DR. DON JUAN MANUEL DE ZEA ESCUDERO.

“DR. DON JUAN BLAHA Y DE CASALS, Secretary.

“DR. DON JUAN CALVA Y MARTI, Secretary.

“ Given in the Royal Palace of the Inquisition
of Barcelona, on the 11th of February, 1818.”

Answers from some of the Familiars in the towns.

“ MOST ILLUSTRIOUS SIR,

“ In fulfilment of the private commission intrusted to me by that tribunal, to use the utmost caution, secrecy, and activity, in discovering the place of concealment of Lieutenant-colonel Don Juan Van Halen, I have the honour to inform you, that all my endeavours in this town have been fruitless. Desirous, however, to perform the duties of my office with becoming prudence and zeal, I will continue my searches not only in this city, but in all the towns and villages of its district, and should I succeed in this object I will secure him, demanding of the justices or authorities where he may be found the necessary assistance, and immediately inform you of the same, that you may issue your

orders for his removal to the secret prisons of that tribunal.
God preserve your honour many years !

(Signed)

“ JOSE VILADESAU.

“ Mataro, February 21st, 1818.

“ To the illustrious Sir, DR. DON JUAN MANUEL
DE ZEA Y ESCUDERO, Inquisitor of the Holy
Office of Barcelona.”

Another Answer.

“ ILLUSTRIOUS SIR,

“ Having received your circular of the 11th of the present month, I have endeavoured to fulfil the commission with which I have been charged with all possible caution and secrecy for the arrest of Lieutenant-colonel Don Juan Van Halen. In the first place, I have looked over the note in which were inscribed all the names of the officers who were in the service at the time I filled the office of bailiff, and I have not been able to find the above name, either among those who have retired from the service, who are abroad, or who are missing; and to make more sure of it, I inquired of my friend the commandant-at-arms, the colonel of the regiment of cavalry of the prince, whether he knew the name; but to no purpose. I have, however, learned from a captain, who now serves in the above regiment, and who had before served in that of Van Halen, that this officer was ar-

rested in Murcia, by order of the government, and that he was afterwards removed to Madrid, since which time he knows nothing more of him. Should your honour think fit for me to keep the official warrant, that I may execute your orders in case of his coming here, you may rely on its complete fulfilment; but should you not think it advisable, I will return the warrant without delay. God keep your honour! &c.

(Signed) "MARIANO THOMAS, Familiar.

"Reus, February 22nd, 1818."

Another Answer.

"MOST ILLUSTRIOUS SIR,

"Immediately after receiving the commission with which you have honoured me, I proceeded to the search of Don Juan Van Halen; but notwithstanding all my endeavours I have only been able to learn that he passed through this town a long time back, and not a single word respecting his present residence. I have nothing more at present to communicate. God keep your honour! &c.

(Signed) "FRANCISCO OMS.

"Manresa, 2nd of May, 1818."

Another Answer.

“ ILLUSTRIOUS SIR,

“ Notwithstanding the active steps I have taken, seconded by the familiar Don Juan Mas, I have not yet been able to learn any thing respecting the place of concealment of Lieutenant-colonel Don Juan Van Halen. God preserve your honour ! &c.

(Signed) “ The MARQUIS DE PALMERALA.

“ Barcelona, 2nd of March, 1818.”

Conclusion of the Inquiry.

“ MOST ILLUSTRIOUS SIR,

“ The Inquisitor Fiscal having seen the replies of the persons who were commissioned to inquire after and apprehend Don Juan Van Halen, is of opinion, that as there remains nothing more at present to do in this particular, this inquiry may be suspended, and the documents relating to it kept as long as may be thought expedient.

(Signed) “ Licentiate BASARROTE.

“ *Secret Chamber*, 19th of August, 1818.

“ To the Secretary of the
Holy Tribunal of the Inquisition.”

The above documents are extracted from those which formed the inquiry mentioned by the Fiscal. They are the least uninteresting and the most intelligible of them. They

were delivered to me in Barcelona, in September 1822, by a national volunteer of that city, who having accompanied me in an expedition with which I was intrusted, had an opportunity of learning that I was the person mentioned in those documents: he placed them in my hands, in the same state he found them, on the day when the patriots of Barcelona proclaimed the constitution, liberated the prisoners from the dungeons of the Inquisition of that city, and ransacked the archives of that tribunal. Among those documents I found several torn leaves, in which I discovered, that the examination of the scars, and other marks of my body, formed a part of the private instructions communicated by the *Secret Chamber* to its dependants.

Note E, page 306.

Literal copy of the Passport which is still in my possession.

“ Don José Garcia de Leon y Pizarro, Knight of the royal and distinguished Spanish order of Charles III. Great cross of the red eagle of Prussia, Counsellor of state and of the universal department, Superintendant-general of the roads and posts in Spain and the Indies, &c. &c. &c.

“ Inasmuch as the king, whom God preserve, has been pleased to grant a passport for Brussels to Don Manuel

Suelto, colonel in the royal armies of his Majesty, who is charged with a mission to the Spanish minister in the Low Countries, the captain-generals, commandants, governors, intendants, mayors, justices, and other functionaries of his dominions, are ordered, and those of foreign countries entreated, to place no impediment in the way of Colonel Don Manuel Suelto; but, on the contrary, afford him all the favour and assistance he may need, such being the will of his Majesty.

(Signed)

“ JOSE PIZARRO.

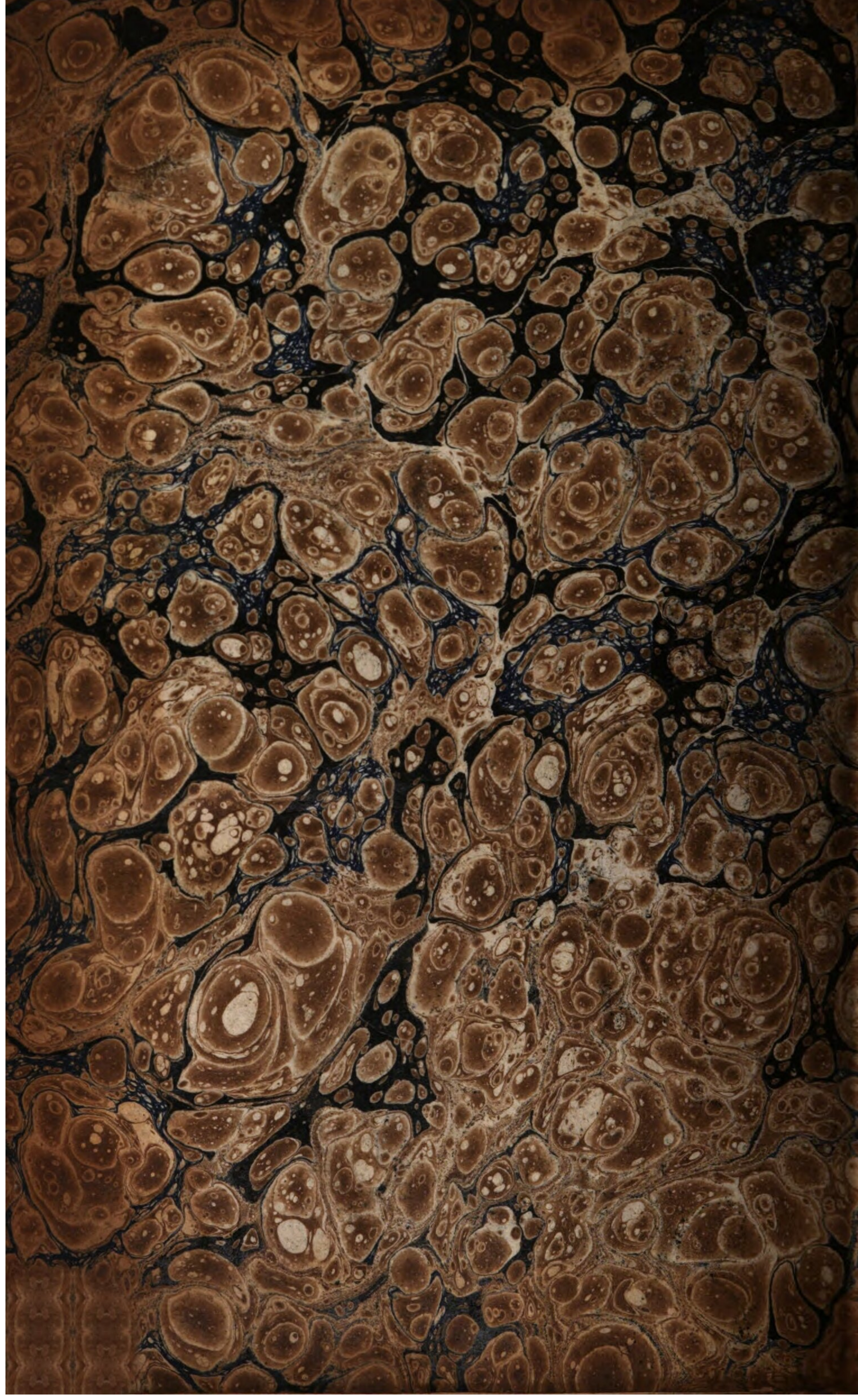
“ Madrid, May 4th, 1818.”

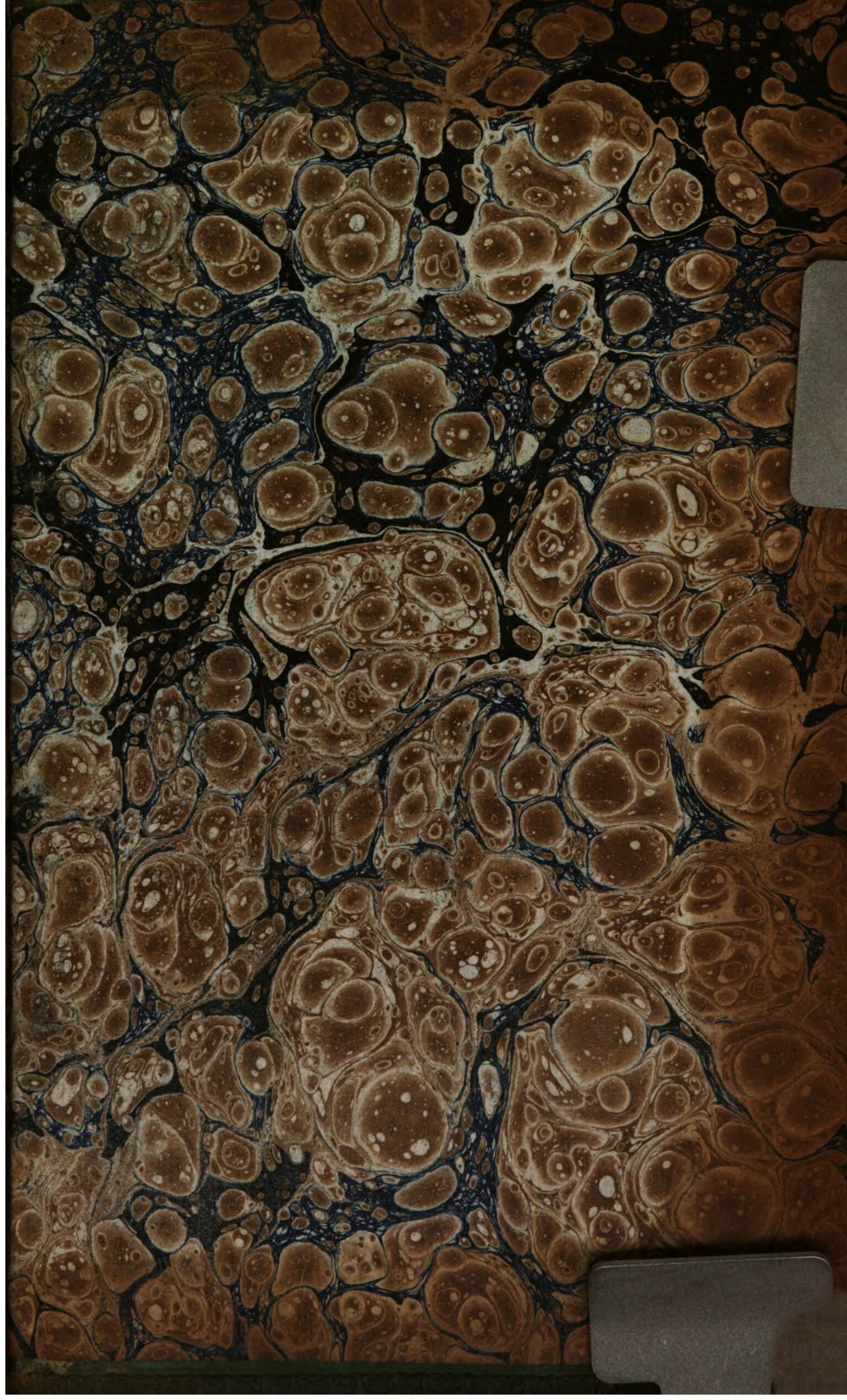
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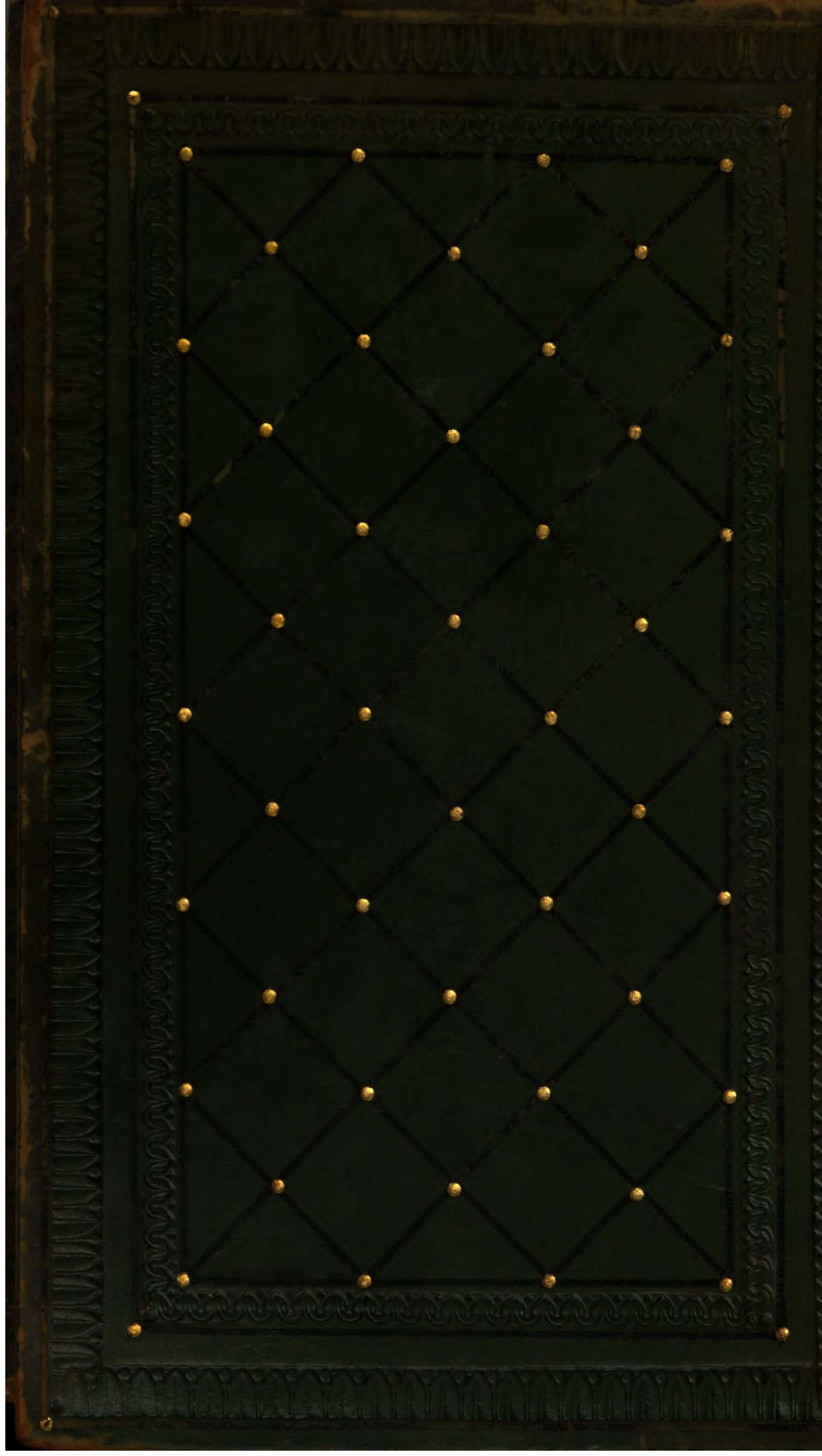
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